CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

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THE TERRIFIED FRENCHMAN DROPPED HIS SWORD AND FELL UPON HIS KNEES

Page 77

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

BY

C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

AUTHOR OF "INDIA: PAST AND PRESENT," "AMERICA'S INSULAR POSSESSIONS," "DANIEL BOONE, BACKWOODSMAN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR BY
HARRY B. LACHMAN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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FOREWORD

THE history of the world furnishes few lives so romantic and replete with stirring incident as that of John Smith, the founder of the first English colony in America—that settlement at Jamestown in Virginia, of which the United States of today is the outgrowth.

John Smith began life in the year 1580, in the glorious reign of Good Queen Bess. It was a world of turmoil into which our hero came, but a most fitting field for so adventurous a spirit. In France, the gallant Henry of Navarre was fighting for a kingdom and his faith against the Catholic League. In the Low Countries, the sturdy Dutchmen, under Maurice of Orange, were defending their homes from the invasion of the arrogant and bigoted Spaniard, who deemed it his duty to punish every Protestant people. In the east of Europe, the Ottomans—Asiatics from Turkestan and other countries—maintained an incessant and savage warfare against the subjects of the Emperor of Germany.

There was but one peaceful spot in all Christendom, and that the "right little, tight little island" of our forefathers. There were, however, thousands of Englishmen who, like John Smith, had no

stomach for a life of ease and they were to be found in every army on the continent, fighting for gain or religion, and often for sheer love of the life of action. Moreover Cabot, the first on the coast of America, had started that movement which was to create the greatest colonial empire in the history of the world, and Raleigh had already made his first futile attempt to settle Virginia, where John Smith was destined to play a master part.

On the seas, vessels of each nation preyed upon those of every other, for a tacit condition of enmity prevailed among them regardless of the status of their several countries. Navies were composed mainly of the merchant marine, for every ocean-going ship carried cannon and small arms. Commonly their captains were furnished with letters of marque, commissions issued by their sovereigns authorizing the holders to attack the sails of other countries hostile to their own and to take prizes and prisoners. The possession of letters of marque saved a captain and his crew from the disgrace and the penalty of piracy, but it was often no more than a cloak for the practice. Two ships flying different flags hardly ever met, but the stronger attacked the other and, if victorious, plundered her, and that without any consideration for the friendly relations that might at the time exist between their respective countries. The age of the robber barons had passed away, to be succeeded by a somewhat less immoral

state of society in which the powerful refrained from preying upon their countrymen but recognized no law of justice in dealing with foreigners. Judged by our standards, Dampier and Drake were pirates; Pizzaro and Cortes, bandits.

Smith, with a less acute sense of honor and a lower regard for right, might have amassed a ready fortune in the days when such qualities as his ensured wealth to the unscrupulous adventurers on land and sea, whose predatory careers were countenanced and abetted by monarchs and men in high places. In his latter years, when embittered by his failure to secure money for legitimate exploration, he writes:* "Had I set myself to persuade men that I knew of a mine of gold, as I know many to have done in sheer deception; or had I advanced some wild scheme for a passage to the South Sea; or some plot to loot a foreign monastery; or the equipment of a fleet to make prizes of rich East Indiamen; or letters of marque to rob some poor merchant or honest fisherman, multitudes with their money would have contended to be first employed."

Queen Elizabeth, the wisest and the most humane sovereign of her time, had ample excuse for the

* Here, and in a few instances in the following pages, I have made slight changes in the wording, without affecting the meaning, of Smith's expressions. Although he is a very clear writer, the English of Shakespeare's time is not always readily understandable by us.—C. H. F-L.

license which she extended to her sea captains in the matter of attacking the Spanish possessions and ships. It was a measure of self-defence, designed for the protection of the liberties and religion of her subjects against the aggressive power of Spain, which, after the discovery of America, bid fair, unless checked, to make her the mistress of the world. Smith was in his ninth year when our dauntless ancestors, by shattering the great Armada, scotched the pride of Philip and halted his ambition. This was of all naval battles, perhaps, the most momentous to the Anglo-Saxon race and certainly of vital consequence to America, for had Philip's fleet gained a victory on that occasion, we, as a nation, had never been. It is more than probable that the old religion would have been re-established in England, with a stop to the march of liberty and independence, and certain that Spain would have found no obstacle to the acquisition of the entire American continent. The immediate effect of England's victory was to set her on the highway to the naval supremacy of the world, and the generation to which John Smith belonged maintained a constant struggle for the command of the seas. Later generations of Englishmen carried on the contest with Holland and afterwards with France.

We have seen that John Smith lived in a period of the world that afforded the adventurer ample and varied scope for the exercise of talents and

energy, but in any other age than his own a man of Smith's extraordinary parts must have taken a prominent place among his contemporaries. In the period following the decline of the Roman power, when the nations of Europe were in the formative stage, such a man would surely have been one of the great dukes (*duces*), or leaders who founded dynasties of kings. At the present day he might be an explorer, a captain of industry, or a statesman—for Smith had the qualities that ensure success in any walk of life.

It is a wonderful and inspiring story, that of the stripling who, without money or friends, boldly left his native land and, abandoning himself to the chance currents of a strange world, at the age when the modern schoolboy is seeking distinction on the football field, was learning the art of arms in the practical school of war. Dame Fortune surely smiled upon the errant boy and, whilst she led him into constant adventure and danger, as frequently saw him safely out of them.

During his checkered career as a soldier of fortune his lot is often cast in hard places and his life is constantly endangered. He is shipwrecked and narrowly escapes drowning. Robbed and landed upon a foreign shore with empty purse, he is forced to sell his cloak in order to meet his needs. Like Jonah of old, he is thrown overboard by a superstitious crew, but contrives to swim to an uninhabited island.

He is sorely wounded in battle and captured by the Turks, who sell him into slavery.

The life was always arduous, for in those days mere travel was beset by dangers and difficulty, but as we follow the lad in his adventures we are cheered by many a bright spot and many a fine success. For John Smith was never the kind to be depressed or defeated by adversity. Indeed, he reminds one of those toys, called "bottle imps," that may be rolled over in any direction but cannot be made to lie down. Hardly has he met with a reverse than he sets about repairing it and always with success. To-day he is cold, hungry, and half clad, his purse as flat as a flounder, but soon afterwards we see him going gayly on his way with a pocket full of sequins, his share in a prize which he had helped to capture. He wins his spurs in the Low Countries and in the war against the Turks is granted a coat of arms for the exploit of defeating three of the enemy's champions in single combat. His military services earn for him the title of captain and the command of a regiment of horse.

All these things, and many more equally remarkable, befall John Smith before he has reached the age of twenty-four. He has now spent eight years abroad, except for a brief return to England, and all this time he is fighting on land and at sea, or roaming through foreign countries in search of experience and adventure. Keenly observant al-

ways, he extracts from each occasion—as the bee gathers honey from every flower—some knowledge to be turned to useful account in later life.

Smith has no other purpose during this early period of his life than to learn what he can of the world and the practice of arms—in short to qualify himself for a life of action in an age when brawn is no less essential to success than brain. It is a stern school in which he acquires his training but an effective one, and he makes the most of his opportunities. We see the expansion of his mind keeping pace with the development of his muscle, until the Captain John Smith who joins the colonists bound for Virginia appears as a man of perfect physique and mature judgment. It is not improbable that the hardships and exposure of his life may have sown the seeds of disease but, if so, he has not contributed to such a condition by his habits. In that day the soldiers of all nations were addicted to brawling, drinking, pillaging, and gambling. But these practices had no attraction for Smith. His sword never lagged in the scabbard on good occasion for its use, but he was no swashbuckler seeking unnecessary trouble; he drank wine sparingly but found no pleasure in gluttony; he paid for what he took, even in an enemy's country and counted it a disgrace to rob a defenceless man; in the matter of money, as in everything else, he was the most generous of mortals and had rather hand a man his purse

than to win that of the other by dicing. Withal he did not set himself up to be better than his fellows and we have the testimony of two of his countrymen, who followed him through the wars in Transylvania, that he was respected and beloved by his comrades and the soldiers under his command.

Hitherto Smith has been associated with men whose experience was greater than his own. They have been his masters, both in the sense of teachers and commanders. As a subordinate he has performed his duties so well as to call forth the praise and admiration of his superiors. Now we find him going out to a land which is equally strange to him and to his companions. No man of them enjoys the advantage of knowing more than the others about those distant parts and their people. Rank and money will count for little in the new life. Each man's worth will be measured by his character and his actions. Under such conditions, a man of Smith's extraordinary ability must sooner or later become the leader, even among others much older than himself.

The foundation of Virginia and, as I have said, that of the United States was laid by Captain John Smith in spite of tremendous difficulties. Some of these were such as would naturally attend the settlement of a strange land among hostile inhabitants, but it is not too much to say that the greater part of them were due to the incompetence of the colo-

nists and their constant quarrels among themselves. More than once they brought affairs to such a pass that nothing but the prompt and energetic action of Smith saved the colony from total destruction.

These differences broke out before they had reached the shores of America, and we see Captain John Smith landed in chains, a prisoner under absurd charges trumped up by pettifoggers who are envious of his evident fitness for command and accuse him of a design to usurp it. They scheme to send him back to England, but at the very outset they learn that they cannot dispense with the services of this, the ablest man among them. It is he who shows them how to fortify the settlement. He repels the attacks of the Indians. He and he only, dares lead exploring expeditions into unknown regions. Captured by the most powerful chief of that part of the country, Smith converts him into an ally. He makes treaties with the surrounding tribes and secures their friendship for the settlers. Time and again, when improvidence has brought famine upon the colonists, he saves them from starvation by procuring supplies at the risk of his life. In short he continually preserves this mixed company of malcontents and incompetents from the worst consequences of their folly and controls them with the firmness and tact of a master. In his dealings with the Indians, he carefully avoids unnecessary bloodshed or harshness, frequently sacrificing prudence

at the dictate of humanity. Yet he gained the respect of the savages by his courage, steadfastness, honesty and—when occasion demanded—by the weight of his strong arm, for Captain John Smith was no less stern than just.

In the days when news traveled slowly and was often delivered by word of mouth, the truth of distant events was hard to ascertain, and great men were frequently the victims of malice and envy. Smith, like many another, failed to receive at the hands of his countrymen the honor and recognition which he deserved. They had been misled by extravagant fables of the wealth of America and were disappointed that Smith did not send home cargoes of gold, spices, and other things which the country did not produce. False tales of his tyranny over the colonists and his cruelty to the savages had preceded his return to England, and he found himself in disfavor. He made two voyages to New England, as he called the region which still bears that name, but little came of them. This was mainly on account of the determination of the promoters to search for gold lodes where none existed. Smith with rare foresight strove to persuade his contemporaries that they had better develop commerce in the products of the sea and the field. Few would listen to him, however, whilst the rich argosies of Spain, freighted with ore from South America, inflamed their minds with visions of similar treasures in the north. The

spirit of speculation had taken possession of the country. Smith could obtain money for none but wild or dishonest ventures and in such he would not engage. His generous soul disdained the pursuit of mere wealth, and we see him, after having "lived near thirty-seven years in the midst of wars, pestilence, and famine, by which many a hundred thousand died" about him, passing his last days in the comparative poverty which had been his condition through life. Captain John Smith had not yet reached the prime of life—indeed, he was hardly more than forty years of age—when he was compelled to retire from active life. Despairing of honorable employment, he settled down to write the many books that issued from his pen. It would be difficult to surmise what valuable services he might, with better opportunity, have performed for his country, during this last decade of his life. The time was well spent, however, that he occupied in the composition of his life and historical works. He is a clear and terse writer. We are seldom at a loss to fully understand him, and the only complaint that we feel disposed to make against Captain John Smith as a writer is that he too often fails to give an account of his own part in the stirring events which he records. In fact he combined with the modesty usually associated with true greatness, the self-confidence of the man whose ultimate reliance is upon an all-powerful Providence. "If you but

truly consider," he writes in the history of Virginia, "how many strange accidents have befallen these plantations and myself, you cannot but conceive God's infinite mercy both to them and to me . . . Though I have but my labor for my pains, have I not much reason publicly and privately to acknowledge it and to give good thanks?"

Few men have compassed in fifty years of life so much of noble action and inspiring example as did John Smith. He died, as he had lived, a God-fearing, honorable gentleman, rich in the consciousness of a life well spent and in the respect of all who knew him. He was a connecting link between the old world and the new, and we, no less than England, should keep his memory green.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

John Smith
Gentleman Adventurer

I.
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

JACK SMITH IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER—HE TAKES PART IN THE REJOICING AT THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA—HIS RELATIONS TO THE SONS OF LORD WILLOUGHBY—HE RUNS AWAY FROM SCHOOL AND SELLS HIS BOOKS AND SATCHEL—HE IS STARTING FOR LONDON WHEN HIS FATHER DIES—HE IS APPRENTICED TO A MERCHANT AND SHIPOWNER—HE TIRES OF LIFE AT THE DESK AND DESERTS THE COUNTING-HOUSE—HIS GUARDIAN CONSENTS TO HIS GOING INTO THE WORLD AND FURNISHES HIM WITH TEN SHILLINGS—JACK TAKES THE ROAD TO LONDON WITH A BUNDLE ON HIS BACK—HE MEETS PEREGRINE WILLOUGHBY.

IT was the day following that memorable Monday in August, 1588, when the English fleet scattered the galleons and galleasses of Spain and Portugal and chased them into the North Sea. The bells were pealing from every steeple and church tower in Merry England, whilst beacon fires flashed their happy tidings along the chain of hill-tops from Land's End to John O'Groats. The country was

wild with joy at the glorious victory over the Great Armada, and well it might be, for never was a fight more gallant nor a cause more just. It was night and long past the hour when the honest citizens of Good Queen Bess's realm were wont to seek their couches and well-earned repose, but this night excitement ran too high to admit of the thought of sleep.

In the little village of Willoughby, Master Gardner, portly and red-faced, was prepared to keep the D'Eresby Arms open until daylight despite law and custom. The villagers who passed up and down the one street of the hamlet exchanging greetings and congratulations had more than a patriotic interest in the great event, for at least half of them had sons or brothers amongst the sturdy souls who had flocked from every shire and town to their country's defence at the first call for help.

Beside the fountain in the market place, interested spectators of the scene, stood a lusty lad and an elderly man, bowed by broken health.

"The Lord be praised that He hath let me live to see this glorious day," said the man, reverently and with a tremor in his voice. "Our England hath trounced the proud Don, my son. I' faith! 'tis scarce to be believed that our little cockle-shells should overmatch their great vessels of war. Thank the Lord, lad, that thou wast born in a land that breeds men as staunch as the stuff from which their

ships are fashioned. If one who served—with some distinction if I say it—under the great Sir Francis, might hazard a prediction, I would say that the sun of England hath risen over the seas never to set."

"Would I had been there, Sir!" cried the boy with eyes aglow.

"Thou, manikin!" replied his father smiling, as he patted the bare head. "Thou! But it gladdens my heart that a Smith of Willoughby fought with Drake on the *Revenge* in yester battle and I'll warrant that my brother William demeaned himself as becomes one of our line."

"And thus will I one day," said the lad earnestly.

"Nay, nay child!" quickly rejoined the man. "Harbor not such wild designs John, for thou art cast for a farmer. Thou must train thy hand to the plow and so dismiss from thy mind all thought of the sea. Come, let us return. Thy mother will be aweary waiting."

Perhaps it is not strange that Master George Smith, who had followed the sea in his younger days, should have sought to dissuade his son from thought of a similar course. The career of adventure had not resulted in any improvement of the father's fortune. On the contrary, he had finally returned home with empty pockets and wrecked health to find the farm run down and the mother whom he had loved most dearly, dead. Now, feeling that but few more years of life remained to

him, it was his aim to improve the property and his hope that John would grow up to be a thrifty farmer and take care of his mother and the younger children.

Master George Smith came of a family of armigers, or gentlemen, and was accounted a well-to-do farmer in those parts. His holding lay within the estate of the Baron Willoughby, the Lord of the Manor, and he held his lands in perpetuity on what was called a quit rent. This may have consisted of the yearly payment of a few shillings, a firkin of butter, or a flitch of bacon—any trifle in short which would suffice to indicate the farmer's acknowledgment of the Baron as his overlord.

In the earlier feudal period, lands were granted in consideration of military service. The nobleman received his broad acres from the king upon condition of bringing a certain number of armed retainers into the field whenever summoned. The lord, in order to have the necessary retainers always at command, divided up his domain into small holdings amongst men who pledged themselves to join his banner when called upon. As a reminder of his obligation, each retainer was required to make some slight payment to his lord every year, and this was deemed an acquittance of rent. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, feudal tenure—that is the holding of lands in consideration of military service—had ceased to exist, but the custom of paying quit rent

continued and it is observed in many parts of England to this day.

Master Smith sent his son to the grammar school in the neighboring village of Alford. It was perhaps one of the many schools of the kind founded by the wise young king, Edward the Sixth, for the benefit of the great mass of his subjects who could not afford to have their sons educated at the more expensive colleges. John was an apt scholar and made good progress, but even in early boyhood his mind was, as he tells us, "set upon brave adventure." And so, although he applied himself diligently to learning whilst at school, he was impatient to cut loose from his books and go into the world of action.

This is not difficult to understand when we consider the lad's temperament and the circumstances in which he was placed. Willoughby and Alford were on the coast. The people were for the most part sea-faring men. Many of them made voyages to the continent of Europe and some had visited more distant parts. Like most seamen, they were doubtless always ready to tell of their experiences, and we may be sure that little Jack Smith was an eager listener to their yarns.

He was nine years of age when England throbbed with excitement at the approach of the great Armada of Spain. He saw all the able-bodied men of his village hurrying south to join their country's de-

fenders, and without doubt he wished that he were old enough to go with them. A few weeks later, the gallant men of Willoughby came home to harvest their fields, undisturbed by fear of an invasion of the Dons. Every one of them had done his full share in the fight. Jack's uncle had served on Francis Drake's ship. That fierce sea-hawk was in the thick of the strife and it was a brave story that Master William Smith had to relate to his delighted nephew.

As the lad grew older, he began to read of the glorious deeds of his countrymen in former days, stories of battle and adventure on land and sea, of knights and sea captains, of shipwreck and discovery. Books were costly and hard to come by in those days and very few would be found in the home of even a prosperous farmer. But Jack Smith was fortunate in the fact that Robert and Peregrine, the sons of Lord Willoughby, were his schoolfellows and playmates. Through them he had access to the castle with its grand hall full of armor and weapons, its gallery of old portraits, and above all its library, containing many of the kind of books from which he derived the greatest pleasure.

More than that, Lord Willoughby was one of the most renowned warriors of his day. On the Continent his name was linked with those of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. His feats of arms were recorded by historians and sung in ballads.

One of these, which you may find in a curious old book named "Percy's Reliques," commences thus:

"The fifteenth day of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders,
Was foughten in the field.
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was the brave Lord Willoughbie."

This song was composed at about the time that Jack was at school, and you may depend upon it that he with every one else in Willoughby sang it, for they were all right proud of their lord.

Lady Willoughby was, of course, fond of recounting her husband's brave exploits. He was at this time fighting in the Low Countries, and at every opportunity he sent her word of the adventures that befell him. Parts of these letters she would read to her sons, and Jack was often present. At other times she would sit in a large oaken chair before the great fireplace in the hall, the three lads and two huge stag-hounds grouped about her feet in the ruddy light of the log fire. Many a delightful evening was thus spent, the stately lady telling of the stirring deeds performed by her lord and the boys listening with breathless interest.

During one winter the little circle received a welcome addition in the son of Count Ployer. The

young Frenchman was in England for the purpose of finishing his education. His father was a friend of Lord Willoughby and in company with the latter was fighting in the Low Countries. The young nobleman was thus in a position to contribute his share to the stories of military adventure in which they were all so deeply interested.

As he walked home in the dark after one of these recitals, Jack would flourish his staff and shout words of command to imaginary followers, or tilt at a bush, or wage a furious duel with a milestone. The baying of "Sir Roger," the old watchdog at the homestead, would recall him to his senses, and he would steal up to his truckle bed in the attic wishing that he were a man and his own master.

By the time Jack reached the age of thirteen, the desire to seek his fortune in the world had become too strong to be longer resisted. His mother was dead, his brother and sister were younger than himself and his father's mind was still set upon making him a farmer. There was no one to whom he could turn for advice or assistance and so, with the self-reliance which he displayed through after-life, Jack determined to take matters into his own hands. The only things of any value which he possessed were his school books and satchel. These he sold for a few shillings. With this money in his pocket he was on the point of setting out for London, when the sudden death of his father upset his plan.

Master Smith left the farm to his son John, but placed it and the boy in the hands of a Master Metham, who was to act as guardian of both until such time as Jack should attain the legal age to inherit. This Master Metham was a trader, and he thought that he was doing very well by Jack when he put him in the way of learning business. He apprenticed the lad to Master Thomas Sendall, a shipowner and merchant of the neighboring seaport of Lynn. At first this arrangement was decidedly to Jack's liking, for his guardian held out the prospect of voyages to the many foreign countries visited by Master Sendall's vessels. But in this Jack was disappointed. Sailor-boys his master could easily get, but it was not such a ready matter to find a bright youngster for work in the counting-house. So Jack found himself pinned down to a desk in sight of the busy wharves and shipping. Here for some months he sat chafing at the inactivity and at length he determined to run away.

One night he slipped out of the warehouse in which he slept and, with his bundle of clothes slung on a stick over his shoulder, started for Willoughby, which he reached after a few days' tramp. Jack went boldly up to his guardian's house and told him that he had run away from his master, feeling assured that there was little chance of travel whilst he remained in his employment.

"Nor will I return," said Jack in conclusion,

" for I am determined to see the world and I beg of you to supply me with the means." Now this speech smacked somewhat of over-confidence, for in those days truant apprentices were severely dealt with and Jack was liable to have been sent back to his master, who might then have flogged him. However, Master Metham knew that his friend Sendall would not wish to be troubled with an unwilling apprentice, and a plan occurred to him for curing Jack of his desire to roam. His idea was to give the lad so little money that he could not go very far with it and would soon experience a taste of hardship. This Master Metham thought would bring his ward home, eager to return to his desk and settle down to the sober life of a merchant's clerk. The scheme might have worked very well with many boys, but Jack was not of the kind that turn back.

" As you will," said Master Metham, after some thought. " Here is the money, and now go where you please."

With that he handed our hero ten shillings.

" What is this? " cried Jack in amazement. " Ten shillings! Surely you jest Master Metham."

" Not so," replied his guardian, assuming a stern air. " Take the money and begone, or return it to me and go back to Master Sendall within the hour."

Jack thrust the coins into his pocket and turned on his heel without another word. The next minute

he was striding resolutely along the highroad to London.

As Master Metham watched the receding figure of his ward from the window, he could not help feeling admiration for the boy's pluck, but a grim smile played about the merchant's lips as he said to himself, "And I mistake not, yon humorist will be coming back in a fortnight or less, with pinched face and tightened waistbelt."

But Master Metham proved to be a poor prophet. Several years passed before he set eyes on Jack again.

The journey to the capital was not unpleasant. The time was early summer, when the fields are clad in the greenest grass, with a thick sprinkling of wild flowers and the hedgerows give off the sweet smell of honeysuckle and violets. Shade trees lined the road, so that Jack was able to push along, even in the noonday heat, without serious discomfort. He was a strong, healthy lad, to whom a tramp of twenty miles in a day was no great matter. Often a passing wagoner gave him a lift and sometimes shared with him a meal of bread and bacon washed down with a draught of home-brewed ale. Milkmaids, going home with their pails brimful, would offer him a drink, and occasionally a farmer would ask him to the house to join in the family meal. He never failed to find a lodging for the night if it was only in a barn or a stable. Thus

Jack, with a thriftiness which would have chagrined Master Metham, had he known of it, contrived to husband his little store of money and, indeed, he had not broken into it when a happy incident relieved him of all further anxiety on the score of ways and means.

He was plodding along one day when two horsemen overtook him. They looked back in passing and one of them suddenly reined in his horse and turned it round.

"Not Jack Smith!" he cried in evident delight. "Whither away comrade?"

"I am setting out on my travels, Peregrine," replied Jack, trying to put on the air of a man of the world.

"And I also," said the son of Lord Willoughby, for it was he, "but come, you must join us, and we can exchange the news as we ride along." He ordered one of the two grooms who followed them to give his horse over to Jack and the other to take the wayfarer's bundle. Having presented his young friend to the tutor and temporary guardian who accompanied him, Peregrine drew alongside of Jack whilst the latter told his story. The young lord in turn explained that he was on his way to Orleans in France, there to join his elder brother and complete his studies abroad after the manner of young noblemen of that day—and of this, for that matter. He insisted that Jack should accompany him as his

guest, saying that it would be time enough to think of other plans after they should have reached their destination.

As we see Jack thus fairly launched upon his adventures, we cannot help smiling to think how it would have surprised good Master Metham to learn how far ten shillings could carry our hero.

II.

LONDON TOWN IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

OLD LONDON AS IT LOOKED FROM HIGHGATE HILL—THE TRAVELERS PUT UP AT "YE SWANNE" NEAR NEW GATE—THE START FOR WHITE HALL TO SEE SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM AND THE QUEEN—THEIR WONDERMENT AT THE STRANGE HOUSE SIGNS—THE SAUCY APPRENTICES AROUSE THEIR ANGER—OLD PAULE'S CATHEDRAL AND SOME CELEBRATED MANSIONS—THE ROYAL PALACE AND A STATE PROCESSION—THEY GO TO THE GLOBE, WILL SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE—THE BOYS SEE THEIR FIRST PLAY IN COMPANY WITH DOCTOR HOLLISTER—OLD LONDON BRIDGE, ITS CURIOUS HOUSES AND ITS GRIZZLEY ORNAMENTS.

WHEN our travelers reached the top of Highgate Hill, from which an extensive view could be had in every direction, they halted to survey the scene. London lay below, stretched along the banks of the Thames, and still several miles distant. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was a small place compared with what it is today. Its greatest distance across was then less than two miles, whereas, now it is nearly thirty. Nevertheless, London was by far the greatest city in England and amongst the largest in the world.

Jack and his companions looked down upon a closely packed collection of buildings within a wall

whose moat, no longer needed for defence, had become half choked with refuse and rank vegetation. The streets were so narrow that, with the exception of Cheapside, which traversed the city from end to end, they were not discernible at that distance. The mass of red-tiled roofs was broken here and there by a market place or a churchyard and agreeably relieved by the gardens which lay at the backs of most of the houses. One hundred and more spires of parish churches shot up in relief against the background of the silvery river, for in those days the Thames was a clear and pure stream upon which swans disported even below London Bridge.

Scattering suburbs extended from the walls of the city in several directions. In Elizabeth's time, the noblemen and wealthier citizens had deserted their old-time palaces and mansions in the filthy and crowded metropolis for healthier residences among the adjacent fields. Perhaps, Baynard Castle, mentioned in the opening scene of Shakespeare's Richard the Third, was the only one of the old homes of the nobility occupied by its owner at that time. Most of the others had been given over to tenements in which the poorer people crowded. A large part of the London that the boys gazed upon in wonder and admiration was destroyed by the Great Fire in the year 1666.

It must be remembered that, despite the comparison we have made of the London of Shakespeare's

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time and the city of today, the former was relatively of greater importance than the latter and exercised a greater influence on the affairs of the nation. It was the residence of the monarch and of all the important members of the government. Every person of note in the kingdom had a town house. By far the greater part of the business of the country was transacted at the capital. It set the fashion and furnished the news for the whole island. London was, in short, the heart and brains of England at this period.

It was late in the evening when the travelers, tired and hungry, passed through New Gate which, like Lud Gate and some others of the many entrances to the city, was used as a prison. A little later and they must have remained at one of the inns outside the walls for the night, or have left their horses and entered by the postern, for the portcullis was closed at sundown. They put up at "Ye Swanne" on Cheapside and hardly one hundred yards from the gate. It was a hostelry much frequented by north-country gentlemen. Master Marner, the host, gave them the best accommodations his house afforded for the sake of Lord Willoughby, who had often been his guest and, in fact, always lodged with him when in London. That nobleman, long accustomed to the freedom and frank comradeship of the camp, found himself much more at ease in one of Master Marner's cosy rooms than in a chamber at Whitehall.

Neither of the lads had ever been in London, and after they had supped in the common room—which corresponded to the *café* of a modern hotel—they were eager to go out and see the great sights of which they had heard so much. But to this Doctor Hollister, the tutor, would not consent, for in those days the capital was infested by footpads and brawlers after nightfall and the patrols of the watch afforded scant protection to wayfarers in the unlighted streets. The explanation of all this only whetted the desire of the lads to go abroad on the chance of witnessing some duel or fracas but Peregrine, at least, was under the authority of the Doctor and Jack by accepting his friend's hospitality had placed himself in a similar position. So they restrained their impatience and went early to bed as all honest folk did at that period.

The following morning Doctor Hollister, accompanied by his young charges, set out for Whitehall carrying a letter from Lady Willoughby to Sir Francis Walsingham. The royal palace was at the extreme western end of London, whilst the Swan Inn stood hard by New Gate, at the eastern extremity, so that in order to reach their destination the travelers had to traverse the full extent of the city. A citizen of London at that time, having such a distance to cover, would most likely have taken a wherry at one of the many water stairs, where numbers of such boats were in waiting at all hours of the

day and night. Jack and Peregrine, eager as they were to see the sights of the metropolis, would not hear of anything but walking and so the party set out at an early hour, taking their way along Cheapside, or the Cheap as it was then called.

Everything they saw was novel to the boys, neither of whom had ever been in a town larger than Lynn. The gable roofs and projecting upper stories of the houses were much like what they were accustomed to at home, but they had seldom seen one of three stories and here were many rising to four and five. In the narrow side streets which they passed, the dwellings approached so closely that persons sitting at their upper windows might easily converse with their neighbors across the way, or even shake hands with them by leaning out.

Before almost every house hung a painted board suspended from an iron bracket, similar to the sign of the "D'Eresby Arms" displayed by the village tavern at Willoughby. For a moment the boys thought that they must be in a town full of inns and Doctor Hollister was mightily amused by the puzzled expression with which they looked from one to another of the crude and curious pictures. The explanation was simple enough when the tutor made it. In the reign of Elizabeth the simple device of numbers to distinguish the different houses of a street had not yet been thought of and so one saw all manner of things pictured and hung over the

entrances. There were angels, dragons, castles, mountains, Turks, bears, foxes, birds, books, suns, mitres, ships, and in fact every conceivable kind of object. So, a man wishing to indicate his place of abode might say: "I lodge with the widow Toy, at the sign of the *Bell* in Paule's Churchyard" and, since there was at the time a veritable widow Toy, living in a house on the east side of the churchyard and distinguished by the sign of a Bell, who doubtless took in lodgers when favorable opportunity offered, it is not impossible that one or another of the acquaintances made by our party during their stay in London uttered precisely such a remark to them.

As our friends passed along the street, apprentices standing in front of their master's shops invited their patronage or made saucy comments upon their appearance for, although they were dressed in their best clothes, it was easy to see that a country tailor had fashioned their garments.

"Ho Richard! Dick Hopple!" cried one of these prentices to an acquaintance across the street. "Cast thy gaze upon his worship and the little worshipfuls going to Paule's to buy a sixtieth." This was an allusion to the lottery under royal patronage which was conducted in a booth set up in the churchyard of the cathedral. It attracted many countrymen to the capital, who could generally afford to purchase no more than a fractional share, perhaps one-tenth, of a ticket.

"Peace boy!" said Doctor Hollister, sternly.

"Honorificabilitudinitatibus!" glibly replied the lad with a mock obeisance. This extraordinary word, which Shakespeare had put into the mouth of one of his characters, caught the fancy of the London populace as a similar verbal monstrosity—Cryptoconcodycyphernostamata—did about twenty-five years ago.

Doctor Hollister had the greatest difficulty in restraining the boys from replying to these gibes with their fists and Jack, in particular, begged earnestly to be permitted to "lay just one of them by the heels." But the Doctor had been a chorister of Paule's in his boyhood and he knew the formidable character of the London apprentices and how, at the cry of "Clubs! Clubs!" they would swarm with their staves to the aid of one of their number.

Presently they came to the great cathedral, and were surprised to find that the holy edifice was used as a public thoroughfare, even animals being driven across its nave, whilst hawkers displayed their wares around the columns and gallants and gossips lounged about on the seats—all this, too, during the celebration of divine service. The lads who had been brought up in reverence of their country church were shocked at the sights around them and little disposed to linger in the building.

Leaving the churchyard of the cathedral, Doctor Hollister led the way down Dowgate Hill to the

water front, wishing to afford the boys sight of two unusually interesting buildings. One of these was Baynard Castle, of which mention has already been made, but the other had the greater attraction for Jack on account of being the residence of his hero, Sir Francis Drake. It had formerly been known as Eber House, when it was the palace of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," whom you will remember as the titular character of "The Last of the Barons." Later the place was occupied by that "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" whose dream is one of the most impressive passages in Shakespeare's tragedy, Richard the Third.

Passing Westminster and the little village of Charing Cross, our travelers came upon the Palace of Whitehall fronting upon the Thames and with Saint James's Park at its back. In Elizabeth's time this royal residence was the scene of such splendid entertainments as marked its occupancy by her father, Henry the Eighth. At this period it stood outside of London on the outskirts of what was the distinct city of Westminster.

Sir Francis Walsingham received Doctor Hollister kindly and promised to facilitate the journey of the party to France. The Queen was about to go to the royal chapel in state and the minister secured a favorable position from which the country visitors had a good view of Elizabeth and her attendants. In the meanwhile a secretary was instructed to write

the passports and letters to be delivered to the Doctor before his departure.

The royal procession appeared to the sound of trumpets blown by six heralds who walked in advance. First, after them, came gentlemen of the court and noblemen, richly dressed and bareheaded; next the Chancellor, bearing the state seal in a red silk purse, on one side of him an official carrying the royal scepter, on the other one bearing the sword of state in a red velvet scabbard, studded with golden *fleur de lis.* Then followed the Queen with majestic mien, her oval face fair but wrinkled; her black eyes small but pleasing. Her nose was somewhat aquiline and her lips thin and straight. She wore false hair of bright red topped by a small crown.

As she moved slowly along between lines of courtiers and representatives of foreign nations, she spoke graciously to one and another and, when occasion needed, with fluency in French or Italian. When one spoke to her, he did so kneeling, and whenever she turned toward a group, all fell upon their knees. It was these ceremonies that made the Court such an irksome place to bluff soldiers such as Lord Willoughby.

The Queen was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle axes. Following her came the ladies of the Court, for the most part dressed in handsome gowns of white taffeta or some other rich stuff.

In the antechamber a number of petitions were presented to Her Majesty, who received them graciously amid acclamations of "Long live our Queen!" to which she replied, smiling, "I thank you, my good people!"

Upon the return of the royal party from the chapel, Sir Francis Walsingham ordered a meal, of which the principal features were roast beef and ale, to be set before Doctor Hollister and his charges. They were hungry and did ample justice to the minister's hospitality. Sir Francis then handed the Doctor his papers and wished the travelers godspeed and a safe return.

It was high noon and the sight-seers still had a good half of the day before them. The boys had never been to a theatre—indeed, there were none outside of London—and the Doctor determined to take them to the Globe which, under the management of William Shakespeare, was fast becoming famous. The playhouse stood on the Surrey side of the river a short distance above the bridge. The party took boat at the palace stairs and were quickly rowed down and across the stream. They landed near a circular tower-like building, topped by a flag-staff and ensign, which the Doctor informed them was their destination. At that period plays were performed only in the daytime and the party was just in time for a performance. The enclosure —for it could hardly be called a building—was open

to the sky. Around the sides were tiers of seats which accommodated the better class of spectators whilst the "groundlings" stood in the central space before the booth-like erection which contained the stage. There was no scenery, though the costumes were rich and various, and the back and sides of the stage were occupied by young gallants seated upon stools, for which privilege they paid sixpence extra. The audience commented freely and loudly upon the play and the acting and not infrequently the actors replied. Boys took the female parts and bouquets had not come into use to express favor, but an unpopular actor was sometimes subjected to a shower of ancient eggs and rotten vegetables from the pit.

No doubt the play, crude as we should consider it, was a source of wonder and delight to Jack and Peregrine who had never seen acting more pretentious than the antics of the village mummers at the New Year festival.

On the return home the party walked over London Bridge. At the entrance tower they were startled to see the heads of some eight or ten criminals stuck on the ends of spears. Two of these were quite fresh and had a peculiarly ghastly appearance with their eyes staring open and hair blowing in the breeze. But their attention was soon distracted from this gruesome sight to the bridge itself which was one of the most extraordinary structures in the

country. It was entirely built over by houses two and three stories in height. Through the centre ran an arcade like a tunnel lined with shops. This strange viaduct, therefore, was at once a bridge and a street as well as a roadway for heavy wagons. In the stories above the shops, lived the owners of the latter. They were also occupied by offices and in a few instances as private lodgings.

Tired as the boys were when they reached their beds that night, they lay talking for hours of the wonderful sights they had seen. At length their remarks came in snatches and with mumbled speech as sleep overtook them against their will.

"Jack," said Peregrine, drowsily, "if you were Lord Mayor of London, what would you do?"

"Give myself leave to fight a prentice," muttered our hero, with closed eyes.

III.

THE SOLDIER APPRENTICE

JACK GOES TO FRANCE WITH PEREGRINE—IS PERSUADED TO TURN HOMEWARD—HE STARTS FOR PARIS AND MEETS DAVID HOME—SEES THE CAPITAL AND SPENDS HIS MONEY—TAKES BOAT ON THE SEINE FOR THE COAST AND ARRIVES WITHOUT A PENNY IN HIS POCKET—ENTERS THE SERVICE OF CAPTAIN DUXBURY AND BEGINS TO LEARN THE PRACTICE OF ARMS—SEES SERVICE IN THE ARMY OF HENRY OF NAVARRE—GOES TO THE LOW COUNTRIES AND FIGHTS AGAINST THE SPANIARDS—SAILS FOR SCOTLAND AND IS SHIPWRECKED—RETURNS TO WILLOUGHBY AND CONTINUES HIS TRAINING WITH SIGNOR POLALOGA.

OUR friends arrived at Orleans without adventure or mishap. Sir Robert Bertie, the elder son of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, was unaffectedly pleased to see his old playmate, Jack Smith. On reflection, however, and after consultation with Doctor Hollister, he decided that the young truant could not do better than return to his guardian. When a few days had been spent in seeing the sights and the tutor had intimated that it was time the young noblemen settled down to their studies, Robert frankly expressed his opinion with regard to Jack.

Peregrine was moved to tears at the thought of losing his companion and thoughtlessly charged his

brother with a selfish desire to be rid of their guest. "Nay," said Robert, kindly laying his hand upon our hero's shoulder, "Jack knows me too well to believe that. In truth nothing would better please me than that he should stay with us, but he has work to do at home. No, Willoughby is the place for thee lad—and would I were going with thee. Tomorrow we see Jack started on his way Peregrine, and when we come back in a year or two it shall be to find him a full-blown farmer, with a buxom wife perchance."

Jack was anything but pleased at the prospect, but he had too much sense to raise an objection to the suggestion, and besides he was duly grateful for the generous hospitality he had enjoyed at the expense of his friends for some weeks.

The following morning the sons of Lord Willoughby accompanied Jack for some distance beyond the town on the first stage of his journey to Paris which lay about seventy miles to the north of Orleans. When at length they bid him good-bye with genuine regret at parting, Robert put a well-filled purse into his hand and Peregrine gave him one of the heavy, cumbersome pistols that were then in use. It was the first weapon that Jack ever owned and he stuck it in his belt with a great deal of satisfaction.

A few years later, in the course of his wanderings, Jack accidentally came across Robert and Peregrine

Bertie at Siena in Italy. There they lay recovering from severe wounds received in an affair that reflected greatly to their honor. After that meeting it is doubtful if the paths of these early friends again crossed in life, but the young sons of the famous Lord Willoughby played such important parts in our hero's career that the reader will surely be interested in knowing something of their fate. In 1601 Robert succeeded to the title and estates of his father on the death of the latter. As the twelfth Baron Willoughby he upheld the military prestige of the family and added fresh laurels to those gathered by a long line of soldier ancestors. He was created Earl Lindsay in the reign of James the First and during the civil war that terminated in the execution of Charles the First, he held the post of commander-in-chief of the royal forces and was mortally wounded at the battle of Edgehill. Peregrine became a barrister—a truly strange occupation for a Bertie in those days—and practised law with some distinction until his death in 1640.

We left our young hero on the road to Paris. His condition was very different from that in which he left Willoughby for London, but he had set out upon that journey with a light heart and abundant hope. Now he was plodding towards the capital of France in a gloomy state of mind. The idea of abandoning his venture and returning to the plow or, worse yet, the dingy counting house of Master Sendall, was

utterly distasteful to him and his pride was touched by the thought of so lame a conclusion to the boastful display of independence he had made to his guardian. Having taken Robert Bertie's money on the understanding that he would use it to return to England he felt bound to do so, but he began to wish that he had declined the gift and had gone on his way as poor in purse but as free in action as when he turned his back on his native village. Indeed, before he had finished his supper at the inn where he stopped at nightfall, Jack had almost decided to retrace his steps on the morrow, hand Robert his purse untouched and regain his freedom. But one of those chance circumstances that lead to the most important results in the lives of all of us, decided the matter in another way.

Only persons of distinction, who were willing to pay for the privilege, occupied private rooms in the hostelries of those days. Jack was pleased to find a fellow countryman sharing his bedchamber. David Home, for such was the young man's name, proved to be an adventurer following just such a life as our hero was desirous of entering upon. He was a gentleman of good family, but at this time his fortunes were at a very low ebb; in fact, he was not only penniless but weak from the effects of a recent fever. Home was an entertaining talker and delighted Jack with the recital of his exploits and experiences. Before they fell asleep it had been

agreed that they should continue the journey to Paris in company. This they did, arriving in the course of a few days. Home knew the city well, and under his guidance time passed quickly in sight-seeing and amusement. Since their meeting Jack's purse had been generously placed at the disposal of his new friend, and when at length our hero awoke to his obligation to continue the journey to England his money had run very low.

Home was naturally sorry to see Jack, for whom he had acquired a strong regard, leave, but he agreed with him that it was his duty to do so. Home was far from ungrateful for the kindness he had experienced at Jack's hands and made all the return that was within his power when he gave our hero letters to friends in Scotland who stood high at the court of James the Sixth and might use their influence to further the fortunes of the bearer. Jack sewed the letters in the lining of his doublet and, taking boat on the Seine for the sea coast, arrived at Havre de Grace without a penny in his pocket.

Whilst Jack was looking about for an opportunity to work his way across the channel, not having the means to pay his passage, he fell in with a Captain Joseph Duxbury, in the service of Henry of Navarre. When the captain had heard the story of his young countryman he declared that it would be a pity to return to the farm without any further taste of adventure than had so far fallen to our hero's lot,

and he proposed that he should enter his employment as an apprentice in the art of war. It is needless to say that Jack could not resist this offer. The camp was in sight and the captain assured him that he might at least defer his return to England without breaking faith with his friend, Sir Robert Bertie.

Jack thus found himself installed as page to Captain Duxbury who, besides having taken a fancy to the lad, was really in need of such a servant at the moment. The duties consisted chiefly in looking after the captain's arms, accoutrements and horse. They afforded Jack his first introduction to the implements of war and gave him an opportunity to learn to ride. In spare time his master taught him the use of the various weapons and instructed him in sitting and managing the charger. All this was interesting enough to Jack, who soon had his mind set upon becoming a soldier, but, aside from a few skirmishes, he saw no fighting before the end of the war threw his master out of employment.

Captain Duxbury was one of the many free lances of various nationalities who at this period made a business of fighting and, if the truth must be told, were generally ready to sell their services to the highest bidder without regard to the cause of the conflict. Whilst this was true in some degree of all, the English adventurers were usually found fighting against the Spanish for whom they cherished the most intense hatred. Following the peace

in France, Captain Duxbury decided to go to the Low Countries and Jack gladly accompanied him. But in the ensuing campaign, although our hero remained in the troop commanded by his old master, it was in the capacity of a fighting man in the ranks. In the army commanded by Maurice of Nassau, Captain Duxbury's troop of horse had an ample share of work and Jack took a creditable part in several battles of more or less importance.

Thrown out of service by another treaty of peace, our hero resolved to try the effect of the presentation of the letters he had received from David Home. Accordingly he made his way to Enkhuisen on the Zuyder Zee and thence set sail for Leith. The vessel in which Jack—now usually addressed as "John Smith"—had embarked was a small one, and when it encountered a terrific storm in the North Sea it was at the mercy of wind and water. The master and crew despaired of weathering the gale, and after lowering the sails allowed the ship to drift whither it would. It ran ashore and was totally wrecked, John being among the fortunate few who escaped drowning. The land upon which they were thrown was Lindisfarn, called the "Holy Isle," near Berwick. Here John, who had received injuries in the wreck from which a fever followed, lay ill for some weeks. Upon recovering sufficiently he proceeded to Scotland and called on the friends of David Home to whom he bore introductions. They re-

ceived him kindly and did all in their power to make his visit pleasant, but they told him frankly that they had neither the money nor the means to secure his advancement at court. Under these circumstances John, whose health was still poor, determined to return to his native place.

Somewhat to his surprise John found the good people of Willoughby disposed to treat him as a hero, although he protested that he had accomplished no more than to gain some little insight to the ways of warfare. His estate under the able management of Master Metham—who was now disposed to accord him the deference due to a man—had flourished during his absence abroad. He had the means to dress and live as a gentleman, which in those days was of even more consequence than it is now. John was now in his twentieth year and had developed into a strong muscular young man. Although not tall he was well knit and had acquired from his military service an upright and graceful carriage and an air of self-possession. When tricked out in new velvet doublet and trunks, with ruff and feathered cap, and rapier dangling by his side, he made a gallant figure and set the hearts of the maids of Willoughby aflutter as he paced, not without pardonable pride, along the streets of the village.

But there was too much sound sense in John's composition to permit him to enjoy this frivolous holiday life for long. Besides he had now fully

made up his mind to follow the calling of arms, and with that decision came the determination to make of himself as thoroughly capable a soldier as possible. Circumstances forced him for awhile to pursue a life of peace, but he resolved to improve the interim by the study of military tactics and the practice of arms. With this design he betook him to a forest some miles from Willoughby and there went into seclusion. It was summer time and a hut of boughs sufficed for habitation. His servant supplied him with food and for occupation he had brought a horse and some books and an assortment of arms. The horse he first broke to the step and manœuvres of a military charger and then used him in tilting with a lance at a ring suspended from the branch of a tree. Among the books were "Polybius" and Machiavelli's "Art of War." From these he learned a great deal of the theory—the science and strategy—of his chosen profession.

Some of Captain John Smith's biographers have affected to find cause for amusement in the contemplation of this period of his career, but we shall take another view of it when we find the lance practice and the riding exercise showing their fruit in one of the most accomplished soldiers on the Continent who is as a result enabled to defeat in three successive encounters the champions of the Turkish army. Again we shall appreciate the wisdom and foresight exhibited by our hero at this time when

we see the information gained in his studies turned to such good account in the service of his superiors as to affect the issues of battles and lead to his promotion from the ranks to an important command.

The retreat to which John had betaken himself, although in the depths of the forest, was not beyond the ken of human eye. Woodcutters and charcoal burners carried to the surrounding towns strange stories of a fierce horseman mounted on a gigantic steed who charged through the sylvan avenues at a pace so terrific as to shake the earth for miles round. At length the rumor of this weird cavalier reached the ears of Signor Theodore Polaloga, an Italian who occupied the position of master of horse to the Earl of Lincoln at his neighboring castle. Whilst this gentleman discredited the supernatural features of the story, he was forced to believe that a horseman for reasons of his own was practising riding in the privacy of the forest. Being himself the most expert equestrian in that part of the country and one of the best in the kingdom, his curiosity to know more of the stranger was naturally great.

Signor Polaloga had no difficulty in finding the military hermit and John, who was beginning to weary of his retirement, received the Italian cordially, and all the more so since he was well acquainted with that gentleman's reputation as a superb horseman. Such simple hospitality as lay at his command John extended cheerfully to his

visitor, who accepted it with an air of frank comradeship and partook heartily of a venison pasty, the contents of which he strongly suspected to have been poached from the Earl's preserves. When, after a conversation that each found sufficiently interesting to prolong, the equerry proposed a friendly joust, Jack was delighted to comply. Whilst our hero soon learned that he was no match for the Italian, he had no cause to be ashamed of himself, for the master of horse pronounced him surprisingly proficient and declared that few young men of his age could excel him in horsemanship or in handling the lance.

The following morning Signor Polaloga returned with an invitation from the Earl to John to come and stay at Tattershall, as the castle was named. John, who had heard of the Earl of Lincoln as an eccentric nobleman and hard to please, might have respectfully declined this flattering invitation had not the equerry clinched the matter by mentioning the extensive stable of fine horses, the assortment of various arms and the tilt-yard that would be at the disposal of the guest. So John went to Tattershall, and to his surprise found the Earl a very pleasant gentleman who bade him make himself as much at home in the castle as though he owned it. John spent several weeks at Tattershall. Signor Polaloga entered zealously into the instruction of the young man, declaring that he had never before had so apt

a pupil. But with the progress of his skill the desire to exercise it in actual conflict grew and, hearing rumors of renewed hostilities in Holland, John bade adieu to his patron, the Earl, and his friend the master of horse and returned to Willoughby with the intention of fitting himself out for a campaign on the continent.

IV.

DUPED AND ROBBED

JOHN RETURNS TO THE NETHERLANDS—DETERMINES TO GO EAST AND FIGHT THE TURKS—MEETS A BOGUS FRENCH NOBLEMAN AND HIS ATTENDANTS—GOES TO FRANCE WITH THEM—THEY STEAL ALL HIS BELONGINGS AND WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE SHIP-MASTER DECAMP—JOHN SELLS HIS CLOAK AND PURSUES THE THIEVES—A FRIEND IN NEED—FINDS THE ROBBERS BUT CAN GET NO REDRESS—ALONE IN A STRANGE LAND WITHOUT CLOAK OR PURSE—SECURES SOME CLOTHES AND MONEY AND TURNS BACK TO THE COAST—STILL DETERMINED TO GET TO THE TURKISH WAR BY SOME MEANS.

JOHN entered upon his second campaign in the Netherlands under more promising circumstances than at first. He was furnished with good arms and accoutrements, an ample supply of fine clothing and a considerable sum of money. Moreover, he was no longer a greenhorn. It is true that he could not boast of much actual experience of warfare, but he had learned to handle his weapons with unusual dexterity and was prepared to give a good account of himself. He had, however, few opportunities for display of his skill before the winter put an end to hostilities for the time.

When the camps began to break up, John followed the stream of travel towards the coast without any

definite plan for his future movements. He was beginning to tire of service in Holland, which had disappointed his expectations, and was anxious to find a fresh field for adventure. Rudolph the Second, Emperor of Germany, was waging war against the Turks in Hungary and Transylvania. Here was an avenue to new scenes and experiences, but the seat of war was on the other side of Europe and the journey thence a long and expensive one. For that reason he could find none among his late companions in arms who was going to the Turkish war. Still he continued his journey to Rotterdam, hoping that he might there fall in with some nobleman bound for the East, to whose train he might attach himself. He allowed his desire to become known as widely as possible, thinking that it might come to the ears of some leader willing to engage his services.

The port was full of soldiers, real and pretended, waiting to take ship in various directions. There were veterans seeking their homes for a spell of rest after hard fighting or returning to recover from severe wounds. There were others to whom the sole attraction presented by the scene of war was the prospect of loot. There were traders and camp followers innumerable, desperadoes and outlaws, gamblers who used loaded dice and sharpers of all sorts. John was fated to fall into the hands of some of those smooth but dishonest characters who, like vultures, hung in the rear of every army and

preyed on the soldiers returning from a campaign rich with pay and plunder. Our hero was an easy victim, for, whilst his common sense rendered him sufficiently cautious where an open enemy was concerned, his frank and generous disposition prevented his suspecting the good faith of a pretended friend.

John had his heavy iron-bound chest taken to one of the best inns in the town and there he settled himself comfortably to interested contemplation of the bustle and movement about him. Although he makes no mention of being conscious of the trait, John Smith evidently had the habit of awaiting events when circumstances failed to supply him with a basis for a reasonable plan of action. When we can not see our way clearly ahead, generally the wisest thing we can do is to do nothing, as Handy Andy might have said. We seldom force a situation without making a mess of it. It did not often happen to John, in the course of his eventful life, that he had long to wait for something to turn up, and the present occasion was no exception to the rule.

He was seated in the common room of the inn one day when he was forced to overhear a conversation in French, with which language he had become tolerably familiar. The speakers were four men who had the appearance of being soldiers in good circumstances. One of them, in particular, was richly dressed and seemed to be of superior station to the others, who were receiving his direc-

tions for the voyage to France, which was to be the first stage in a journey to Hungary, where they proposed taking part in the campaign against the Turks. John heard this with delight, for it seemed to afford the very opportunity for which he had been longing.

Presently the three subordinates went out, and no sooner were they alone than John eagerly approached the remaining Frenchman. After apologizing for overhearing the conversation, which, in truth, was intended for his ears, the young soldier stated his circumstances and ventured to express a hope that the gentleman, whom he surmised to be a nobleman, might find a place for him in his train. The Frenchman, who stated his name and style to be Lord de Preau, at first affected to be annoyed at the discussion of his private affairs, but as John proceeded with his story the supposed nobleman relaxed, and at its conclusion with amiable condescension invited our hero to be seated and join him in a bottle of wine.

"I may be able to further your design," said "Lord de Preau" with thoughtful deliberation, whilst John hung eagerly upon his every word. "It is in my mind to help you, for a more likely young gallant I have never met. But I have not the means, as you seem to think, of supporting a large train."

Here his "lordship" broke off to raise his goblet to his lips, and John's heart sank as he imagined

that he saw an objection in prospect. The "nobleman" noted the look of disappointment on the young man's mobile countenance and smiled encouragingly as he continued:

"It may be contrived I ween and thus. The Duc de Mercœur—as is doubtless beknown to you—is now at the seat of war with a company raised in France. I have letters to the Duc's good lady who will, I doubt not, furnish me with the means to continue my journey and also commend me to the favor of her lord."

"And the Duchesse? Where may she be?" asked John.

"The Duchesse de Mercœur sojourns with her father, Monsieur Bellecourt, whose lands adjoin my own poor estate in Picardy," replied the pretended nobleman, "so that first we repair to my *chateau* and there lay our plans for the future. It is agreed?"

Agreed! Why John was fairly ready to fall on "Lord de Preau's" neck and embrace him in the ecstasy of his delight. That accommodating individual undertook that one of his attendants should make all the preparations for departure and notify our hero when everything should be in readiness.

At noon the following day the three retainers of the French "nobleman" appeared and announced the approaching departure of the vessel upon which they were to embark. They gave their names as Courcelles, Nelie and Montferrat, and each ex-

pressed his satisfaction at the prospect of having the young Englishman as a companion in arms in the coming campaign. Preceded by four colporteurs, carrying John's baggage, they went on board and, De Preau shortly after joining them, the master weighed anchor and sailed out of port.

The vessel on which John shipped with such great expectations was one of the small coasting luggers, common at the time, which bore doubtful reputations because they were as often engaged in smuggling, or other illegal venture, as in honest trade. Upon this particular occasion the craft was full to the point of overcrowding with passengers bound for various points upon the coast of France.

Night had set in when the ship cast anchor in a rough sea off the coast of Picardy. The landing was to be made at St. Valèry, where the inlet is too shallow to permit the entry of any vessels larger than fishing smacks. There was but one small boat available for taking the passengers ashore, and this the master placed first at the disposal of "Lord de Preau." The baggage of the entire party was lowered into it and then they began to descend, the supposed nobleman in the lead. When the three retainers had followed their master, the captain, who with the aid of a seaman was going to row the boat to land, declared that it was already laden to its utmost capacity and, promising to return immediately for John, he pushed off into the darkness.

Hour followed hour without bringing any sight of the ship's boat to our hero impatiently pacing the deck, nor did the return of day afford any sign of the captain and his craft. By this time John's anxiety had reached a painful pitch. With the exception of his small sword and the clothes upon his back everything he possessed had left the ship in the boat, which he began to fear had foundered in the storm that was not yet exhausted. If this were true his plight was a sorry one, indeed. With straining eyes he spent the day gazing across the mile of water that lay between the ship and the little village of St. Valèry. The waves gradually subsided as the day wore on, and when evening approached the sea was running in a long heavy swell. John felt that he could not abide another night of uncertainty and was seriously debating in his mind the chances of safely reaching the shore by swimming, when he perceived a boat putting out from the port.

A very angry set of passengers greeted the master as he came over the side of his vessel and they were not altogether appeased by his explanation that the boat had been damaged on the outward trip, and he dared not entrust himself to it for the return until after the water and wind went down. He reassured John by the statement that his friends had gone forward to Amiens to avoid the poor accommodation at St. Valèry, and would there await him. Having made

his excuses, the master proceeded to get his passengers ashore as quickly as possible and offered John a seat in the first boat which he was only too glad to accept, for, though his mind was somewhat easier, he felt impatient to rejoin his new patron—and his chest.

John's first thought on landing was to procure a horse to carry him to Amiens, but when he thrust his hand into his pocket he discovered that he had not a single penny—even his purse was with his baggage. He might walk, but Amiens was nearly forty miles distant and it would take him two days to cover the ground on foot. Moreover, he would need food on the way and was already hungry and faint, having in his anxiety of the previous hours neglected to eat. Clearly he must get some money, and the readiest way to do so seemed to lie in selling his cloak, which was a very good one. He disposed of it to the innkeeper at a fair price, ate a hurried supper, and was in the act of arranging for the hire of a horse, when one of his fellow passengers entered the tavern and expressed a desire to speak with him privately.

The man who thus claimed John's attention was a soldier of middle age with an honest and weather-beaten countenance. He had arrived on one of the last boat trips but had sought our hero with as little delay as possible. He now expressed his belief that John was the victim of a plot to deprive him of his

money and belongings. De Preau he said was slightly known to him as the son of a notary of Mortagne, and he believed the other rascals to be natives of that town. He had not suspected any mischief until he heard the master on his return from shore refer to De Preau as a nobleman. He doubted not the ship captain had connived at the swindle, but nothing could have been proved against him in the absence of the chief culprits.

John was at first disposed to be angry with Curzianvere, as the soldier was named, for not having spoken sooner and denounced the master on the spot. He readily excused the other, however, when he explained that he was an outlaw from the country on account of a political offence and now secretly visiting his home at great risk. It was natural that he should have hesitated to get mixed up in a scrape that would necessitate his appearing before a magistrate at the hazard of being recognized. By divulging this much about himself he had confided in the honor of a stranger, but so great was the confidence with which John's frank demeanor inspired him that he would go still farther and, as his road lay past Mortagne, would guide him thither. He warned John, however, that he could not venture to enter any large town in Picardy or Brittany, much less appear as a witness against De Preau and his companions, should they be found.

With this understanding the two soldiers set out

together, and after several weeks' tramping, during which Curzianvere had shared his slender purse with John, they arrived at Mortagne. Here the outlaw, perhaps fearing complications that might arise from his companion's errand, decided to continue his journey. Before parting with the young wayfarer, however, he gave him letters to some friends residing in the neighborhood from whom he might expect hospitable treatment.

John entered the town, and so far as the first step in his quest was concerned, met with immediate success. Almost at once he encountered De Preau and Courcelles sauntering along the main street. John's bile rose as he perceived that both were tricked out in finery abstracted from his chest. He strode up to them and in angry tones charged them with deception and the theft of his goods. The sudden encounter confused the rogues, but De Preau quickly regained his composure.

"Does Monsieur honor you with his acquaintance?" he asked of Courcelles with a significant look.

"Had I ever seen that striking face before I must have remembered it," replied the other, taking the cue from his leader.

John was aghast at their effrontery, and turning to a knot of townsmen who gathered around, he cried:

"These men have robbed me of my possessions.

Even now they wear my garments upon their backs. If there be justice——" but speech failed him at sight of the unsympathetic faces of the bystanders.

"Mon Dieu! But the fellow is a superb actor," drawled De Preau.

"Most like some knave who would draw us into a quarrel," added Courcelles.

The onlookers, too, began to make menacing remarks, and poor John realized the hopelessness of his position. He was a foreigner without a friend, and he suddenly remembered that to be locked up and found with Curzianvere's letters upon him would not mend matters. He could not support a single word of his story with proof. He was cloakless and his clothing worn and travel-stained. Who could be expected to believe that he ever owned a purse filled with gold and a chest of rich raiment? He was quivering with just rage, but he had sense enough to see that his wisest course lay in retreat. So without another word he turned his back on the two villains and walked rapidly out of the town.

A few miles from Mortagne John found the friends to whose kind offices the letters of Curzianvere recommended him. He met with a cordial reception and sincere sympathy when he had told his tale, but these good people were obliged to admit that he had no chance of recovering his property or causing the punishment of the thieves. Being thus fully convinced that the matter was beyond

remedy, John determined to put it behind him and seek relief for his feelings in action. He declined the invitation of Curzianvere's friends to prolong his visit but, accepting a small sum of money and a cloak from them, set out to retrace his steps to the coast, in the hope that he might secure employment upon a ship of war.

V.

A DUEL WITH A DASTARD

JOHN REACHES HAVRE AFTER A LONG DREARY TRAMP IN MIDWINTER—FAILS TO FIND A SHIP GOING TO THE EAST AND TURNS SOUTH ALONG THE COAST—FALLS EXHAUSTED BY THE ROADSIDE AND IS PICKED UP BY A GOOD FARMER—REGAINS HIS STRENGTH AND RESUMES HIS JOURNEY—ENCOUNTERS COURCELLES, ONE OF THE FRENCHMEN WHO HAD ROBBED HIM—THEY DRAW SWORDS AND FALL TO—JOHN COMPLETELY OVERCOMES HIS ANTAGONIST, PUNISHES HIM AND LEAVES HIM REPENTANT—AN UNLOOKED FOR MEETING WITH AN OLD FRIEND—JOHN IS SET UPON HIS FEET AGAIN—GOES TO MARSEILLES AND TAKES SHIP FOR ITALY—IS THROWN OVERBOARD IN A STORM BY THE FANATICAL PASSENGERS—SWIMS TO A DESERT ISLAND.

IT must not be supposed that John had abandoned his project of going to fight the Turks. His was not the temperament to be easily discouraged or diverted from a purpose. He was not now in a position to pursue any very definite plan, but he walked coastward in the hope that some favorable opportunity for going farther might present itself. If he should find some ship of war or large merchantman bound for a Mediterranean port he would be willing to work his way on her in any capacity. Honfleur and Havre being the most likely places thereabouts in which to find such a vessel as he sought, he made

his way northward and visited each of those ports in turn without success. It was winter, and peace prevailed in western Europe for the time being. There was little movement among the large ships but smaller vessels, in considerable numbers, were plying between the Continent and England. John might readily have secured passage to England, and no doubt his wisest course would have been to return home and procure a fresh supply of clothing and money. But John could not brook the thought of appearing at home tattered and torn and confessing to his guardian that he had been duped and robbed.

The shipping men of Havre advised the anxious inquirer to try St. Malo, and so he turned back over the ground he had already twice traversed and faced several more weeks of weary travel with a purse now nearly empty and clothing almost reduced to rags. Coming up from Mortagne he had selected the poorest inns for resting places; now even these were beyond his means, and he had to depend upon the charity of the country people for a night's lodging or a meal. Occasionally his way led past a monastery, when he was always sure of simple hospitality for, to their credit be it said, the fact that John was an Englishman and a heretic never caused the good monks to turn him from their doors.

When at length he arrived in the neighborhood of Pontorson in Brittany it was in a condition bordering on collapse from the effects of the exposure and

hardship of the preceding weeks. St. Malo was but a short two days' journey away, but it did not seem possible that he could hold out until that port should be reached. He staggered on for a few more miles but at last his strength utterly gave out and he sank unconscious to the ground by the roadside. Here John Smith's career well nigh wound up in an inglorious end, for had he lain neglected for a few hours he must have frozen to death. Fate directed otherwise, however. A kind farmer chancing by in his wagon picked up the exhausted lad and carried him to his house. There he was nursed and fed and, some weeks later, when he resumed his journey it was with a show of his natural vigor.

John left the farmhouse with a wallet sufficiently stocked to stay his stomach until he should arrive at St. Malo—money he had refused to accept from the good farmer. The air was mild. It was one of those sunny days in late winter that give early promise of spring. Under the influence of the cheery weather our hero's spirits rose, and he had a feeling that the tide in his affairs was about to turn. This presentiment was strengthened by an adventure that immediately befell him and which will not so greatly surprise us if we remember that he was once again in the vicinity of Mortagne, having gone forth and back in his long tramp.

John had been following a short cut through a wood and had just emerged into the open when he

came suddenly face to face with a traveler who was pursuing the same path in opposite direction. Each recognized the other immediately, and on the instant their swords flashed from the scabbard. They flung aside their cloaks and engaged without a word. Furious anger surged in John's breast as he confronted Courcelles, one of the four French robbers to whose perfidy he owed his present plight and all the misery of the past months. For a moment he was tempted to rush upon the rascal and run him through, but that caution and coolness that ever characterized our hero in the presence of danger, soon took possession of his reason and prompted him to assume the defensive.

Courcelles was no mean swordsman, and he saw before him a bareface boy whom he could not suppose to be a master of fence. Moreover, he was moved by the hatred which mean souls so often feel for those whom they have wronged. He made a furious attack upon the stripling intending to end the affair in short order.

John calmly maintained his guard under the onslaught with his weapon presented constantly at the other's breast. With a slight movement of the wrist he turned aside Courcelles' thrusts and stepped back nimbly when the Frenchman lunged. The latter, meeting with no counter-attack, became more confident and pressed his adversary hard. But the skill with which his assault was met soon dawned upon

Courcelles. He checked the impetuosity that had already told upon his nerves and muscles and resorted to the many tricks of fence of which, like most French swordsmen, he was an adept. He changed the engagement; he feinted and feigned to fumble his weapon; he shifted his guard suddenly; he pretended to slip and lose his footing; he endeavored to disengage; but John could not be tempted from his attitude of alert defence. Courcelles beat the *appel* with his foot but John's eyes remained steadfastly fixed upon his and the firm blade was ever there lightly but surely feeling his. Courcelles tapped the other's sword sharply but John only smiled with grim satisfaction as he remembered how Signor Polaloga had schooled him to meet such disconcerting manœuvres as these.

Courcelles was growing desperate and determined as a last hope of overcoming his antagonist to try the *coup de Marsac*. This consisted in beating up the adversary's weapon by sheer force and lunging under his upthrown arm. Gathering himself together for the effort, the Frenchman struck John's sword with all the strength he could command, but the act was anticipated by our hero, whose rapier yielded but a few inches to the blow. The next instant the point of it had rapidly described a semicircle around and under Courcelles' blade, throwing it out of the line of his opponent's body.

It was a last effort. Chill fear seized the French-

man's heart as with the waning of his strength he realized that he was at the mercy of the youth he had so heartlessly robbed. With difficulty he maintained a feeble guard whilst he felt a menacing pressure from the other's weapon. John advanced leisurely upon the older man, whose eyes plainly betrayed his growing terror. He was as helpless as a child and might have been spitted like a fowl without resistance, but although our hero was made of stern stuff there was nothing cruel in his composition and he began to pity the cringing wretch who retreated before him. He had no thought, however, of letting the rascal off without a reminder that might furnish a lesson to him.

With that thought he pricked Courcelles upon the breast accompanying the thrust with the remark:

"That for your friend Nelie, if you please!"

Almost immediately he repeated the action, saying:

"And that for your friend Montferrat!"

"For your master, the Lord De Preau, I beg your acceptance of that," continued John, running his rapier through the fleshy part of the other's shoulder.

The terrified Frenchman dropped his sword and fell upon his knees with upraised hands.

"Mercy for the love of heaven!" he cried. "Slay me not unshriven with my sins upon my head."

"Maybe we can find a priest to prepare thee for the journey to a better land," replied John, not unwilling that the robber should suffer a little more. "Ho, there!" to a group of rustics who had been attracted by the sounds of the conflict. "Know'st any holy father confessor living in these parts?"

The peasants declared that a priest resided within a mile of the spot and one of them departed in haste to fetch him to the scene.

As we know, John had no intention of killing Courcelles, nor did he desire to await the return of the shriver, so finding that the Frenchman had no means of making restitution for the theft of his goods, he left him. But before doing so, he extorted from the apparently repentant man a promise to live an honest life in future.

The encounter with Courcelles had a stimulating effect upon John and he entered St. Malo the following morning, feeling better pleased with himself than he had for many a day. He at once set about making enquiries as to the vessels in port and was engaged in conversation with a sailor on the quay when he became aware of the scrutiny of a well-dressed young man standing nearby. The face of the inquisitive stranger seemed to awake a dim memory in John's mind but he could not remember to have met him before. The other soon put an end to his perplexity by coming forward with outstretched hands.

"Certes, it is my old playmate Jack Smith of

Willoughby! Thou hast not so soon forgot Philip, Jack?"

John instantly recollected the young son of Count Ployer who, as you will recall, had passed several months at the castle as the guest of Lady Willoughby. The young men repaired to a neighboring tavern where, over a grateful draught of wine, John recounted his adventures. When John spoke of his wanderings in Brittany Philip listened with a puzzled expression, and when his friend had finished said:

"But why didst thou shun me and my father's house? Surely not in doubt of a welcome? It was known to you that the Count Ployer possesses the castle and estates of Tonquedec."

"Truly," replied John, "but where is Tonquedec?"

Philip lay back in his chair and laughed long and heartily. When his merriment had somewhat subsided he silently beckoned his new-found friend to the window. St. Malo lies at the entrance to a long narrow inlet. Extending a finger Philip pointed across this bay. Upon the opposite shore John saw the gray walls of a large battlemented castle.

"Behold Tonquedec!" said Philip with a quizzical smile.

By the Count, John was received at the castle with the most hearty welcome. That nobleman was, as his son had been, moved to immoderate amusement at the thought of Jack—as Philip persisted in calling

him—having been in the neighborhood of the castle so long without knowing it.

"Your friend is doubtless a gallant soldier," he said to his son, "but a sorry geographer I fear."

John spent a pleasant week at Tonquedec Castle but declined to prolong his stay, being anxious to pursue his journey to Hungary now that the means of doing so expeditiously lay at his command. For the Count generously supplied all his immediate needs and lent him a considerable sum of money on the security of his estate. Thus equipped our hero set out for Marseilles, whence he purposed taking ship for Italy. In after years John proved his grateful remembrance of the kindness of the Count and his son by naming one of the headlands of Chesapeake Bay, Point Ployer.

John arrived at Marseilles just in time to take passage on a small vessel filled with pilgrims bound for Rome. They encountered foul weather from the moment of leaving port and day by day the storm increased in fury until the danger of going down became hourly more imminent. At this critical juncture both seamen and passengers abandoned hope and sank upon their knees loudly calling upon the saints for succor. John stood for awhile watching this proceeding which revolted his common sense. At length his patience gave out and he soundly berated the sailors for their cowardice and imbecility. Their saints, he declared, would much more readily

aid men than cravens, and if they turned to and helped themselves, God would surely help them.

This ill-advised interference drew the attention of the mixed crowd of passengers to the Englishman. Half mad with terror and despair they turned upon him a shower of abuse couched in the foulest terms and voiced in a dozen different dialects. They cursed his country and his Queen. Then some one announced the discovery that he was the only heretic on board, and the superstitious peasants at once became convinced that the storm was attributable to his presence and that the ship could only be saved on condition of getting rid of him.

Cries of "Overboard with the heretic! Throw the renegado into the sea!" rose on every side, and many approached him menacingly flourishing their staves. John set his back against the mast and drew his sword, determined, if he must, to sell his life dearly. For awhile the threatening weapon held the crowd at bay, but one crept up from behind and knocked it from our hero's hand. Immediately a rush was made upon him. He was seized by many hands and dragged to the side of the vessel. With their curses still ringing in his ears John sank beneath the waves.

All this occupied some time during which the master had, with the assistance of two of the seamen, contrived to run his vessel under the lee of a small island. When John, who was a strong swimmer,

came to the surface, he made for the islet which was scarce a mile distant. A few strokes satisfied him that he must rid himself of his heavy cloak, which was easily done since it fastened only at the neck. He next kicked off his shoes and cast away his belt and scabbard. But it was still doubtful if he could make the goal in the rough sea. Every ounce of dead weight would count, and at last he reluctantly took his heavy purse from his pocket and allowed it to sink. When at length his feet touched bottom and he staggered out of the water our adventurer was completely exhausted.

John threw himself behind a large rock which gave shelter from the chill wind, and there he lay for an hour or more before he could gather sufficient strength to walk. When he arose the night was falling and a driving rain had set in. A brief survey of the little island satisfied him that it was uninhabited. With that knowledge he faced the prospect of a night in the open air under the beating rain. What might lie beyond that he did not care to surmise.

VI.

DARKNESS AND DAWN

A lonely night with cold, wet and hunger—John falls over a goat and is heartened—A friendly ship and rescue—John sails with Captain La Roche in the Britaine—Learns how to navigate a ship and handle big guns—La Roche cruises in search of adventure—Falls in with a Venetian argosy—The Venetian fires a shot and draws blood—A fierce fight in which the Britaine is finally victorious—John is landed in Piedmont with a fat purse—He journeys to Gratz and secures an introduction to the leaders in the Archduke's army—Gives an exhibition of superb horsemanship and is appointed ensign in the regiment of Earl Meldritch.

Cold and hungry, wet and weary, John spent what seemed to him to be an endless night, pacing about to keep his blood in circulation. He dared not sleep, for that would be to court death, and so he could find no relief from his gloomy thoughts in the pitchy darkness. Here he was on an unoccupied island and here he might remain until starvation—but no, he would not believe that Dame Fortune, who had so often displayed a kindly disposition towards him, proposed to desert him in this extremity.

"My faith!" said John, speaking aloud to

hearten himself, whilst he drew his waistband tighter. "If the good dame knows aught of the craving of my stomach she will surely hasten her ministrations. Would I had saved my shoes or e'en my swordbelt! Leather, though not o'er palatable I ween, will, so I have read, keep life in one's body for a spell but one can scarce eat fustian." Here John's soliloquy was suddenly interrupted as he tripped over an object lying in his path. As he lay upon the ground he heard some animal scampering away in the darkness. "A goat!" said John, when he had recovered from his surprise. "Where there is one goat, there are two. And where there are two goats, there is a she-goat. And where there is a she-goat, there is milk. My lady," he continued, rising and making a low bow, "your humble servant will do himself the honor of calling upon you as soon as decency and light permit."

This incident cheered our hero as it relieved his mind of the chief anxiety that beset it. He had no wish to shirk the accidents and hardships of life; in fact, he rather enjoyed them, but the thought of death is naturally repugnant to a robust youth and especially to one full of ambition and love of action. He was always of a philosophic turn of mind, and as he reflected on the recent incident the significance of it caused him to smile.

"In the direst straits," he thought, "the remedy is at our hand if we will but find it, though it be by

HE HASTENED DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE AND SHOUTED LUSTILY

falling over it. What babes we be! We cry though the pitcher but rock and we cry when the milk is spilt. Many a man dons mail when swaddling clothes would better befit him."

With the first streak of dawn, John, now ravenously hungry, began to look around for the she-goat which he felt confident of finding with many companions on the islet. He had pursued this quest but a few minutes when his heart was delighted by the sight of a ship lying at anchor near this refuge. It had taken shelter behind the island from the storm of the day before and was now making preparations for departure, as John could see from where he stood. He hastened down to the water's edge and shouted lustily. The wind was fortunately favorable and at length he attracted the attention of the people on board. A boat was lowered and our hero, with scarce strength enough to stand, soon found himself on the deck of a French merchantman. The master, perceiving his condition, had him taken below, where he was fed, dressed in dry clothes and left to sleep.

When John awoke, refreshed after a long rest, the vessel was scudding along under a brisk breeze and the setting sun proclaimed the close of another day. Our hero went on deck, blithe and eager for what new adventures the strange whirligig of life might have in store for him. The captain, after the fashion of seamen, extended a hearty greeting and

invited John to sup with him. Over the meal the young Englishman told his story. At its conclusion, Captain La Roche, for such was his name, rose and shook his guest warmly by the hand.

"Fortune has thrown you in my way," said the captain, with a genial smile. "I am from St. Malo, and Count Ployer is my dear friend and patron. For his sake I would do much for you, if your story and bearing had not drawn me to yourself. You shall be put ashore this night if that be your wish, but it would please me greatly should you decide to continue on the voyage with me. I am bound for Alexandria and thereafter may seek some profitable adventure. In the space of a few months I shall land you somewhere in Italy—with a fat purse, and I mistake not. What say you?"

John had always felt a strong desire for the life of the sea, and in those days the complete soldier was more than half a sailor. The experience would be profitable and, in any case, the proposition seemed to hold out a better prospect of eventually reaching Hungary than by starting penniless to walk across the Continent. Besides, if the truth be told, John's recent term of tramping had more than satisfied him with that mode of travel for awhile. He accepted Captain La Roche's offer without hesitation.

La Roche was the owner, as well as the master, of his vessel, which he called the *Britaine,* in honor of his native province. It was a heavily armed ship

of two hundred tons burden, carrying a crew of sixty men. Such a number were not of course needed to manage a ship of that size. The excuse for their presence was found in the prevalence of piracy but, as we shall see, their duties were not entirely of a defensive character. The truth of the matter is that La Roche, like many another reputable ship-captain of his time, was himself more than half a pirate. His vessel was a combination of merchantman and privateer with authority to attack the ships of nations at war with his country. The condition was very laxly observed, however, and might, more often than political considerations, governed in such matters. When the relations of the powers to one another were constantly changing and a voyage frequently occupied a year, a captain's safest course was to treat every foreign sail as an enemy and either to attack it or to run from it. With a valuable cargo such as La Roche had on this occasion, the master of a vessel would generally try to make a peaceful voyage to the port of destination. If a similar cargo could not be secured for the return voyage, he would try to compensate himself for the failure by taking a prize.

The voyage to Alexandria was completed without incident of importance. John improved the opportunity to learn all that he could about seamanship and the handling of big guns. Before the vessel made port Captain La Roche pronounced his pupil

a very creditable mariner and almost capable of sailing the ship himself. Having discharged his cargo, the captain proceeded to the Ionian Sea for the purpose, as he said, of learning "what ships were in the road," or, in other words, to see if there was anything about upon which he could prey.

A few days had been spent in this quest, when a large Venetian argosy was sighted in the straits of Otranto. Now the Venetians, sinking all other considerations than those of greed and self-interest, had entered into a treaty with the Turks. In this fact Captain La Roche might have found sufficient excuse for attacking the richly laden ship, but a better was forthcoming. It was one of those great unwieldy craft in which the merchants of Venice sent cargoes of fabulous worth to all parts of the world. Its size was more than twice that of the *Britaine* and its armament at least equal to hers. The latter, however, had all the advantage in speed and ability to manœuvre—a highly important quality, as the Spaniards had learnt a few years previously when their great Armada was destroyed by the comparatively small English ships.

The Venetian, seeing the *Britaine* lying in his path and realizing that he would have little chance in flight, endeavored to frighten the other off with a shot. As luck would have it, the ball took off the head of a seaman on the deck of the French vessel. This furnished La Roche with an ample pretext for

attacking the argosy. Running across her bow, he raked her fore and aft, in passing, with his starboard guns. Putting about, he returned under her stern, but as the high poop afforded an effective bulwark, less damage was done by his fire. The Venetian's mast and rigging were now too badly damaged to permit of her sailing and the Frenchman, who had so far escaped hurt, determined to board. He brought his vessel alongside the other and made fast with the grappling irons. The Venetian had a larger crew than her enemy and they repulsed the attack of the Frenchmen with determination. Twice the boarders succeeded in gaining the deck of the larger vessel and each time they were beaten back after a furious hand to hand combat. Captain La Roche, with John by his side, led the second of these assaults. They were the first on the deck, and shoulder to shoulder fought their way towards the poop where the commander of the argosy stood. They had almost reached the spot, when La Roche glancing back, saw that they were cut off from his men, who were retreating to their own vessel. To return was out of the question. The only hope lay in breaking through the men who stood between them and the farther side of the ship.

"It is overboard with us lad, if we would not be taken prisoners," he cried. "*Gare de là! Gare de devant!*"

The seamen fell back before the fierce charge

of the two men whose swords whistled through the air in sweeping strokes. In less time than it takes to tell, they had reached the side and had plunged into the sea. Swimming round the stern of the Venetian, they came upon the *Britaine,* which had cast off and was preparing to sail away with the idea that the captain had been killed.

As soon as he regained the deck of his vessel, Captain La Roche ordered the guns to be reshotted. When this had been done he poured two broadsides into the argosy with such effect that she was on the verge of sinking. Once more the Frenchman ranged alongside and sent his boarders to the attack. This time they met with little resistance, for half the crew of the injured vessel were engaged in stopping the holes in her side. The fight had lasted for an hour and a half and when the Venetian surrendered, twenty of her men lay dead upon the deck and as many more were wounded. On his side Captain La Roche had lost fifteen of his crew and eight were incapacitated by sword cuts.

La Roche could not spare a prize crew to man the argosy even had he been willing to face the enquiry that must have followed taking her into port. Therefore he first secured his prisoners and then proceeded to transfer as much as possible of the cargo of the Venetian to his own ship. This task occupied twenty-four hours, and when the *Britaine* had been filled, there remained upon her prize at

least as much as had been taken out of her. With this handsome remainder the Frenchman abandoned her and her crew to their fate, which was probably to be rifled by the very next ship that chanced along. The spoils consisted of silks, velvets, and other rich stuffs, jewels, works of art, and a considerable quantity of money. John's share of the prize amounted to five hundred sequins and a box of jewels, in all worth about twenty-five hundred dollars—a much larger sum in those days than in these. Shortly after this affair Captain La Roche landed our hero in Piedmont, with " a fat purse " as he had promised.

John had now accomplished one more step in his project of engaging in the campaign against the Turks and was at last within easy distance of his goal. Had he been of a mercenary disposition his experience with Captain La Roche might have induced him to attach himself permanently to the person of that gallant sailor, but during all his life John Smith displayed a disregard for money, except in so far as it was necessary to the attainment of some important end. Therefore it was with no reluctance that he turned his back on the sea and set forward for Gratz where the Archduke maintained his headquarters. On the way he had the opportunity to see many Italian cities and passed through Rome, but he did not linger unnecessarily on the road.

At Gratz John had the good fortune to fall in with a countryman who enjoyed some acquaintance with

the leaders in the Christian army. This gentleman presented the young adventurer to Lord Ebersberg, Baron Kissel, the Earl of Meldritch and other generals attached to the Imperial forces. These officers were attracted by the young man's soldierly bearing and impressed by the persistent manner in which he had pursued his project and the pains he had been at to reach the seat of war. They were, however, very busy with preparations for the campaign and would likely enough have forgotten so humble an individual as John Smith but for a fortunate incident that, although trivial in itself, had an important influence upon our hero's future career.

One day as he was passing by a large mansion on the outskirts of the city, John was attracted to a crowd which had gathered round two footmen who were with difficulty holding a plunging horse. It was a magnificent Barbary steed with coal black silky coat, but it was apparent at a glance that the animal had not been broken in, if, indeed, it had ever had a saddle upon its back. John had hardly reached the spot when the Earl of Meldritch and a companion came out of the house and approached. The Earl displayed annoyance when he saw the wild creature plunging and lashing out with its hind feet. He had, it appeared from his remarks, bought the beast without seeing it and was thoroughly disgusted with his bargain.

"It is a fit charger for Beelzebub, if, indeed, it

be not the fiend incarnate," he cried. "I would not trust myself upon the back of such a beast for all the wealth of the Indies."

Hearing this John stepped up to the nobleman and said with a respectful salute:

"If it please your lordship, I should like well to try conclusions with yon animal."

"You would ride it!" cried the Earl in amazement.

"With your lordship's consent I would essay to do as much," replied John.

Permission having been granted, a saddle was sent for. In the meantime our hero stroked the horse's head as well as he could for its prancing, whilst he spoke to it in a low caressing tone of voice. The animal seemed to yield somewhat to the influence of this treatment, for it grew quieter, but the saddle was not put on without great difficulty. John sprang into the seat, at the same time ordering the grooms to let go. Immediately the horse began to act as though possessed. It stood upright upon its hind feet. It tried to stand upon its head. It leapt here and there. It spun around like a cockchafer on a pin. It darted forward and suddenly stopped. In short, it tried all the tricks with which a horse endeavors to throw its rider. But John had not learnt riding from one of the best horsemen in England for nothing. He sat his saddle easily through all the animal's antics and when its fury began to abate he

urged it forward at full speed and dashed over the neighboring plain and out of sight.

It was an hour later when John rode up to Earl Meldritch's residence. The nobleman came out to meet him and was surprised to see that he managed the now-subdued steed without difficulty. He rode it back and forth, made it turn this way and that, start and stop at will, and, in fact, had it under almost perfect control. The Earl did not attempt to disguise his admiration. On the contrary, he then and there made our hero a present of the black charger and gave him an appointment as ensign in his own regiment of cavalry.

John was now attached to the Imperial army in an honorable capacity, and in the course of his duties he made the better acquaintance of some of the higher officers. This was the case in particular with Lord Ebersberg, who found that the young Englishman had made a study of those branches of tactics in which he himself was most interested. These two had many discussions and on one occasion John imparted to the general some ideas of signalling which he had gathered from the pages of Polybius. This particular conversation had an important bearing on the issue of a great battle at a later date.

VII.

SOME STRATAGEMS

JOHN MARCHES WITH THE ARMY AGAINST THE TURKS—HELPS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OUT OF A DILEMMA—THE SIGNAL MESSAGE WITH TORCHES—"AT THE ALARUM, SALLY YOU"—JOHN'S DUMMY BATTALIONS OF MATCHLOCK MEN DECEIVE THE ENEMY—BARON KISSEL ATTACKS THE TURKISH ARMY AND ROUTS IT WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER—THE CAMPAIGN IN TRANSYLVANIA—ALBA REGALIS IS ATTACKED—JOHN DEVISES A SCHEME FOR ENTERING THE CITY—HIS "FIERY DRAGONS" WORK HAVOC WITHIN THE WALLS—THE PLACE IS TAKEN BY ASSAULT AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT—SIXTY THOUSAND MOSLEMS ADVANCE TO RETAKE IT—JOHN IS PROMOTED.

JOHN SMITH'S brief experiences in Holland had merely served to whet his appetite for soldiering. He was now in a fair way to see fighting of the hardest kind. The year 1601 was drawing to a close. It had been distinguished by constant conflict of the fiercest description between the Christian and Turkish armies, with the advantage on the whole on the side of the latter. The Turks had ravaged Hungary, had recently taken the important stronghold of Caniza, and were threatening Ober-Limbach. Lord Ebersberg was despatched to the defence of that place with a small force, whilst Baron Kissel

followed as soon as possible with an additional body of ten thousand men, including the Earl of Meldritch's regiment.

The Baron arrived to find that, although Ebersberg had contrived to enter the town, its investment was now completed by an army of twenty thousand Turks, which effectually shut out the intended reinforcement. The situation was extremely critical, for Ober-Limbach is but a few miles to the north of Caniza, whence a force of the enemy might issue at any time and attack the Baron in the rear. Prompt action was absolutely necessary, but how to act was difficult to decide upon. To retreat would be to abandon the town and its garrison to certain capture. To openly attack a strongly posted army of twice his strength appeared too hazardous for consideration by the commander. However, something had to be done, and that right quickly, so it was determined to make an assault under cover of night when the advantage of numbers would be somewhat lessened. Indeed, if the co-operation of the garrison could be secured under such circumstances, the chances of success would be considerable. But how to communicate with Lord Ebersberg was beyond Baron Kissel's conception, for it was practically impossible to pass through the Turkish lines.

These matters were discussed in a council of the principal officers, and when he returned to his tent the Earl of Meldritch explained the situation to the

young ensign who was upon his staff and of whose good sense and knowledge he began to entertain a high estimate. When John understood the dilemma in which the Commander-in-Chief was placed, he expressed a belief that he could convey a message to Lord Ebersberg, provided it was short and simple. To the astonished Earl he related his conversation with the German general on the subject of signalling which had not yet found a place in the tactics of European armies. John had no doubt that Lord Ebersberg would remember the simple code of signals which he had suggested to him, since he had shown a keen interest in the matter. The Earl immediately informed the Commander-in-Chief of his young subordinate's idea, and the Baron wrote a message which was, if possible, to be transmitted to the garrison.

As soon as darkness had set in, John, accompanied by the principal officers of the army, who were of course deeply interested in the trial, made his way to the top of a hill which overlooked the town. He was supplied with a number of torches by means of which he proposed to send to Lord Ebersberg the following despatch: "Tomorrow at night I will charge on the east; at the alarum sally you. Kissel." As a first step, which would answer to the "call up" signal of modern heliographers, three lighted torches were fixed at equal distances apart and left exposed, awaiting the answer from the

other end to indicate that the signal was understood and that the receivers were on the alert to take the message. The minutes lengthened into a quarter-hour, into a half, and at length a full hour had slowly dragged by without any sign from the garrison. The torches burnt low and the disappointed officers turned to leave the spot. A captain laughed derisively, but was sternly checked by the Earl of Meldritch.

"The fault is not with the lad," he said. "He hath done his part but I fear the essay goes for nought."

"Nay," replied John promptly, "Lord Ebersberg hath not seen my lights, else he would have understood. Yonder sentries be dullards. The next relief may bring one of sharper wit and the general will surely make the round of the ramparts before he seeks his couch. I keep my torches burning though it be through the night."

With that he set up three fresh lights and folded his arms with an air of quiet determination.

The young soldier's confidence infected his colonel and though the others departed hopeless of the experiment, the Earl remained with John. They had not long to wait for a reward of their patience. Hardly had the party of doubters reached the bottom of the hill when three torches set in a row appeared upon the ramparts of the besieged town. They were surely in answer to his signal, but in order to be cer-

tain John lowered his lights. The others were immediately lowered and again set up in response to a similar action on his part. He now proceeded to send the message in German which was the native language of the general and the tongue in which he had conversed with John.

The letters of the alphabet were idicated in a very simple manner and on the principle that is employed at this day in heliographing or in signalling with lamps. Two of the standing lights were extinguished. The letters were made by alternately showing and hiding a torch a certain number of times to the left or right of the standing light. Dividing the alphabet into two parts from A to L and from M to Z, a torch shown once to the left would mean A; to the right M. A torch alternately exhibited and hidden to the left of the standing light three times would signify C. The same thing on the right would be read as O and so on. The end of a word was marked by showing three lights and the receivers indicated that they had read it successfully by holding up one torch. At the conclusion three torches set up by the receiving party as originally, signified that they had fully understood the message.

The despatch went through without a hitch, and it was with proud satisfaction that John saw the three final lights displayed telling that his important task had been accomplished with perfect success. The Earl of Meldritch expressed his delight in no

measured terms as they hurried to the tent of Baron Kissel to apprise him of the happy conclusion of the experiment. The news soon spread through the camp, and whilst it made John Smith's name known to the army, it inspirited the troops with the prospect of support from their beleaguered comrades in the morrow's attack.

Whilst the communication with Lord Ebersberg had greatly improved the situation, it left Baron Kissel still seriously anxious with regard to the issue. Even counting the garrison, the Christians would be inferior in numbers to the enemy who were, moreover, strongly entrenched. Scouts had ascertained that the Turkish army maintained a complete cordon of outposts at night, so that there was little prospect of taking their main body by surprise.

The morning after the affair of the torches, the Commander-in-Chief and his staff stood upon an eminence commanding the scene of the conflict and discussed plans for the attack. John was present in attendance upon the Earl of Meldritch and overheard enough of the remarks to realize that the generals were far from confident of success. In fact, Baron Kissel was anything but an enterprising commander, and his timidity naturally infected the officers under him. Young as he was, John had a considerable knowledge of military tactics but, which was more to the purpose, he possessed the eye and the instinct of a born soldier. As he gazed across

the ground occupied by the Turkish army, to the town beyond, these qualities enabled him to estimate the position and the possibilities of strategy with surer judgment than even the veterans beside him. He noted that the river Raab divided the Ottoman force into two equal bodies and he realized that the key to success in the coming action lay in keeping these apart. Before the party returned to camp he had formed a plan which he imparted to his colonel at the first opportunity.

The flint-lock had not yet come into use. Foot soldiers went into action carrying their cumbersome guns with a piece of resin-soaked rope attached to the stock. This was called a "match," being used to ignite the powder in the pan. It burned slowly, and of course could be replenished at will. John's plan was to counterfeit several regiments of men standing with matchlocks ready to fire. The Earl heartily approved the suggestion, as did Baron Kissel, and placed the necessary men and material at the disposal of the young ensign. John stretched between posts a number of lengths of rope at about the height of a man's waist. Along these he tied, at intervals of two feet, "matches" similar to those which have been described. As soon as darkness set in these were lighted and each contrivance was carried out by two men and set up in the plain of Eisenberg, which lay to the west of Ober-Limbach. To the Turks the long lines of flickering lights must

have looked like companies and regiments of soldiers marching and taking up position.

Whilst this strategem was being carried out Baron Kissel advanced his entire force of ten thousand men against that portion of the Turkish army that lay on the east bank of the river. Upon these they charged vigorously, and at the same time Lord Ebersberg, with his garrison of five thousand, attacked them in flank. The Turks thus assailed on two sides and being unable in the darkness to ascertain the strength of the enemy, fell into confusion and were slaughtered with ease. The other portion of the Ottoman army, confronted as it imagined itself to be by a strong force, had not dared to move from its position and stood alarmed and irresolute until Baron Kissel fell upon its rear after having completely routed the former body. The Moslems offered no resistance but fled panic-stricken into the night, leaving their camp and thousands of killed and wounded in the hands of the victors.

A large quantity of provisions and other necessities were found in the Turkish camp and removed to the town. Thus furnished and reinforced by two thousand picked soldiers from Kissel's command, the place was in good condition to withstand further attack, and so the Baron left it, proceeding north to Kerment. John Smith's share in this important engagement was not overlooked. The Earl of Mel-

dritch publicly declared himself proud of his young protege and secured for him the command of two hundred and fifty horse in his own regiment. Thus before he had reached his twenty-second year John had earned a captaincy and the respectful regard of his superior officers.

Winter brought about a temporary cessation of hostilities and on their resumption, early the next year, a reorganization of the Imperial army was made. Three great divisions were formed: One, under the Archduke Matthias and the Duc de Mercœur, to operate in Lower Hungary; the second, under Archduke Ferdinand and the Duke of Mantua, to retake Caniza; and the third, under Generals Gonzago and Busca, for service in Transylvania. The regiment of the Earl of Meldritch was assigned to duty with the first division and attached to the corps commanded by the Duc de Mercœur. Thus strangely enough our hero found himself after all serving under the very leader to whom the trickster De Preau had promised to conduct him.

With an army of thirty thousand, one-third of whom were Frenchmen, the Duc addressed himself to the capture of the stronghold of Stuhlweissenburg, which was then called Alba Regalis. The fortifications and natural defences of the place rendered it well-nigh impregnable. It was held by a strong and determined force that bravely repelled attacks and frequently sallied forth to give battle to the

besiegers. The Christian army can not be said to have made any progress towards taking the place when John gave another exhibition of the fertility of his mind and devised a plan which led to the fall of the town.

The young cavalry captain made frequent circuits of the walls studying the fortifications and the various points of attack. He found that a direct assault could not be made at any point with hope of success, save, perhaps, one. Here the defence was lax owing to the fact that a morass, which extended for some distance from the wall, seemed to preclude the possibility of approach. Testing this quagmire under cover of darkness, John found that it was not so deep but that a few hundred men laden with stones and logs of wood could in a short while fill in sufficient to make a pathway across it. But they would necessarily have to work by daylight, and the next thing was to devise a scheme by which the attention of the garrison could be diverted from them long enough to allow of the accomplishment of the object.

The bomb-shell had not yet been devised, but somewhere in his extensive reading John had gathered the idea of such a missile. He set to work to make what he called a "fiery dragon" and constructed a sling to send it on its way. At the first attempt the thing worked to his satisfaction. He then detailed to the Earl of Meldritch his plan for

taking the city by stratagem. The Duc de Mercœur having consented to the scheme—the more readily since he had heard of John's previous exploits—preparations for putting it into effect were pushed with haste, for just at this time news was received of a strong relieving force which was on the march for Alba Regalis.

Fifty bombs were manufactured under John's directions, and, together with the slings, were conveyed to a side of the town remote from that on which the attack was to be made. Meanwhile the Earl of Rosworme had gathered a force of picked men to make the assault and five hundred others with large baskets filled with material to be dumped into the morass. This body assembled in eager expectation of the diversion which the English captain promised to create.

John had selected one of the most crowded quarters of the city for the destination of his "fiery dragons" and he let them loose in the market hour when the crowd would be greatest. One after another, with flaming tails, they pursued their hissing flight over the ramparts and, as they struck the ground, burst, scattering death on every side. The air was immediately filled with the cries of the affrighted Turks who fled from the spot and the groans of those who lay wounded and dying. But by the time the stock of bombs had become exhausted the townspeople and garrison were hurrying to the

spot from every direction to put out the flames which had broken forth in several places and threatened to sweep the city.

Whilst the defenders were thus engaged with the fire that spread rapidly in the strong wind, the Earl of Rosworme's party completed their causeway without interruption and his fighting men gained within the walls and opened one of the gates before they were discovered. The besieging army poured into the doomed town and a fearful carnage ensued. The Turks fought like demons and neither asked nor received quarter. Hardly a man of the garrison escaped. A last remnant of five hundred made a stand before the palace with the Turkish commander in their midst. He counselled them not to surrender and himself determined to die fighting. His men were cut down one after another and he, sorely wounded, was about to be slain by the infuriated soldiers, when the Earl of Meldritch rescued him and made him prisoner despite his protests.

Alba Regalis, one of the most valued strongholds of the Turks, was in the possession of the Christian army but sixty thousand Moslems, determined to retake it, were approaching by rapid marches.

VIII.

THE DIN OF BATTLE

THE BATTLE OF GIRKHE—THE DUC DE MERCŒUR PITS TWENTY THOUSAND CHRISTIANS AGAINST SIXTY THOUSAND TURKS—THE CONFLICT RAGES FROM MORN TILL NIGHT—MELDRITCH'S MEN DO VALIANT SERVICE—JOHN'S HORSE IS KILLED UNDER HIM—HE IS RESCUED BY CULNITZ AND SAVES THE LATTER'S LIFE IN TURN—DUPLAINE DIES FIGHTING ONE TO TEN—THE EARL'S FEARFUL PLIGHT—SEVEN HUNDRED AGAINST THREE THOUSAND—"FOR FAITH AND MELDRITCH!"—THE EARL IS CUT OFF—"CULNITZ! VAHAN! FOLLOW ME! TO THE CHIEF, MY MEN!"—COUNT ULRICH TURNS THE SCALES—THE TURKS BREAK AND FLEE FROM THE FIELD—VICTORY AND NIGHT.

ALBA REGALIS had been in the hands of the Turks for thirty years, and during that time had become virtually a Moslem city. Turkish mosques, palaces and market place had been constructed in it and its fortifications had been strengthened until the place was well-nigh impregnable. The Turks had come to consider Alba Regalis a permanent possession and its fall was a great blow to their pride as well as a serious setback in their military operations. As soon as the Sultan was informed of the Duc de Mercœur's advance against the stronghold, he hastily raised a force of sixty thousand men and sent it to

the relief, under Hassan Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army. Hassan had pushed forward with all possible expedition but, as we know, Alba Regalis fell whilst he was still a considerable distance away. This did not check the advance of the Turkish general. On the contrary it induced him to hurry on in the hope of arriving before the Christians should have time to repair the breaches in the walls and other damages to the defences which their assault must, as he naturally supposed, have made. Thanks, however, to Captain John Smith's stratagem, as we should now call him, the artillery had been comparatively little used in the reduction of the city and a few days sufficed to put it in its former condition, so far as the outworks were concerned.

Scouts kept a close watch on the Turkish army and reported to the Duc that it was strung out to such an extent that the last regiments were a full day's march behind the vanguard. This fact suggested to Mercœur the bold expedient of going out to meet the enemy instead of awaiting him behind the walls of Alba Regalis. The plan was based on logical reasoning and had the approval of Meldritch and other leaders. The Turks would not expect such a move and would continue their advance in single column of regiments. The Christians would thus have the advantage of numbers on their side in the early part of the engagement and the enemy could hardly bring more than two to one against

them before the close of the first day. If advisable the defenders of the city might retire within the walls at nightfall. The force of Hassan Pasha was largely composed of raw levies, undisciplined and inexperienced, who would necessarily be worn in consequence of the forced marches to which they had been subjected. Furthermore, the Duc was too keen a soldier to allow thirty thousand men to be shut up in a beleaguered town for months when their services were so urgently needed elsewhere. These considerations then prompted him to a decision which proved to have been an eminently wise one.

Mercœur had no idea of seriously hazarding the loss of Alba Regalis. When he issued to battle there were left in the town ten thousand men, a sufficient number to hold it for some months even if the worst befell their comrades. With his main body, twenty thousand strong, the Duc marched out to meet the oncoming Turks. The spot he selected for the encounter was one where the enemy must debouche from a comparatively narrow way upon the extensive plains of Girkhe. The latter expanse afforded ideal conditions for the movement of cavalry, upon which arm the general mainly depended for success. The Christian army arrived at the battle-ground at the close of day and, after throwing out a chain of videttes and posting strong guards, passed a restful night in bivouac.

The Duc's force had hardly finished its morning

meal when the videttes retired before the van of the advancing Turks and the outposts fell back in orderly manner upon the main body. The hoarse bray of the trumpets called the soldiers "to arms" and, as they had lain down in ranks the night before, the regiments were formed in a very few minutes. It was no part of the Duc's plan to contest the advance of the enemy or to attempt to drive him back. The Turkish regiments as they arrived were freely permitted to march forward and deploy upon the plain. The Christian army was massed, and as each corps of the Ottomans lined up in its crescent formation the Duc sent one of his own against it. They were about equal in numbers, that is to say, each one thousand strong. It was the hope of the Christian commander that in this way he should be able to rout a considerable portion of the Turkish army before it could bring a very superior force upon the field. The best of his troops Mercœur held back until the latter part of the day when the hardest fighting might be expected to occur. Thus John Smith and many another brave fellow was forced to stand impatiently watching his comrades in action. Twice during the forenoon, however, Captain Smith was permitted to take out his troop and make a brief charge for the purpose of turning the tide where a Christian regiment appeared to be overmatched. So, for hours this strange battle progressed in a series of duels. Every thirty or forty minutes

brought a fresh Turkish regiment on the field where it was at once engaged by one of the Christian corps in an isolated conflict. There was no attempt at military tactics or combined movements on the part of the various colonels. Each had his own little battle to fight with a Turkish zanzack. He was instructed to attend strictly to that and pay no heed to what might be going on around him. When he had beaten and routed the body opposed to him, he was to retire and rest his men and horses.

It was a very ingenious arrangement when you think about it. Once engaged the Turks were obliged to come on as at first. If they should halt, even for an hour to mass a strong force, the Christian commander would overwhelm and annihilate the Moslem regiments upon the field. Despite the fact that several bodies of the Ottomans were utterly broken and driven from the field, the constant arrival of fresh Turks gradually increased their numbers until at noon they had fully twenty thousand men in action, opposed to about thirteen thousand of the Duc de Mercœur's force. Up to this time five thousand of the Moslems and two thousand Christians had been put out of action. The former were constantly receiving fresh accessions to their numbers, whilst the regiments of the latter which had been most actively engaged during the morning could only be lightly employed thereafter.

But the flower of Mercœur's force had been held

in reserve until this time. It consisted of five regiments of splendid cavalry—five thousand horsemen eager for the fray. The time had come to launch them against the enemy in support of the now hardly-pressed troops that had borne the burden of battle thus far. The commanders and men knew what was expected of them. They were prepared to meet odds of five to one and more if necessary. They had fed and watered their chargers, they had looked to their buckles and bits. Their pistols were loaded and primed and each had drained the flagon of wine handed to him by his horse-boy. They made a brave picture as they sat their champing steeds in glistening armor and with drawn swords awaiting the word to advance. Since each corps acted as an independent unit, we can only follow the fortunes of that which bore the brunt of the fierce fighting in the afternoon of that memorable autumn day.

The regiment of Meldritch consisted of four companies, commanded respectively by the following captains: Duplaine, a Frenchman; Vahan and Culnitz, Germans; and the Englishman, John Smith. Each of these performed prodigies of valor before the fall of night and the dashing Duplaine met a soldier's death upon the field.

The Earl lost no time in taking his impatient men into action. Riding in their front, conspicuous by his great height and the scarlet plumes that surmounted his helmet, he led them towards a body of

the enemy that had just entered the plain. Meldritch's corps, in line of double rank, advanced at a trot, breaking into a hand-gallop as they approached the foe. Then, as the uplifted sword of the Earl gave the signal, they swept forward in a mighty charge and with a shout crashed through the line of Turks, overthrowing horse and rider in their impetuous course. In an instant the ground was strewn with dead and dying, with kicking animals and with men striving to get clear of the struggling mass. The victors rode among them slaying without mercy, whilst the remnant of the broken regiment fled in every direction.

When his men had reformed and breathed their horses, the Earl sent them at another regiment with like results, and so again and again. But such work tells on man and horse, and as Meldritch's men tired the odds by which they were confronted increased. They no longer swept through the ranks of the enemy with ease but had to cut and hew their passage. Their charges broke the compactness of their own lines and ended in mêlées from which they emerged in small bodies with loss and fatigue.

In one of these later encounters, the black Barbary —his colonel's gift to Captain Smith—suddenly pitched forward in the throes of death, flinging his rider heavily to the ground. Our hero's career must have ended there had not Culnitz spurred to his rescue just as three Turks rode at him.

"Up! Up behind me in the saddle!" cried Culnitz generously, as he reached John's side. But the young Englishman had no idea of hazarding his comrade's life by such a proceeding. His sword had flown from his hand as he fell. He now snatched Culnitz's battle-axe from the saddle-bow and prepared to help his rescuer meet the trio of Turks who were now upon them. One of these, whose handsome horse and fine accoutrements proclaimed him to be a person of distinction, attacked the German captain from the side on which John stood. Ignoring the man on foot, the Turk swung his blade at the neck of the mounted officer. Culnitz was completely engaged with the other two assailants and the blow must have severed his head but, as the Turk's arm swept forward, it met the battle-axe wielded by our hero, which shattered the bone. The next instant Smith had dragged the Turk from his horse and was in the saddle. The gallant young captains now had little difficulty in disposing of the two Moslems who confronted them and a few others who attempted to bar their return to their comrades.

The Colonel was overjoyed to see his two young officers reappear and their men greeted them with wild huzzas, for all had feared that they were cut off and lost. Meldritch's regiment was now reduced to a scant three companies. Duplaine had met a glorious fate fighting single handed against ten of

the enemy. His company—that is what was left of it—the Earl distributed amongst the other three and once more formed his men up for a fresh attack. They were fortunate at this juncture in finding themselves near a small stream at which men and horses assuaged their consuming thirst.

The hours had dragged slowly by to the anxious Duc who, surrounded by his staff, stood upon an eminence surveying the field. His breast swelled with pride at the many sights of valor presented by the constantly shifting scene. Never had commander witnessed more gallant service, but men are mortal and Mercœur knew that flesh and blood could not much longer endure the fearful strain. The Turks had put full forty thousand men upon the plain since the day begun and their troops were still arriving in a steady stream. Scarce ten thousand Christians remained fit to fight, and these were already pitted against some thirty thousand Moslems. Anxiously the commander's gaze followed the slowly setting sun, and as Wellington in after years longed for the arrival of Blücher, so Mercœur now prayed for the fall of night.

Looking toward the road over which the Turkish troops, like a huge snake had poured all day, a sight met the Duc's eyes that caused his heart to beat with apprehension. To his utter dismay he saw approaching a stately body of men on white chargers. He quickly recognized them as the Barukh Regiment,

one of the finest in the army of the Sultan and two thousand strong.

"Now may Our Lady of Mercy support Meldritch," cried Mercœur with emotion, "for surely no mortal help can save him in this pass!"

This deep concern on the part of the general was excited by the fact that Meldritch's regiment, which we left reforming for another onslaught, was nearest to the Barukhs, who were evidently extending their ranks with the design of attacking it. Quickly the white horsemen advanced and Meldritch, when he was apprised of his danger, found his corps enveloped in a rough triangle, the base of it formed by the body of the enemy he had been on the point of charging. At a glance his soldier's eye recognized the superiority of the Barukh cavalry and he wheeled two companies about to face the graver danger, whilst to Vahan, with the third, was entrusted the task of preventing a rear attack by the smaller body of the enemy.

They were seven hundred to three thousand. To charge upon their jaded horses must have been to break themselves and become engulfed in that mass of splendid horsemen. The Earl, therefore, decided to await the attack. It was the climax of the fight—the most critical moment of the day. On the result of the coming conflict depended the issue of the battle. The Earl turned in his saddle and addressed his men.

"These be worthy of our steel," he cried, pointing with his outstretched sword towards the oncoming Barukhs. "Our commander watches us. Let every man strike for Christ, for honor and for life." "For Faith and Meldritch!" responded the men heartily.

The Turks charged with courageous fury. Seven hundred pistols were discharged full in their faces, emptying hundreds of saddles. They recoiled but came again almost immediately. Once more they received a volley at close range and this time fell back in disorder, their ranks thrown into confusion by the great number of riderless horses that ran wildly amongst them. The Earl deemed the moment favorable for a counter-attack.

"Charge!" he cried in ringing tones, and plunged into the Moslem horde, followed by his men.

Thrusting and hacking for dear life, Meldritch's troopers slowly fought their way through the Barukhs. As they emerged in little knots they began to rally round the standards of their several leaders. The three captains were thus engaged in collecting the remnants of their men, when they perceived that the Earl was completely cut off. His plume, now no ruddier than his armor, marked the spot where alone, like a lion at bay, he held back a circle of the enemy. The red rays of the evening sun flashed from his long blade which, like a streak

of fire, swept in wide strokes, now on this side and anon on that.

"To the Chief!" shouted John. "Culnitz! Vahan! Follow me! To the Chief, my men!"

Smith's voice rose above the clangor of weapons as he spurred into the dense mass of Moslems, closely followed by his fellow-captains. With slashing blows they opened a lane through which some fifty of their men rode after them. In a few minutes they gained beside the wearied Earl and surrounded him with a band of devoted followers.

The situation of this handful of heroes, beset by more than a thousand furious enemies, was precarious in the extreme. To cut their way out was impossible, and they prepared to sell their lives dearly and die as becomes gallant soldiers. But Fortune favors the brave. At this critical juncture, Count Ulrich, having routed the force to which he had been opposed, was able to bring his regiment to the relief of Meldritch. They bore down upon the Barukhs who, taken in the rear and by surprise, broke and fled over the field.

The Turkish trumpets now sounded the "recall" and the shattered regiments of the Sultan retired to where Hassan's banner proclaimed the presence of the dispirited commander. The Duc de Mercœur's exhausted men lay down in their cloaks upon the ground which they had soaked with the blood of ten thousand Turks.

IX.

GUERILLA TACTICS

THE DUC DE MERCŒUR DEFEATS HASSAN PASHA AND ALBA REGALIS IS SECURE—MELDRITCH CARRIES THE WAR INTO TRANSYLVANIA—THE ADVANCE AGAINST REGALL—THE TROOPS ARE CONSTANTLY ATTACKED ON THE MARCH—CAPTAIN SMITH TREATS THE TURKS TO A SURPRISE—HE PROPOSES A SCHEME FOR COUNTERACTING THE NIGHT ATTACKS—FIVE HUNDRED TURKS ARE ENTRAPPED AND CUT UP—CLEARING THE MOUNTAIN ROAD TO REGALL—THE ARMY GAINS THE SUMMIT AND ENCAMPS—THE TURKS ISSUE A CHALLENGE TO SINGLE COMBAT—THE CHRISTIAN CAPTAINS DRAW LOTS FOR THE HONOR OF REPRESENTING THE ARMY—"JOHN SMITH, THE ENGLANDER, IS OUR CHAMPION"—JOHN GIVES PRINCE MOYSES PROOF OF HIS SKILL WITH THE LANCE.

DESPITE their superior numbers, the Turks forebore from renewing the battle on the day following the desperate struggle that was described in the last chapter. The Christians completely exhausted and many of them, like Captain Smith, sorely wounded, were only too glad of the respite. Thus the contending armies lay in sight of each other for days without action on either side. At length the Duc de Mercœur saw a favorable opportunity for attacking and did so with such effect that Hassan Pasha, after losing six thousand men in this later battle, retired from the field and retreated to Buda.

Relieved of present anxiety on the score of Alba Regalis, Mercœur divided his army into three bodies and despatched them in different directions. One corps, under the command of the Earl of Meldritch, was assigned to service in Transylvania. Our hero recovered sufficiently to accompany his regiment which as we know could have ill-spared so good a man. The winter had set in before the command arrived at its destination, and the Earl went into camp to recruit his depleted regiments and prepare for the ensuing campaign. The regiment of Meldritch, which had recently added so greatly to its renown, had no difficulty in getting all the picked men it needed and in a few weeks had regained its full strength.

With the opening of spring, Count Meldritch led his army into the wildest portion of Transylvania and began a vigorous campaign. The object was to clear the Turks off the plains and to take their chief stronghold, Regall, in the mountains of Zarham. The entire country was of the most rugged character and it had been for years the resort of Turks, Tartars and bandits of all nations. From this wild retreat they issued at favorable intervals and overran the neighboring valleys, destroying villages and carrying off their inhabitants into slavery.

The fighting which Captain Smith and his companions in arms now experienced was the most difficult known to warfare. It called for courage and

patience, strength and quick-wittedness in an extraordinary degree. Though he could not have suspected it at the time, the training our hero received in this campaign was the best possible to fit him for success in his future career among the Indians of North America, and many a lesson that he learned in Transylvania was turned to good account in Virginia.

During their march through the province of Zarham, the army of Meldritch never encountered troops in mass or in open combat, but were surrounded day and night by a foe invisible for the most part and appearing, when he did, in the most unexpected places. The road was through a country that afforded ample cover and ambuscades were of frequent occurrence. From the shelter of a wood or from behind a hill, a band of horsemen would dart upon the column with the swoop of a hawk, spear the nearest foot soldiers, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye. These attacks were usually made in the uncertain light of the evening, when the Christians could not effectively use their pistols. Some half a dozen such onslaughts had been made with complete success when it occurred to Captain Smith that the dusk which favored the attack might be made an aid in repelling it. His plan was suggested to the commander and with his approval was put into effect. It was ordered that on the following day the column should march with two ranks of

men-at-arms on either flank, concealing a number of horsemen on foot leading their chargers.

As the light began to fail the Christian army approached a point where their progress would take them between a rocky eminence and a thick coppice. It was just such a place as the guerillas would choose for an ambush and every one was on the lookout for the expected attack. They were not long in suspense. As they passed the two natural hiding places, Turks dashed out on either side and charged upon the Christians with a shout. But before they could reach their intended victims, the concealed horsemen had leapt into the saddle and riding out between the files of foot soldiers charged the oncoming enemy at full speed. The crash as they came together was terrific and the lighter Arab horses of the Turks were bowled over like skittles by the heavy chargers of Meldritch's men. The surprised Turks were readily slain as they lay upon the ground or turned to flee. Very few escaped, whilst the Christians returned to their ranks without the loss of a man. After this decisive turning of the tables upon them, the Ottomans contented themselves with picking off stragglers and casting spears from a tolerably safe distance.

More trying, however, than the ambuscades were the night attacks, for they not only occasioned serious loss of life, but, by robbing the troops of much needed rest and keeping their nerves upon the

rack, threatened the demoralization of the entire army. Night after night the Turks rushed the camp, cutting the tent ropes and stabbing the struggling soldiers under the canvas. The Earl of Meldritch was deeply concerned about these night attacks. He knew that unless they were checked his army could never reach the passes of Regall, much less effect the difficult task of taking the city. The general and his leading officers had several consultations on the subject but without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. One-half of the force might have been employed to guard the other whilst it slept, but the day's march was so arduous that by nightfall few of the men were fit to stand.

In this dilemma, the young Englishman, who had already done such good service for the army, came to the relief of his general with one of those practical schemes which he seemed to be ever ready to devise in an emergency. Following Captain Smith's suggestion, the Earl ordered that on the following night the camp should be pitched in a spot that would invite an attack by the enemy. The tents were to be erected as usual but the three front rows were to be empty. Behind these were firmly-stretched ropes at a height of about two feet from the ground and extending right across the camp. Beyond the ropes was left a clear space of twenty yards and along the farther side of this was drawn up, after dark, a body of one thousand picked men.

The lights of the camp were out and the army was apparently sunk in slumber, when a large force of Turks galloped in among the tents and charged forward with their battle-cry of "Allah! Allah ud Din!" (God and the Faith!) They expected an easy slaughter and escape with little loss but this time things were to fall out differently. The leading ranks of the Turks were in full career when they came upon the hidden ropes, and as their horses struck them they pitched forward upon their heads, throwing their riders at the very feet of the Christians waiting with sword in hand to dispatch them. Rank after rank of the Turks rode into the trap and fell atop of one another in a shrieking, struggling mass. Meanwhile Meldritch's men-at-arms stabbed and hewed with might and main, slaughtering their enemies with a fury excited by the recollection of their nameless cruelties. By the time the less advanced of the Turkish horsemen, realizing that they were entrapped, had turned about, they found themselves face to face with a cordon of Meldritch's cavalry which completely cut off their retreat. In the end the entire body, numbering about five hundred, was slain. In those days prisoners were seldom taken in wars with infidels, and it was not often that the fanatical Turks would ask quarter of the unbeliever.

After this affair the march was resumed with very little interference on the part of the enemy until the

mountains of Zarham were reached. Here began the most difficult part of the military operation. Regall was situated in a small table-land which formed the crest of an isolated mountain. It was approachable only on one side and there the ascent must be made by a rough and narrow path. It is no wonder that the Turks deemed Regall impregnable and entrusted their women and their treasures to the security of its position. The city had never been taken and it is doubtful whether it would have fallen to a less determined and able body of men than the veterans under Meldritch.

A picked force was chosen to form the advance guard and John, in consideration of his recent services, was permitted to take his place in it. The work of this body was to clear and hold the road up the mountain which was defended by the Turks with the utmost obstinacy. Every foot of the way was contested and the advance guard lost a large proportion of its number, but at last it gained the top. The main body of the army and the big guns then made the ascent. When, after the weary weeks of fighting and marching, Meldritch's division camped in sight of the gates of Regall it had dwindled to fewer than eight thousand men.

The city was garrisoned by twenty thousand Turks and had an ample supply of provisions. Under these conditions the Earl entertained no thought of attacking it but wisely contented himself

with entrenching his position and repelling the frequent sorties of the besieged. In a few days Prince Moyses arrived with a reinforcement of nine thousand men and took over the chief command. The Christian army now proceeded to construct approaches to the city and to mount their guns in commanding positions.

This work of preparation, which was performed with careful deliberation, consumed several weeks, and the delay tended to encourage the garrison. They foolishly attributed it to timidity and began to display contempt for the beleaguering army. They paraded upon the ramparts effigies of Christians hanging from gallows and shouted derisive messages to the besiegers. At length this over-confidence of the Turks took a form that afforded the besiegers a chance to prove that they were still awake and prepared for action.

One day a messenger from the city was admitted to the presence of Prince Moyses under a flag of truce. He was the bearer of a lengthy document couched in pompous language which, after reproaching the Christians for the lack of exercise that was making them fat and timid, expressed a fear that they would depart from the city without affording any pastime to the ladies of it. That this might not be, Tur Pasha, a Turkish general, challenged to single combat any champion whom the Christian army might put forward. The combat was to be

fought after the fashion of knightly times, with which the Turks had become familiar during the Crusades, and the head of the vanquished, together with everything brought into the field by him, should become the property of the victor.

The challenge was received with delight in the Christian army and as soon as it became known scores of captains pressed forward for the privilege of accepting it. In order to avoid jealousy and discontent by singling one out of so many brave men, the commander determined to decide the question by casting lots. Young John Smith was among the most eager candidates for the honor of representing the army and his name and those of the others were written upon scraps of paper and shaken up in a helmet. It was a breathless moment when Prince Moyses thrust his hand into the casque and drew forth the billet upon which his fingers closed.

"John Smith, the Englander, is our champion," he announced to the throng, with a shade of disappointment in his voice. He had hoped that the honor might fall to one of his own countrymen and, although Count Meldritch had spoken with warmth of John's courage and prowess, the Prince felt doubtful of the ability of a mere stripling to defeat an experienced warrior.

As John was about to go to his tent, his heart full of joy at the wonderful good fortune that had befallen him, Prince Moyses beckoned him to his

side. It was in the mind of the general to ask Smith to waive his right in favor of some older and better tried captain, but the first glance at the young man's eager face convinced his commander that it would be useless to pursue the purpose. Instead he inquired whether Smith's horse and equipment were all that he could desire and what weapons he would choose, having as the challenged the right of selection. John replied that his horse had proved itself a trusty beast in many a sharp skirmish since the battle of Girkhe and for the weapon, he would name the lance in the handling of which he feared not to pit himself against any mortal man.

As he made this truthful but, nevertheless, somewhat boastful statement, John fancied that he detected a faint smile flickering about the corners of the Prince's mouth. He flushed at the thought that his general might be inwardly laughing at his pretensions, and said, with some show of heat:

"May it please your Highness to give me leave to prove my quality with the lance?"

The Prince gravely assented to the proposal and a soldier was dispatched to fetch the young captain's horse and tilting lance. In the few minutes that elapsed before his return, our hero's thoughts strayed to the period of his hermitage in the Lincolnshire forest and he congratulated himself on the time then spent in the practice of a weapon that was fast falling into disuse.

Hard by the commander's tent stood a convenient tree. From one of its branches a soldier was instructed to suspend an iron ring, no bigger than a dollar piece, at the height of a mounted man's head. When this had been done, John, who was already mounted, took his lance from the attendant soldier and placing it in rest, bore down upon the mark at full tilt. When he wheeled round and saluted Prince Moyses, the ring was upon the point of his lance.

"Bravissimo!" cried the Prince with a smile of satisfaction. "I had not thought to see that feat performed in this day," he added as he turned on his heel and entered the tent.

X.

THE THREE TURKS

CAPTAIN SMITH MEETS THE TURKISH CHAMPION IN A DUEL WITH LANCES—THE GORGEOUS PASHA MAKES A BRAVE APPEARANCE BUT LOSES HIS LIFE AT THE FIRST ENCOUNTER—SMITH PRESENTS PRINCE MOYSES WITH A GRIZZLY TROPHY—THE SLAIN TURK'S BOSOM FRIEND CHALLENGES SMITH—THE COMBATANTS' LANCES ARE SHATTERED TO SPLINTERS—THEY CONTINUE THE FIGHT WITH PISTOLS AND THE ENGLISHMAN IS HIT—THE GALLANT WAR-HORSE SAVES THE ISSUE—GRUALGO BITES THE DUST—SMITH SENDS A CHALLENGE INTO REGALL—MEETS BONI MULGRO AND FOR THE THIRD TIME IS VICTOR—HE IS HONORED WITH A PAGEANT—RECEIVES RICH PRESENTS, PROMOTION AND A PATENT OF NOBILITY.

A TRUCE having been declared for the day of the combat, the opposing armies approached each other without restraint but their soldiery did not mingle. The Christians were drawn up, a short distance from the city, in battle array with a grand display of banners, trophies and the various insignia of heraldry. The Moslems assembled in an irregular mass beneath the gray walls of the beleaguered town, whilst their women, attended by slaves, occupied points of vantage along the ramparts.

Between the bodies of eager spectators lay a

stretch of sward, which had been enclosed in a barricade after the fashion of the lists in the old-time tournaments. Long before the hour set for the contest the troops had assembled on either side. In both armies the keenest interest in the affair prevailed and both realized that it was something more than a duel to the death, for the result would surely encourage the fighting men of one party as much as it would depress those of the other. In those days of superstition, men were ever ready to find an augury in every important event, and the army to whom the victory should fall would accept it as a promise of success in the final issue.

It must be confessed that the greater degree of confidence was enjoyed by the Turks. Their champion was a man in the prime of life and a soldier of approved valor and skill in arms. He had never been defeated in single combat, although twice pitted against Germans of renown. The Christians, on the other hand, could not shake off the doubt and apprehension which they shared with their leader when the lot fell to the young Briton. The army had long since learned to respect his courage and fighting qualities in battle, and of his quick-wittedness they had received ample proof on the march to Regall. But none of them had any evidence of his ability to yield the lance, a weapon that demanded years of practice before a man might become expert with it. Thus it happened that the Germans, of whom the

army was mostly composed, stood grim, silent and anxious, whilst the swarthy Ottomans gave vent to their elation in song and jest.

The combatants were to meet when the sun should be precisely in mid-heaven so that neither might be at the disadvantage of having its rays in his eyes. The rules required the challenger to be the first in the field and in due time Tur Pasha, heralded by the sounds of hautboys, passed through the gates of the city and slowly made his way into the lists. His appearance elicited enthusiastic shouts from his countrymen and even forced ejaculations of admiration from the ranks of their enemies.

The Turkish champion presented a brave figure. His proud bearing and graceful carriage in the saddle were enhanced by the stately action of the beautiful white Arab steed which he rode. He was clad in a splendid suit of burnished steel armor, richly inlaid with arabesque figures in gold. Upon his shoulders were fixed a pair of large wings made from eagles' feathers set in a frame of silver and garnished with gold and precious stones. He was attended by three Janizaries, one going before and bearing his lance, the others walking on either side and leading his horse to the station assigned him.

No sooner had Tur Pasha taken up position at his end of the lists, than a flourish of trumpets announced the appearance of John Smith. The champion of the Christians presented an aspect as simple

as his name and no less sturdy. His chestnut horse was a big, strong Norman, of the breed far-famed for service in battle. His armor was of plain steel and bore upon its surface many a dent in eloquent witness of hard knocks. The only touch of finery about the Englishman was the plume of black feathers which surmounted his helmet. He came upon the field attended by one page carrying his lance.

After Captain Smith had halted at his post, the two champions sat like statues facing each other for a few minutes, affording the spectators opportunity to compare their points. At a signal blast from the trumpet, the antagonists rode forward slowly and met midway in the course. Saluting courteously, they passed each other, wheeled about and returned to their respective stations.

A prolonged note from the trumpet warned the combatants to let down their vizors and set their lances in rest. The next gave the signal for the onset, and before it had died away each horseman had sprung forward urging his charger to its utmost speed. As soon as he felt that his horse was in full career, Smith leant forward, slackening the bridle and grasping the pommel of the saddle with his left hand to steady himself. His lance was couched at a level with his adversary's breast and his gaze was steadily fixed on the slit in the vizor through which the wearer looked.

Nearer and nearer approached the onrushing

horsemen. A few more strides, two brief seconds and they must meet in the shock. John can at last discern the glistening eyes of the Turk and in that instant he raises the point of his lance toward the other's face. The sudden movement disconcerts the Turkish champion. Involuntarily he shifts his aim and his weapon passes harmlessly over the Englishman's shoulder at the moment that our hero's lance enters the eye of Tur Pasha and penetrates his brain. He fell from his horse and Smith leapt to the ground and unbuckled his helmet. A glance sufficed to show that the Turk was dead and with a stroke of his sword John severed the head from the body.

Whilst the pagans in mournful procession carried the headless trunk of their recent champion into Regall, Smith was triumphantly escorted back to the camp of the besiegers. He ordered the head of Tur Pasha to be borne to the quarters of Prince Moyses, who was pleased to accept the grizzly trophy. The spoils of victory were not unacceptable to John, but he had no desire to trick himself out in the fancy armor with its trimmings, and these he sold for a good round sum. The horse, however, he was glad to keep, for he had long wished for an extra mount for light service, but heretofore his slender means had denied him that advantage. In the wars of the time, captains who could afford to do so kept two or more horses during a campaign, one to carry them on the march and another to ride

in battle, for a man in armor was no light burden, and a beast that had borne its master ten or twelve miles would not be fit at the end of the journey for great exertion, although the life of its owner might depend upon its rendering spirited service. Captain Smith now had the satisfaction of knowing that he was one of the best mounted men in the army, for the Arab was a marvel of speed and agility and the Norman had been thoroughly trained by himself and was a perfect battle-horse.

The chief mourner in Regall was one Grualgo, a fierce warrior, who had been the bosom friend of the slain pasha. When the funeral rites had been performed after the Muhammadan custom, Grualgo sent a message to Captain John Smith proposing to redeem his friend's head at the risk of his own. He also offered to pledge his horse, arms and accoutrements on the issue. It is hardly necessary to say that the challenge was accepted with alacrity. Flushed with his recent victory and more than ever confident in his skill, our champion was delighted at this early chance for another display of his prowess. The consent of the general was readily obtained. Prince Moyses was greatly pleased at the cheering effect Smith's success had worked upon the troops and he was no longer doubtful of the Briton's ability to uphold the honor of the Christian army. The preparations were made as before, and the next day was appointed for the combat.

Once more the walls were lined with the fair dames of Regall and in their shadow assembled the garrison, more subdued than on the former occasion but buoyed by hopes of better fortune. The Christians, on their part, lined up, exultant and strong in the expectation of another victory for their champion.

Grualgo entered the lists almost as splendidly mounted and equipped as the pasha had been. Captain Smith wore the same plain but serviceable suit of armor and rode his trusty Norman charger. He had again exercised his right as the challenged to name the lance as the principal weapon of the combat.

At the trumpet signal, the combatants spurred forward at full speed, each with his weapon well and firmly aimed at his opponent's breast. They met in mid-career with a crash that resounded over the field. The lances flew into pieces. The horses fell back upon their haunches. Both riders reeled under the shock but each contrived to keep his seat. Casting aside the splintered spears, they drew their pistols from the saddle pockets. Smith was the first to fire, but at the instant of the discharge the Turk's horse swerved and the bullet hummed harmlessly by his master's head. Grualgo had reserved his shot and now took careful aim. The Norman, in response to the pressure of his rider's legs, was gathering himself for a spring out of the line of fire

when the report of the Turk's pistol rang out. The ball struck John's headpiece fair in the centre of the forehead but failed to penetrate the steel. Our hero was stunned and sight suddenly forsook him. The bridle dropped from his nerveless fingers and he swayed in his seat. He gave himself up for lost as he felt his senses deserting him. Then came the thought that he was the champion of the Christian army, that they were watching him, depending upon him to secure victory for them. Exerting all the will at his command, he set his teeth together and fought back the inclination to swoon.

Grualgo seeing his enemy at his mercy, smiled with grim satisfaction as he drew his second pistol, intending to dispatch the Christian youth with deliberate and sure aim. But the trusty Norman had not been trained to battle for nothing. The loose seat in the saddle and the relaxed grip of the bridle told him that his master was in distress and depended upon him to save his life. With quick but easy action, so as not to unseat the rider, the intelligent beast strode out of range. The Turk wheeled and galloped after him. His was the swifter steed and he had no difficulty in overtaking Smith's charger, but each time as he levelled his weapon to fire, the Norman darted away at an angle. In this manner the gallant animal contrived to prolong the combat for many minutes. Meanwhile Smith's senses and his strength were fast reviving. It gladdened the

noble steed to feel the returning firmness of seat and grasp of the bridle, and his master, as his sight cleared, began to lend his guidance to the clever tactics of the animal.

When Captain Smith fully realized the situation, he made up his mind that success could be secured only by bold and daring action. In his weakened state he could not hope to overcome the Turk in a prolonged fight. He must rely upon surprising the other and bringing the affair to an issue by a sudden attack. Grualgo would not risk his last shot until he could make sure of his aim. He probably believed our hero to be sorely wounded and had no thought of his reviving or resuming the offensive.

In one of his horse's evasive rushes, Smith bent forward upon the animal's neck as though overcome by sudden pain, but the movement was made to enable him to stealthily draw his loaded pistol from the holster. Holding it concealed behind the high pommel of his saddle, he braced his nerves for the final effort. Once more Grualgo approached his foe but this time, instead of allowing his horse to spring aside, John urged him forward, straight at the astonished Turk. Before the latter could recover his presence of mind sufficiently to use his weapon, the Englishman's pistol was discharged full in his face, and he fell to the ground in a dying state. Smith dismounted and gave the Turk his *coup de grace,* or finishing stroke, and then cut off his head.

This proceeding must strike us as being cold-blooded and merciless, but it was strictly in accordance with the terms of the combat and the character of the age in which our hero lived. Our forefathers of the seventeenth century were as rough as they were brave. They lived amid scenes of strife and bloodshed, and men who hazarded their own lives daily naturally held those of their enemies cheap.

This second defeat was a severe blow to the defenders of Regall. Their two foremost champions had been vanquished and by a beardless boy, for Captain Smith at this time had barely passed his twenty-first year. There were no more challenges from the disheartened garrison. They lost all desire to afford pastime for the ladies and they ceased to find the Christians subjects for contemptuous jests as they had done in the early days of the siege. Their sallies were now of rare occurrence and were easily repelled, so that the work of preparation for the final assault upon the city went forward with little interruption.

Our hero, in whom love of action was second nature, chafed sorely under the slow and tedious engineering operations. At length he sought and obtained permission from Prince Moyses to send a challenge into the city. This message was couched in the most courteous terms and was addressed to the ladies of Regall, our hero shrewdly suspecting that in this way he would more quickly touch the

honor of the men. Captain John Smith begged to assure the ladies of Regall that he was not so enamored of the heads of their servants, but that he was ready to restore them upon proper terms. He urged the ladies to send forth a champion who would risk his head in the effort to regain those of the vanquished Turks. Captain Smith concluded by expressing his willingness that his own head should accompany the others in case the champion of the ladies proved the victor in the proposed combat. In due time an acceptance of this challenge was received from one Boni Mulgro, and a day was set for the trial of arms.

The conditions of this third duel were similar to those that governed the two preceding combats, with the exception of one important particular. John Smith, being the challenger on this occasion, the choice of weapons rested with his adversary. Mulgro had no stomach for a contest with the lance, of which Smith had proved himself a master. He chose to fight with the pistol, battle axe and falchion. In the use of these weapons, and especially the battle axe, he was expert. This wise decision of the Turk came near to undoing our hero as the sequel will show.

At the signal of attack, the combatants advanced upon each other but not at the charge as would have been the case had lances been their weapons. Instead, they caused their horses to curvet and prance

and change suddenly from one direction to another. These manœuvres, resembling those of two wrestlers, were designed to disconcert the aim, and in the present instance did so with such complete effect that each of the champions emptied two pistols without touching his enemy.

They now resorted to the battle axe, on which the Turk rested his hope of success. He found in Captain John Smith an antagonist little less proficient than himself. For a while the strife waxed warm and fast without any perceptible advantage to either. Heavy blows were aimed and fended without ceasing, leaving neither, as Smith tells us, with "scarce sense enough to keep his saddle." At length a hard blow delivered by the Turk struck John's weapon near the head and it flew from his hand. At the sight of this advantage gained by their champion, the people of Regall set up such a shout as to shake the walls of the city.

It was a critical moment. Smith was disarmed. The Turk was within arm's length of him. He raised his battle axe to strike a crushing blow. Before it could descend the Norman charger had sprung aside and the weapon cut the air harmlessly. But the danger was only averted for a moment. The Turk pressed close upon his adversary, striving to strike, but each time the axe was raised the good horse reared suddenly or sprung away.

Meanwhile Captain Smith had succeeded in draw-

ing his falchion. Hardly had its point cleared the scabbard, when Mulgro again came on with an incautious rush. As the Turk raised his arm to swing the heavy weapon, Smith thrust with full force and ran his sword through the body of Boni Mulgro.

The Christian army was fairly wild with delight at this third victory of Captain John Smith, and the commander ordered a pageant in his honor. With an escort of six thousand men-at-arms, the three Turk's heads and the spoils of the three combats borne before him, Captain Smith was conducted to the pavilion of the general, who received him surrounded by his principal officers. Prince Moyses embraced our hero in the presence of the troops and, after complimenting him warmly on his valiant deeds, presented him with a splendid charger richly caparisoned, a beautiful scimitar of Damascus steel and a belt containing three hundred ducats.

But more highly than these gifts John valued the distinction bestowed upon him by his old commander. Count Meldritch, truly proud of his young protégé, there and then appointed him a major-captain in his regiment.

Nor were these the only rewards that fell to the lot of Captain John Smith on account of his prowess at the siege of Regall. At a later period, when the knowledge of his conduct came to Duke Sigismund Bathor of Transylvania, he presented our hero with

a picture of himself set in gold, conferred upon him a yearly pension of three hundred ducats—a snug sum in those days—and capped all with a patent of nobility. This patent entitled Captain John Smith to a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield.

John Smith's patent of nobility, setting forth the deeds for which it was conferred, may be seen in the College of Heralds, London, where, in its original Latin form, it was officially recorded August 19th, 1625, by Sir William Segar, Garter King-at-arms.

XI.

BRAVE HEARTS AND TRUE

REGALL IS BOMBARDED AND TAKEN BY ASSAULT—THE EARL OF MELDRITCH LEADS AN ARMY OF THIRTY THOUSAND INTO WALLACHIA—FIERCE FIGHTING AND A RETREAT THROUGH THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY—THE "MASTER OF STRATAGEM" COMMANDS THE VANGUARD AND CLEARS A PASS—THE EARL'S DEPLETED ARMY MAKES A LAST STAND IN THE FATEFUL VALLEY OF VERISTHORNE—FORTY THOUSAND TARTARS LAY BEFORE THEM AND IN THEIR REAR THIRTY THOUSAND TURKS —THE CHRISTIANS MAKE A SPLENDID BUT HOPELESS DEFENSE—THEY ATTEMPT TO CUT THEIR WAY OUT AND A MERE HANDFUL ESCAPE—JOHN SMITH IS LEFT ON THE FIELD COVERED WITH WOUNDS—HE IS FOUND BY THE ENEMY AND TENDED—SOLD FOR A SLAVE AT AXOPOLIS AND SENT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ALTHOUGH the defeat of their champions naturally had a depressing effect upon the garrison, they continued to maintain a strong defence. The approaches, upon which the besiegers had been at work for weeks were now, however, completed and their guns brought within close range of the walls of Regall. For fifteen days a constant fire was kept up by twenty-six pieces of artillery and at the end of that time two large breaches afforded ample avenues for assault.

When the Christian army entered the town a terrific conflict ensued, but after two days of hand to hand fighting through the streets the citadel fell and with the capture of that inner stronghold all opposition ceased. Prince Moyses set his men to repair the fortifications and when that had been accomplished left a garrison in the place and proceeded to the reduction of a number of neighboring towns. At the close of these minor operations the Prince's army was broken up and Captain John Smith went with the Earl of Meldritch into Wallachia.

The Earl opened the campaign in Wallachia with a body of thirty thousand veteran troops, of which his own regiment was the pick. Opposed from the first to great odds, they performed magnificent service until finally annihilated in the fatal valley of Veristhorne. But the army of Meldritch had many a hard fought fight before that dreadful day. There was one great battle in Wallachia which closed with twenty-five thousand dead upon the field. They lay so thick that "there was scarce ground to stand upon," says Smith, "but upon the dead carcasses." Though the Turks were defeated in this affair, the victory had been purchased at such a heavy cost that the Earl decided to retreat upon the fortified town of Rothenthrum, and this with as little delay as possible because fresh bodies of the enemy were moving against him from every direction.

The march of the retiring army was hampered at every step by the enemy, who hung upon its rear and flanks and engaged portions of it in frequent skirmishes. The men were thus wearied and their progress retarded. The special object of these tactics on the part of the Turks became apparent when the Christian commander learned that a strong force had thrown itself across his path. It was posted in a pass through which Meldritch must necessarily go in order to reach Rothenthrum. Nor was this all, for the same news-bearer informed the general that an army of forty thousand Tartars was moving rapidly to join the Turks in the defile.

The situation was extremely perilous but it allowed the Earl no alternative from the desperate course of attacking a body twice as numerous as his own, enjoying the advantage of an ideal position. To turn back would be certain destruction. To stay where he was would be to die like a rat in a trap. The only hope—and it was very slim—lay in cutting a way through the Turks holding the pass and gaining the town, only a few miles beyond, before the reinforcing Tartars could arrive. Hesitation was foreign to the character of Meldritch. Putting a bold face upon the matter, he marched on until within a mile of the pass and then halted his men to prepare for an attack as soon as night should fall.

In the meanwhile our hero's busy brain had been at work, and when the troops came to a halt he had

a simple but well-devised plan to propose to his commander. He lost no time in repairing to the spot where the general stood consulting with his leading officers. Although no more than a major-captain, Smith could always gain the ear of his superiors, who had long since learned to respect his judgment and shrewd resourcefulness.

"Way there for my 'Master of Stratagem,'" cried the Earl banteringly, as our hero approached. "Now I warrant he hath some bold proposal to advance that shall give us easement in this difficulty. Thou art always welcome Captain Smith, for methinks Dame Fortune dances close attendance on thee."

Smith revealed his scheme and immediately received the consent of the commander to its execution.

"By my halidame!" said the pleased general, "this powder-magician of ours would rout the forces of Pluto and distract his realm with horrible contrivances. Take what men you need and make what arrangements your judgment prompts, Captain Smith. Tonight the van is under your command."

The leader of the vanguard was decidedly the post of honor in such an action as was about to begin, and as our captain rode forward in the dark at the head of three hundred picked horsemen, he felt justly proud of the position assigned to him. Each of his men carried a spear on the head of which was fastened a bunch of fireworks, designed to make

as much noise and splutter as possible. When they had arrived within a few hundred yards of the Turks who lay in waiting at the entrance to the pass, each man lighted the combustibles at the end of his lance and charged with it thrust in front of his horse's head. The effect upon the enemy was immediate and decisive. Panic seized their ranks. They turned and fled, falling over one another in their terrified haste to escape the demons by which they supposed themselves to be beset. The horses of their cavalry, no less alarmed by the strange sight, plunged wildly amongst them, increasing the confusion.

Into this disordered mass rode Smith's horsemen followed by the main body, slaying as they went. So they cut their way through the pass and emerged on the other side without losing a score of their number. It was a great achievement, but Meldritch's little army was still in very grave danger. The Tartars were close at hand if not already in the way. The Earl pushed forward, but he dared not urge his troops to their utmost speed, in case he should come upon the enemy with his horses exhausted. Furthermore, the night was unusually dark and the men had to keep to the road and proceed cautiously for fear of falling or losing their way.

With the first streaks of dawn, the anxious Earl, riding at the head of the column, began to gaze

forward with straining eyes. They were entering the valley of Veristhorne and the refuge they sought was scarce three miles distant. Presently the general, looking across the valley, dimly discerned the black bulk of Rothenthrum upon the farther side. But the cry of joy that started from his lips was cut short by the sight of a huge dark mass stretched across the middle ground. It was too late. Forty thousand Tartars lay before them and in their rear thirty thousand Turks were advancing.

The Earl of Meldritch was one of those rare combinations—a dashing leader and a sound general. His inclination would have prompted him to charge the horde of barbarians that lay in his path, but such a course would have been suicidal. Instead, he led his troops to the base of a mountain where he immediately began dispositions to withstand an attack. The Tartars commenced to form their ranks at sunrise but, fortunately for the Christians, did not advance until noon. This unexpected respite enabled Meldritch, not only to rest his men and horses after their all-night march, but also to make some rough defences. The Tartar cavalry were the greater proportion of their army and that most to be feared. In order to check their charges, the Earl surrounded his position, except where it rested upon the mountain, with a cordon of sharpened stakes, driven firmly into the ground.

The sun was high in the heavens when the Tartar

horsemen advanced to the discordant clamor of drums, trumpets and hautboys. In dense ranks they stretched far beyond each flank of the small Christian army and looked as though they might envelop and swallow it with ease. Behind them came a horde of foot-soldiers armed with bows and bills. By this time detached bodies of Turks began to appear on the surrounding hills where they complacently sat down to watch the combat in the arena below, prepared, if necessary, to reinforce the Tartars. These additional enemies amounted to about fifteen thousand in number, so that Meldritch's ten thousand were hopelessly overpowered. The Earl realized that his little force was doomed but, like a good and brave commander, he had made the best disposition possible of them and was determined to fight to the last.

When the Tartar horse had advanced to within a half mile of his position, Meldritch launched a body of his cavalry under Nederspolt against them. These veteran troopers made a most brilliant charge and threw the enemy into confusion, but the numbers of the Christians were too small to permit them to follow up this advantage and they wisely retired within their lines. The Tartars now advanced their foot, whilst their horsemen reformed on either flank. The sky was presently darkened by flight after flight of countless arrows which, however, did comparatively little harm. The Christians retaliated with

another charge, breaking the centre of the enemy and checking his advance. With ten thousand more cavalry Meldritch might have swept the ill disciplined assailants from the field, but he was too weak to venture upon aggressive tactics and once again had to retire his men in face of a success.

In anticipation of a renewal of the attack by the Tartar horsemen, Meldritch had formed his infantry, under Veltus, just beyond the palisade of stakes. They were ordered to hold their ground as long as possible and then to fall back behind the defence. The Tartars, confident in their superior numbers, as well they might be, charged repeatedly. Each time they were gallantly repulsed, but at length Veltus had lost so many men that he was forced to fall back. The enemy, brandishing their spears and yelling exultantly, followed close upon the retiring foot-soldiers and came quite unawares upon the rows of sharpened stakes. In a moment a mass of struggling men and horses lay at the mercy of Meldritch's troops who slew two thousand of them.

This splendid success on the part of the pitiful handful of Christians now reduced to half their original number, dampened the ardor of the Tartars. There was a momentary cessation in the attack and the defence might have been maintained until darkness set in, perhaps, but the bodies of Turks which we have mentioned as surveying the field in readiness to render assistance if needed, now began to descend

to the valley. The Earl realized that once these auxiliaries joined forces with the Tartars, all would be lost. He determined to seize the moment of hesitancy on the part of the latter to make an attempt to break through them and gain the town of Rothenthrum. Accordingly, he quickly formed his cavalry in the van and advanced to the attack. It was a forlorn hope but no better prospect offered. Five thousand men threw themselves upon thirty thousand with the desperation of despair. The Earl, upon his great white charger, rode in the lead, followed by his own regiment in which Captain Smith was now the senior officer. Straight at the Tartar cavalry they went and cut their way through the front ranks as though they had been but paper barricades. But rank after rank confronted them and with each fresh contact they left numbers of their own men behind. The slaughter was indescribable. Soon they were the centre of a maelstrom of frenzied human beings with scarce more chance for escape than has a canoe in the vortex of a whirlpool. They fought like heroes to the death and made fearful havoc among their enemies. The gallant Earl and a few hundred followers made their way as by a miracle through the surrounding mass and swimming the River Altus, escaped.

The setting sun looked down upon thirty thousand dead and dying strewn over the Valley of Veristhorne, but lying in gory heaps where the last des-

perate struggle had taken place. There lay the flower of that splendid army of thirty thousand veterans that the Earl of Meldritch had proudly led into Wallachia a few months before and amongst them almost all his leading officers. "Give me leave," says Captain Smith, in his account of the affair, "to remember the names of my own countrymen in these exploits, that, as resolutely as the best, in the defense of Christ and his Gospel ended their days; as Baskerfield, Hardwicke, Thomas Milmer, Robert Molineux, Thomas Bishop, Francis Compton, George Davison, Nicholas Williams and one John, a Scot, did what men could do; and when they could do no more left there their bodies, in testimony of their minds. Only Ensign Carleton and Sergeant Robinson escaped."

These men were members of Smith's company and their captain lay among them where he had fallen covered with wounds. But he was not quite dead. The Turks and Tartars going over the field in search of spoils were attracted to him by the superiority of his armor. This led them to believe that he was a man of rank, and finding that he still lived they carried him into their camp with a view to preserving his life for the sake of ransom. His hurts were tended and he was nursed with care. When sufficiently recovered to travel, he was sent down to the slave market at Axopolis. Here Smith was put up to auction together with a number of other poor

wretches who had escaped death on the field of battle to meet with a worse fate, perhaps, at the hands of cruel masters.

Our hero fetched a good price, as much on account of his vigorous appearance as because there seemed to be a prospect of profit in the purchase if he should turn out to be a nobleman as was suspected. He was bought by the Pasha Bogall and sent by him as a present to his affianced at Constantinople. Smith tells us that "by twenty and twenty, chained by the necks, they marched in files to this great city, where they were delivered to their several masters, and he to the young Charatza Tragabigzanda."

XII.

SLAVERY AND A SEA-FIGHT

JOHN SMITH IS DELIVERED TO THE LADY CHARATZA, HIS FUTURE MISTRESS—HE FALLS INTO KIND HANDS AND EXCITES THE TURKISH MAIDEN'S INTEREST—HER MOTHER INTERVENES AND HE IS SENT TO AN OUTLYING PROVINCE—HE FINDS A BRUTAL MASTER AND IS SUBJECTED TO TREATMENT "BEYOND THE ENDURANCE OF A DOG"—HE SLAYS THE CRUEL TIMARIOT AND ESCAPES UPON HIS HORSE—WANDERS ABOUT FOR WEEKS AND AT LENGTH REACHES A CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT—ADVENTURES IN AFRICA—A TRIP TO SEA WITH CAPTAIN MERHAM—THE BRITISHER FIGHTS TWO SPANISH SHIPS AND HOLDS HIS OWN—SMITH RENDERS GOOD SERVICE IN THE FIGHT AND EMPLOYS ONE OF HIS NOVEL "STRATAGEMS"—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

JOHN SMITH had never found himself in worse straits than now, as shackled to a fellow slave he tramped along the road between Axopolis and the Turkish capital. Hopeless as the situation seemed to be, he did not give himself up to despair, nor wear himself by repining over a condition which was beyond his power to remedy. He had learned from experience that the sun is apt to break through the clouds of the darkest day and when we are least expecting it. So, with the philosophy that is characteristic of the true soldier of fortune, he determined

to await the turn of events with patience, and meanwhile found entertainment for his mind in a study of the strange people and places that came to his notice on the way. He has left an interesting account of these, but as they had no direct bearing upon the actual events of his life, we will pass them over.

The Pasha Bogall appears to have been a character somewhat like Sir John Falstaff, the hero of imaginary military exploits. He prepared the Lady Charatza—as Smith calls her—for the reception of his gift by a letter. In this fanciful missive the Giaour was described as a Bohemian nobleman whom the valiant Bogall had defeated in single combat and made prisoner. In his desire to exalt himself in the mind of his mistress, the Turk fell into two errors. He took it for granted that the slave and the Turkish damsel would be unable to converse with each other and he expatiated on Smith's prowess in order to enhance by comparison his own valor in overcoming him.

The fair Charatza was naturally curious to see this noble and unfortunate slave for whom she could hardly fail to entertain feelings of compassion. When they met, the lady was more impressed than she would have cared to acknowledge by the bearing and address of the handsome captain. They found a ready means of communication in Italian which both understood and spoke with tolerable fluency.

Questioned as to the combat in which the Pasha had defeated him, Smith laughed and declared that he had never set eyes on the doughty Turk until they met in the market place of Axopolis. As to being a Bohemian nobleman, he claimed no greater distinction than that of an English gentleman and a captain of horse.

Charatza did not doubt the truth of Captain Smith's statement to her, but she caused inquiry to be made about him amongst the other captives who had been distributed here and there in the city. Thus she learned that her slave, whilst in truth no more than a captain in rank, was one of the most renowned soldiers in the army of the Emperor, and indeed had no equal among men of his age. The story of the three Turks reached her through the same sources and aroused admiration where curiosity and compassion had before been excited. The outcome was something like that in the story of Othello and Desdemona.

The Turkish lady, young and romantic, found the stories of Captain Smith's adventures so interesting that she insisted upon his telling them over and over again. In order to enjoy this pleasure, without arousing criticism of her unusual familiarity with a male slave, she had him assigned to work in her private garden which formed a part of the extensive grounds attached to the mansion. There undisturbed, hours were spent daily by the captive in recit-

ing to his fair owner stories of his varied experiences and in giving her accounts of different places and peoples in the wonderful world of which she knew almost nothing.

Thus several weeks passed and our hero, who was well fed and comfortably lodged meanwhile, fast regained his wonted strength and energy. It may be asked, why did he not attempt to escape? The thought of course entered his mind, but investigation soon satisfied him that the difficulties in the way were almost insurmountable. The place was surrounded by high walls which were guarded day and night by armed eunuchs. Smith had no clothes but his own nor any means of securing others. Even if he gained the streets he would be marked as a foreigner and suspected of being an escaped slave. Under the circumstances he determined to abide his time in the hope that his fair mistress might become willing to release him and aid in his escape.

But affairs took a turn that neither of the young people, who were beginning to feel a strong regard for each other, had looked for. The mother of Charatza, informed by a jealous Turkish servant of the meetings between her daughter and the Giaour, came upon them one day and expressed her indignation in stinging terms. She declared her determination to sell the English slave immediately and would have carried her threat into effect but for the suggestion of Charatza that the Pasha might not be pleased at

such disposition of his gift. Finally a compromise was agreed upon. The brother of Charatza was a Timariot, that is a Turkish feudal chieftain, at Nalbrits, in a distant province. It was decided that Smith should be sent there, Charatza hoping to be able to contrive his return, and indeed having some idea that the captive might be induced to turn Muhammadan and enter the Sultan's army.

So John Smith was sent to Nalbrits and at the same time Charatza despatched a letter to her brother in which she begged him to treat the young Englishman kindly and to give him the lightest sort of work. Any good effect that might have accrued from this well-intentioned but ill-advised letter was prevented by another which went forward at the same time. In it the Pasha's mother told of the extraordinary interest Charatza had displayed in the infidel slave and expressed a suspicion that the young girl's affections had become fastened upon him. This of course enraged the haughty and fanatical Turk and the unfortunate Smith immediately felt the weight of his new master's displeasure. Within an hour of his arrival at Nalbrits he was stripped naked, his head and face were shaved "as smooth as the palm of his hand" and he was put into a garment of undressed goat-skin with an iron ring round his neck.

Our hero now entered upon a life too miserable for description and, as he expresses it, "beyond the

endurance of a dog." He was subjected to the hardest and vilest tasks and, being the latest comer among hundreds of slaves, became slave to the whole herd, for such was the custom which he was in no position to contest. He found his companions a poor lot, broken in body and spirit, and sunk in apathetic resignation to their condition. He endeavored to discover among them a few with sufficient courage and enterprise to plan an uprising, but soon abandoned the idea. It was clear that any chance that might arise for escape would be impaired by the co-operation of such hopelessly sunken wretches. During the months that he remained in this terrible bondage his main effort was to sustain his own spirits and to combat the tendency to fall into despair. Few men could have succeeded in this, but John Smith combined with great physical strength and the highest courage an unshakable trust in Providence. The event justified his confidence and he fully deserved the good fortune which ultimately befell him.

When he had been several months at Nalbrits, it happened that Smith was put to work on the threshing floor at a country residence of the Pasha. Here he labored with a long heavy club, the flail not being known to the people of those parts. The Pasha seems to have entertained a feeling of positive hatred for the slave, fanned no doubt by frequent letters from Charatza, who could have no knowledge of his

condition. It was a favorite pastime with the Turk to stand over Smith whilst at his labor and taunt him. At such times, it was with the greatest difficulty that the captain restrained the desire to leap upon his persecutor and strangle him. He knew, however, that to have raised his hand against his cruel master would have entailed torture and probably a lingering death.

One morning the Pasha came into the barn where Smith was alone at work. The malicious Turk fell to sneering at his slave as usual and when the latter, goaded beyond endurance, replied with spirit, the Pasha struck him across the face with a riding whip. Smith's threshing bat whistled through the air, and at the first blow the brutal Timariot lay dead at the feet of his slave. There was not an instant to be lost. It was by the merest chance that Smith was alone. The overseer might return at any moment. Stripping the body of the slain Pasha and hiding it under a heap of straw, Smith threw off his goat-skin and hurriedly donned the Turkish costume. He loosed the horse which the Turk had ridden to the spot, sprang into the saddle and galloped at random from the place.

Smith's first impulse was to ride as fast as possible in the opposite direction to Nalbrits, and this he did, continuing his career until night overtook him. He entered a wood at some distance from the road and there passed the hours of darkness. He never failed to

keep a clear head in the most critical emergencies and in the haste of departure had not neglected to secure the Pasha's weapons and to snatch up a sack of corn from the threshing floor. The latter would preserve his life for some time and with the former he proposed to sell it dearly if overtaken. He had no idea as to what direction to take in order to reach a Christian community. Daybreak found him in this condition of perplexity, and he resumed his wandering flight with less impetuosity and a careful regard to avoid every locality that appeared to be inhabited. At a distance his costume might prove a protection, but on closer inspection a beholder could not fail to note the iron collar that proclaimed him a slave.

Smith had ridden about aimlessly for three days and nights, not knowing where he was nor how far from Nalbrits, when he suddenly chanced upon one of the great caravan roads that traversed Asia and connected with the main highways of Europe. He knew that if he followed this road far enough westward he must come eventually into some Christian country, but caution was more necessary than ever, for these were much travelled routes. He concluded to skirt the road by day and ride upon it only after dark. At the close of the fourth day after his escape he came to the meeting point of several cross-roads and then learned the peculiar method employed by the people of those parts to direct travellers. The sign posts were painted with various designs to

indicate the directions of different countries. For instance, a half moon pointed to the country of the Crim Tartars, a black man to Persia, a sun to China, and a cross—which our hero perceived with joy—distinguished the road leading to the Christian realm of Muscovy, the Russia of today.

After sixteen days' riding, without encountering a mishap, Smith arrived safely at a Muscovite settlement on the Don where he was warmly received. The galling badge of bondage was filed from his neck and he felt then, but not before, once more a free man. His wants were supplied and he was furnished with sufficient money to enable him to continue his journey in comfort. He proceeded into Transylvania where his old comrades welcomed him as one from the grave, having lamented him as among the dead at Rothenthrum. The Earl of Meldritch was delighted to meet his old captain and "Master of Stratagem" once more and regretted that the existing state of peace prevented their fighting together again. That condition determined our hero to seek service in Africa where he heard that a war was in progress. Before his departure, Prince Sigismund presented him with fifteen hundred ducats, and so he set out with a well-filled purse and a light heart.

Captain Smith journeyed to Barbary in company with a French adventurer who, like himself, cared little where he went so that the excursion held out

a prospect of fighting and new experiences. On this occasion, however, they were disappointed in their hope of military service. They found the conditions such as they were not willing to become involved in. The Sultan of Barbary had been poisoned by his wife, and two of his sons, neither of whom had a right to the succession, were contending for the throne. Our adventurers considered this state of things more akin to murder than to war and declined to take any part in it, although they might without doubt have enriched themselves by doing so.

Upon his return to the port of Saffi, Captain Smith found a British privateering vessel in the harbor under the command of a Captain Merham. An acquaintance sprang up between the two which quickly ripened into friendship. One evening, Smith with some other guests was paying a visit to the privateer, when a cyclone suddenly swept down upon them. Captain Merham barely had time to slip his cable before the hurricane struck his ship and drove it out to sea. All night they ran before the wind, and when at length the storm had ceased they were in the vicinity of the Canaries. The Captain wished to "try some conclusions," after the manner of Captain La Roche on a former occasion, before returning to port. His guests were not averse to the proposal and so he hung about to see what vessels chance might throw in their way.

They were soon rewarded by intercepting a Por-

tuguese trader laden with wine from Teneriffe. This they eased of its cargo and allowed to go its way. The next day they espied two sails some miles distant and proceeded to overhaul them. They did this with such success that they were within small-arm range of the ships before they perceived them to be Spanish men-of-war, either superior to themselves in armament and probably in men. Seeing himself so greatly overmatched, Merham endeavored to escape, and a running fight was maintained for hours. At length, towards sunset, the Spaniards damaged the Britisher's rigging and coming up with him, boarded from either side. Merham's ship must have been captured by the enemy, who greatly outnumbered his own men, but whilst the fight on deck was in progress, Captain Smith secured "divers bolts of iron"—cross-bars, probably—with which he loaded one of the guns. The charge tore a hole so large in one of the Spanish ships that it began to sink. At this both the attacking vessels threw off their grappling irons and withdrew.

The Spaniards were busy for two or more hours repairing the breach in their ship and Merham was occupied as long in putting his sailing gear in order, so that he could not profit by the damage to the enemy. When at length he did get under way the Spaniards were in condition to follow and the chase was continued all night. With the break of day the fight was resumed, but not before the Spanish

senior officer had offered the British captain quarter if he would surrender. Merham answered this proposal with his cannon and hove to with the intention of fighting it out.

The Spaniards realized that they were no match for the Britisher in gun-play and they therefore lost no time in grappling. A fierce hand to hand conflict ensued and lasted for an hour with varying success, but the odds were beginning to tell against Merham's men when their captain turned the tide by a clever stratagem. He sent some sailors aloft to unsling the mainsail and let it fall on the top of a number of Spaniards beneath. Whilst these were struggling to get clear of the canvas, about twenty of them were killed. This disheartening occurrence induced the attacking ships to disengage. The cannonading continued on both sides, however, and after a while the Spanish captains once more boarded with all the men available.

Again the combat raged at close quarters for an hour or more and again Merham's men began to give way under the weight of superior numbers. This time it was Captain Smith who saved the situation by a desperate expedient. A number of Spaniards had gathered near the centre of the ship upon a grating which afforded them the advantage of an elevated station. Beneath this body of the enemy, our hero exploded a keg of powder. This had the effect of blowing about thirty Spaniards off the

scene but at the same time it set fire to the ship. The flames sent the boarders scurrying back to their own vessels which sailed to a safe distance.

Whilst Merham was engaged in putting out the fire the Spaniards kept their guns playing upon him, ceasing only at intervals to make proposals for surrender, at all of which the British captain laughed. When the flames were extinguished he invited the Spanish officers with mock ceremony to come on board his vessel again, assuring them that Captain Smith was yearning to afford them further entertainment. But the Spaniards had no longer any stomach for boarding parties and contented themselves with firing at long range until nightfall when they sailed away.

Captain Merham took his crippled ship back to Saffi to undergo repairs and there our hero left him, after expressing his gratification for the diversion the privateersman had afforded him, and took ship for England.

THE AMERICAN COLONIST

XIII.

A BAD BEGINNING

JOHN SMITH BECOMES INTERESTED IN AMERICAN COLONIZATION —DEVOTES HIS MONEY AND HIS SERVICES TO THE VIRGINIA VENTURE—SAILS WITH AN EXPEDITION TO THE NEW WORLD COMPOSED OF AN ILL-ASSORTED COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS— THEY FALL INTO DISSENSIONS AT THE OUTSET—EACH IS JEALOUS OF OTHERS AND ALL OF JOHN SMITH—HE IS PLACED UNDER ARREST AND A GALLOWS ERECTED FOR HIS ACCOMMODATION—THE EMIGRANTS GROW WEARY OF THE ADVENTURE—WHEN ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CONTINENT THEY PLAN TO PUT ABOUT AND RETURN TO ENGLAND— A STORM DECIDES THE MATTER BY SWEEPING THEM INTO CHESAPEAKE BAY—A PARTY IS LANDED AND HAS AN EARLY CONFLICT WITH THE INDIANS.

THE life of John Smith naturally divides itself into two parts, each covering about twenty-five years. We have followed him through the former period with its exciting episodes and varying scenes. During this term he is the soldier of fortune, seeking to satisfy his love of adventure and to gain knowledge and experience. Beyond these motives he has no definite purpose in view. He is ready to enlist in any cause that offers opportunity for honorable employment. This early stage of his activity has developed his mind and body and strengthened that

stability of character for which he was distinguished. He returns to England, bronzed and bearded, somewhat disgusted with the horrors of war and dissatisfied at the futility of the life of the mere adventurer. His energy is in no degree abated but he longs to find some purposeful direction for his enterprise. Fortunately for him, for his country, and for us, the opportunity awaited the man.

Up to this time, all the efforts of Englishmen to plant colonies in America had resulted in failure. The movement began with the voyages and discoveries of the Cabots in the reign of Henry the Seventh and for a century was pursued with difficulty in the face of the superior naval strength of Spain, which nation claimed exclusive right to the entire continent. The defeat of the "invincible Armada" afforded freedom of the seas to English navigators and marked the beginning of a new era in American exploration and settlement. The majority of the men who engaged in this field of enterprise were actuated by no better motive than the desire to gain wealth or satisfy a love of adventure. There were, however, not a few who entered into the movement with patriotic motives and of these the gallant and ill-fated Raleigh is the most conspicuous. He devoted his fortune to exploration of the Western Hemisphere and spent in this endeavor more than a million dollars. In 1584 his vessels under Amidas and Barlow made a landing in the Carolinas, took

possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and called the country "Virginia." In the following year a colony of one hundred and eight men was sent out under Sir Ralph Lane. A settlement was made upon the island of Roanoke but the enterprise was soon abandoned and the colonists returned to England. In 1586, Sir Richard Grenville left fifty men at the deserted settlement, only to be massacred by the Indians. But Raleigh persisted in his efforts. Another party of emigrants was sent out and this time it was sought to encourage home-making in the new land by including women in the colonists. The fate of these pioneers who are commonly referred to as the "Lost Colony" is a blank. A later expedition found the site of the settlement deserted and no trace of its former occupants could ever be discovered.

The unfortunate results of these efforts dampened the ardor for American colonization and for twelve years there was a cessation of the attempts to people Virginia. Raleigh had exhausted his means and his later explorations were made with borrowed money and directed to the discovery of gold mines in Guiana. In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold made a successful voyage to Virginia, returning with a cargo of sassafras. Several other expeditions followed which, although they made no settlements, revived public interest in the American possession and made the route a comparatively familiar one. When John Smith returned to his native land he found the col-

onization of Virginia occupying a prominent place in the minds of his countrymen. It was a project precisely fitted to satisfy the nobler ambition which now fired him to devote his talents and energies to his country's service. It promised to combine with a useful career a sufficient element of novelty and adventure, and he lost no time in allying himself with the chief promoters of the movement.

The territory of Virginia had been granted to Sir Walter Raleigh by Queen Elizabeth. The latter died in 1603, the year before Smith's return to England, and her successor, James the First, imprisoned Raleigh on a charge of high treason and confiscated his possessions. In 1606, the King issued a charter for the colonization of Virginia to a company, which Smith joined with five hundred pounds of his own money. But previous to this he had been one of the most diligent workers in the promotion of the scheme, inducing merchants and noblemen to support the project with capital and persuading desirable men to volunteer as colonists. Neither object was easy of attainment and the latter was the more difficult. Numerous broken-down gentlemen of indifferent character were eager to embrace the chance of retrieving their fortunes in a new land, and hundreds of dissolute soldiers out of employment offered their services to the promoters. But the need was for farmers, mechanics, and laborers, and few of these could be induced to leave their homes in the

prosperous state of the country at that time. Consequently the organizers of the expedition had to content themselves with a poor assortment of colonists who, but for the presence of Captain John Smith among them, would assuredly have added one more to the list of failures connected with North American colonization. It was due to him mainly, and almost solely, that the settlement at Jamestown survived and became the root from which branched the United States of America.

The expedition, when at length it was organized, consisted of three vessels carrying, aside from their crews, one hundred and five colonists. The largest of the ships, named the *Susan Constant,* was barely one hundred tons burden, the second, named the *Godspeed,* was somewhat smaller, and the third, the *Discovery,* no more than twenty tons. Their commanders were Captain Christopher Newport, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold and John Ratcliffe respectively. Other important members of the expedition were Edward Wingfield, a man with little but his aristocratic connections to recommend him; Robert Hunt, a clergyman, whose name should be linked with that of John Smith as one of the saviours of the colony, and a few whose introduction we may defer until circumstances bring them prominently upon the scene. For the rest, forty-eight were gentlemen of little account, about thirty were men of lower estate, but no greater usefulness, and only a

score belonged to the artisan and mechanic class. Smith had engaged and fitted out a few men with whose quality he had some acquaintance, including Carlton and Robinson, the only two Englishmen of his own command who had escaped from the disaster in the Valley of Veristhorne.

In the last days of the year 1606, this ill-assorted company sailed out of the Thames under conditions calculated to create dissensions from the outset. King James, one of the most feeble monarchs who ever occupied the English throne, had reserved to himself the right to select the Council by which the colony should be governed, allowing to that body the privilege of electing its President. But for some reason, which it is impossible to surmise, the choice of the monarch was kept secret and names of the Council enclosed in a box which was to be opened only when the party reached its destination. Thus they started upon the voyage without a commander or any recognized authority among them, and each man of prominence, feeling satisfied that the King could not have overlooked his superior claims to a place in the Council, assumed the tone and bearing of an accepted leader whilst resenting similar action on the part of others.

The need of acknowledged authority was felt from the outset. Newport, Gosnold, and Ratcliffe, were, for the nonce, merely sailing masters and had as much as they could well do to fulfill their duties in

that capacity. The expedition emerged from the Thames to encounter contrary winds and stormy weather, so that it was forced to beat about off the coast of England for weeks without making any progress. The emigrants began to quarrel, and among the principal men of the party there broke out a spirit of jealousy which was never allayed. This was directed chiefly against Captain Smith. His companions were forced to admit to themselves that this self-possessed and confident young man was their superior in all those qualities that would be of most account in the strange land for which they were destined, and they had sufficient discernment to realize that no matter who might become the nominal President of the colony, John Smith would be its master spirit and actual leader. This was made manifest in these first few weeks of trying delay. Did one of the ship-captains need assistance? John Smith was a practical navigator and could both handle a vessel and read the charts. In the dispositions for defence in case of attack, he had to be relied upon as the best gunner and leader of fighting men among them. When the voyagers became troublesome none but John Smith could effectually quiet them. A few words in his calm firm tones would quickly quell a disturbance. Some of these men had served under him and had learned to respect his character. The others instinctively felt that he was a man of sense and strength—one of those rare

creatures who rise to every emergency and lift their subordinates with them.

Men of broad and generous minds would have rejoiced to think that they had among them one who was capable of steering them through all their difficulties and whose experience would help them to avoid many a pitfall and disaster. There were a few among the gentlemen, such as George Percy, Parson Hunt and Scrivener, who took this sensible view of the situation. On the other hand, Wingfield, Kendall, Ratcliffe, Archer and several more, conscious of their own inferiority, became possessed by an insane jealousy of our hero. This grew with the progress of the voyage and constant discussion of their silly suspicions, until at length they had fully persuaded themselves that Captain John Smith was a dark conspirator who entertained designs against themselves and contemplated treason against his King and country. They believed, or professed to believe, that he had distributed creatures of his own throughout the three vessels with the intention of seizing the expedition and proclaiming himself king of the new country as soon as they should arrive at it. With this excuse they made him a close prisoner when the vessels were in mid-Atlantic.

When the party charged with this disgraceful office approached him on the deck of the *Susan Constant,* Smith handed to them his sword without a word and went below smiling grimly. He had long

since fathomed the weakness and the incompetence of these self-constituted leaders. He knew that the time would come when his services would be indispensable to them and he was content to abide it in patience. They should have realized that, if their suspicions were just, he had but to raise his voice and the vessels would be instantly in mutiny. But they had not sufficient intelligence to perceive that if John Smith was the dangerous character they assumed him to be their best course was to propitiate him rather than to arouse his enmity. Instead of being impressed by the self-confident manner in which he yielded to confinement in the hold they gained courage from the incident and actually thought that they might go to any extreme without resistance on his part. So, when the vessels made land at the West Indies, these masterful gentry erected a gallows for the purpose of hanging our hero, or, perhaps, of frightening him. Now we know that they could not have undertaken a more difficult task than that of attempting to strike fear into the heart of John Smith, and as to actual hanging, whilst he had a considerable sense of humor, it did not carry him so far as taking part in a performance of that sort. When they brought him on deck and solemnly informed him that the gallows awaited him, he laughed in their faces and told them that it was a shame to waste good timber, for he had not the remotest thought of using the contrivance.

In fact, he took the matter with such careless assurance that they wisely concluded to abandon the project and sailing away, left their useless gallows standing.

Steering for that portion of the mainland where the former ill-fated colonies had been planted, the vessels were soon out of their reckoning and beat about for several days without sight of land. They had been already four months upon a voyage that should have occupied no more than two and had made serious inroads into the stock of provisions which was calculated to furnish the store of the settlers. They began to grow fearful and discontented. Many wished to put about and sail homeward, and even Ratcliffe, the captain of the *Discovery,* favored such a course. Whilst they were debating the proposition, a violent storm arose and luckily drove them to their destination. On the twenty-sixth day of April, 1607, they entered the Bay of Chesapeake.

Eager to see the new land of promise, a party of the colonists went ashore that day. They wandered through forest and glade, cheered by the genial warmth of the southern clime and delighted with the beautiful scenery and luxuriant vegetation. But before they returned to the ships they were reminded that this natural paradise was in possession of a savage people who could hardly be expected to respect King James's gift of their land to strangers.

As the exploring party made their way back to the shore they fell into an ambush—the first of many which they were destined to experience. They had not seen a human being since landing, and the shower of arrows that proclaimed the presence of the Indians came as a complete surprise. Neither redman nor pale-face was quite prepared for intimate acquaintance at this time, and the sound of the muskets sent the former scurrying to the hills whilst the latter hurried to the shelter of the ships, carrying two men who had been severely wounded.

Thus the Jamestown colonists came to America. How little they were qualified for the work before them we have already seen. As we progress with our story we shall see how often they brought misfortune upon themselves and how the wisdom and energy of one man saved the undertaking from utter failure.

XIV.

POWHATAN AND HIS PEOPLE

THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL ARE ESTABLISHED AND A SETTLEMENT MADE AT JAMESTOWN—NEWPORT AND SMITH GO ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION—THEY MEET POWHATAN, THE GREAT WEROWANCE OF THE COUNTRY—THEY ARE FEASTED AND FETED BY THE OLD CHIEF—A QUICK RETURN TO JAMESTOWN AND A TIMELY ARRIVAL—THE INDIANS ATTACK THE SETTLERS AND TAKE THEM UNAWARES—GALLANT STAND MADE BY THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS—THE APPEARANCE OF NEWPORT AND HIS MEN PREVENTS A MASSACRE—A FORT AND STOCKADE ARE HURRIEDLY ERECTED—SMITH IS TRIED ON A CHARGE OF TREASON AND TRIUMPHANTLY ACQUITTED—CAPTAIN NEWPORT RETURNS TO ENGLAND WITH THE TWO LARGER SHIPS.

IT was, indeed, a fair land to which the white men had journeyed from over the seas. Smith says of it: "Heaven and earth never agreed beeter to frame a place for man's habitation. Here are mountains, hills, plains, rivers, and brooks, all running most pleasantly into a fair bay, compassed, but for the mouth, with fruitful and delightsome land." The country was covered, for the most part, with virgin forest. Here and there a small clearing afforded a site for a cluster of wigwams around which lay fields of maize or other cereals. The

birds and animals that we prize most highly as table delicacies abounded in the wilds, and the waters swarmed with fish.

A very small proportion of the land was occupied. The Indian villages were few and miles apart. The country round about the Jamestown settlement was in the possession of the Algonquin tribe, divided into many bands, generally numbering not more than a few hundred souls, each band under its own chief and all owning allegiance to a king or werowance named Powhatan. There was constant intercourse between the villages, and their men joined together for purposes of war, or the chase. Rough forest trails formed the only roads between the different centres, whilst blazed trees marked by-paths that led to springs, favorite trapping grounds, or other localities of occasional resort.

The royal orders permitted the opening of the box of instructions as soon as the colonists should have reached Virginia, and they lost no time in satisfying their anxiety to learn the membership of the Council. It appeared that the King had selected for that distinction and responsibility, Edward Wingfield, Bartholomew Gosnold, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, George Kendall and John Smith. The last named was still in irons and his fellow-councilmen were, with the possible exception of Newport, unfriendly to him. It was decided that he should not be admitted to the body, and the

remaining members proceeded to elect Wingfield, Smith's arch-enemy, to the position of President.

For the next two weeks and more, the colonists remained upon the ships. Meanwhile they explored the surrounding country for a favorable site on which to settle. The Indians with whom they came in contact during this time treated them with the utmost kindness, freely furnishing food and tobacco, which latter few of the settlers had ever smoked, although Raleigh had introduced the leaf into England some years earlier. Everything was so strange to the adventurers, many of whom were absent from their native land for the first time, that they forgot for a while their discontent and jealousies in the interest and wonder excited by new sights and scenes.

We can imagine, for instance, the mixed sensations of the strangers when a band of Rappahonacks marched towards them, headed by their chief playing upon a reed flute. They were all fantastically trimmed, we will say, for their only dress was a coat of paint. The chief, as befitted his rank, was the most grotesque figure of all, but the effect was equally hideous and awesome and the Englishmen were divided between merriment and fear. On one side of his head the chief wore a crown of deer's hair dyed red and interwoven with his own raven locks; on the other side, which was shaven, he wore a large plate of copper, whilst two long feathers stood up

from the centre of his crown. His body was painted crimson and his face blue. Around his neck was a chain of beads, and strings of pearls hung from his ears which were pierced to hold bird's claws set in gold. He and his followers each carried a bow and arrows and a tomahawk with stone head.

At length it was decided to settle upon a little peninsula jutting into the river. There was a great deal of disagreement about this site. Smith favored it, mainly because its comparative isolation made it easier to defend than a location further inland, but he was allowed no voice in the selection. It was, however, an unfortunate choice, for the ground was low and marshy and no doubt a great deal of the later mortality was due to the unhealthy situation of the infant settlement of Jamestown. Here, however, the colonists landed on the thirteenth day of May and set up the tents in which they lived for some time thereafter. There is too much to be done to justify the absence of an available strong arm and Smith, although virtually a prisoner still, is allowed to join in the general labor and this he does cheerfully without any show of resentment on account of his past treatment.

The President gave evidence of his incapacity from the very outset. Relying implicitly upon the friendly attitude of the Indians he refused to allow any defences to be considered, and even went so far as to decline to unpack the arms which had been

brought from England, declaring that to do so would be a display of distrust which the savages might resent. The latter, who were permitted to go in and out of the camp with their weapons, were no doubt for a time divided in mind as to whether the white men were superhuman beings invulnerable to arrows or only a species of foolish and confiding fellow-creatures such as they had never known. Wingfield had most of his men busy felling trees and making clapboards with which to freight the vessels on their return, for it must be understood that these colonists were practically employees of the company that had been at the expense of sending them out and which expected to make a profit on the investment. It was necessary therefore to secure cargoes for shipment to England, but the position should have been fortified and houses erected before all else.

Newport was anxious to have more extensive information of the country to report to his employers who entertained the belief—absurd as it seems to us—that by penetrating one or two hundred miles farther westward the settlers would come upon the Pacific and open a short route to India. Newport therefore organized an expedition to explore the river. He took twenty men and was glad to include Smith in the party. There was no opposition on the part of the Council to the arrangement. Indeed, it was entirely to their liking. None of them was over keen to penetrate the unknown with its possible dangers

and each was reluctant to leave the settlement for the further reason that he distrusted his fellow-members of the Council and was jealous of them. As to Smith, they had made up their minds to send him back to England a prisoner, to be tried on charges of treason, conspiracy, and almost anything else their inventive minds could conceive.

So Captain Newport and his party proceeded slowly up the river in their shallop, greeted kindly by the Indians in the various villages along the banks and feasted by them. The travellers in their turn bestowed upon their entertainers presents of beads, nails, bottles, and other articles, trifling in themselves but almost priceless to the savages who had never seen anything of the kind. At length the party arrived at a village named Powhatan. It was located very near the present situation of Richmond, and perhaps exactly where the old home of the Mayo family—still called "Powhatan"—stands. This village was governed by a son of the great Werowance. The capital of the latter was at Werowocomico, near the mouth of the York River, but he happened to be at Powhatan at the time of Newport's arrival. I say that he happened to be there, but it is much more likely that he had been informed of the expedition and had gone overland to his son's village with the express intention of meeting the strangers, about whom he must have been keenly curious.

Powhatan was the chief of all the country within a radius of sixty miles of Jamestown, and having a population of about eight thousand, which included two thousand or more warriors. Although over seventy years of age, he was vigorous in mind and body. His tall, well-proportioned frame was as straight as an arrow. His long gray hair flowed loose over his shoulders and his stern and wrinkled countenance expressed dignity and pride. The English learned to know him for a keen and subtle schemer, to whom the common phrase, "simple savage," would be altogether misapplied. He was sufficiently sagacious to realize from the first that in the white men he had a superior race to deal with and he made up his mind that the most effective weapon that he could use against them would be treachery.

On this occasion, he dissembled the feelings of anger and fear that he must have felt against the intruders and received them with every sign of amity. To his people, who began to murmur at their presence and displayed an inclination to do them harm, he declared:

"They can do us no injury. They desire no more than a little land and will pay us richly for it. It is my pleasure that you treat them kindly."

In the meanwhile, his keen penetrating glance was taking in every detail of his visitors' appearance, scrutinizing their weapons and dress, and closely

examining their faces as they spoke, for the settlers had picked up a little of the language.

When the voyagers, after being feasted and fêted at the village of Powhatan, continued their journey up the river, the "Emperor," as the early writers call him, furnished them with a guide, whose chief duty doubtless was to act as spy and report their movements to him. Newport proceeded up the river until it became too shallow to admit of further progress. He then turned and commenced the descent. He had not gone many days' journey when he began to notice a change in the attitude of the Indians which prompted him to hasten on to the settlement with all speed. It was well that he did so for the settlers were in a critical situation.

We have seen that Wingfield altogether neglected to place the colonists in a position to defend themselves from attack. During the absence of the exploring expedition he had so far departed from his foolish attitude as to permit Captain Kendall to erect a paltry barricade of branches across the neck of the little peninsula, but this was the only measure of safety he could be induced to take. The Indians were permitted to come and go as freely as ever and the arms were left in the packing cases. Of course it was only a matter of time when the Indians would take advantage of such a constantly tempting opportunity to attack the newcomers.

One day, without the slightest warning, four hundred savages rushed upon the settlement with their blood-curdling war-whoop. The colonists were utterly unprepared and most of them unarmed. Seventeen fell at the first assault. Fortunately the gentlemen habitually wore swords, these being part of the every-day dress of the time, and many of them had pistols in their belts. They quickly threw themselves between the unarmed settlers and the Indians and checked the latter with the fire of their pistols. Wingfield, who though a fool was no coward, headed his people and narrowly escaped death, an arrow cleaving his beard. Four other members of the Council were among the wounded, so that only one of them escaped untouched.

The gallant stand made by the gentlemen adventurers only checked the Indians for a moment, and there is no doubt that every man of the defenders must have been slain had not the ships created a diversion by opening fire with their big guns. Even this assistance effected but temporary relief, for the Indians would have renewed the attack at nightfall, with complete success in all probability, but the appearance of Newport at this juncture with his twenty picked and fully armed men put a different complexion on affairs. The reinforcement sallied against the attacking savages and drove them to retreat.

It is hardly necessary to state that all hands were

now engaged with feverish zeal in erecting a fort and stockade. Some demi-culverins were carried ashore from the ships and mounted. The arms were uncased and distributed and certain men were daily drilled in military exercises, whilst a constant guard was maintained throughout the day and night. From this time the intercourse between the whites and Indians was marked on both sides by caution and suspicion.

When the defences had been completed, Captain Newport made preparations for an immediate departure and then the Council informed Smith that he was to be returned to England a prisoner for trial. Fortunately for the future of the colony, our hero rebelled against such an unjust proceeding, saying, with reason, that since all persons cognizant of the facts were on the spot, it was on the spot that he should be tried, if anywhere. His contention was so just, and the sentiment in his favor so strong, that the Council was obliged to accede to his demand. He protested against a moment's delay, declaring that, if found guilty by a jury of his peers, he would willingly return to England in chains with Captain Newport and take the consequences.

The trial resulted in a triumphant acquittal. There was not one iota of real evidence adduced against the prisoner. Wingfield and others had nothing but their bare suspicions to bring forward. It did transpire, however, in the course of the pro-

ceedings that the President had not only been moved by malice but that he had endeavored to induce certain persons to give false evidence against his enemy. On the strength of these revelations, the jury not only acquitted Captain Smith but sentenced the President to pay him two hundred pounds in damages, which sum, or its equivalent, for it was paid in goods, our hero promptly turned into the common fund.

Smith accepted his acquittal with the same calm indifference that had characterized his behavior since his arrest and showed a readiness to forget past differences and encourage harmony among the leaders. Mr. Hunt also strove to produce peace and goodwill in the settlement but the efforts were useless. When Newport left them in June, the colony was divided into two factions, the supporters of Wingfield and those of Smith, who was now of course free of his seat at the Council board. And so it remained to the end of our story—jealousy, meanness, incompetence and even treachery, hazarding the lives and the fortunes of the little band of pioneers who should have been knit together by common interests and common dangers.

XV.

TREASON AND TREACHERY

THE COLONISTS EXPERIENCE HARD TIMES AND A TOUCH OF STARVATION—FEVER SEIZES THE SETTLEMENT AND ONE-HALF THE SETTLERS DIE—THE ENTIRE CHARGE OF AFFAIRS DEVOLVES UPON CAPTAIN SMITH—PRESIDENT WINGFIELD IS DEPOSED AND RATCLIFFE APPOINTED IN HIS PLACE—SMITH LEADS AN EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF CORN—RETURNS TO FIND TROUBLE AT JAMESTOWN—THE BLACKSMITH TO BE HANGED FOR TREASON—AT THE FOOT OF THE GALLOWS HE DIVULGES A SPANISH PLOT—CAPTAIN KENDALL, A COUNCILMAN, IS INVOLVED—HIS GUILT IS ESTABLISHED—HE SEIZES THE PINNACE AND ATTEMPTS TO SAIL AWAY—SMITH TRAINS A CANNON UPON THE BOAT AND FORCES THE TRAITOR TO LAND—HE IS HANGED.

JUST before the departure of Captain Newport with the two larger ships—the pinnace, *Discovery*, was left for the use of the colonists—Mr. Hunt had administered the communion to the company in the hope that the joint participation in the holy sacrament might create a bond of amity between them. On that occasion Captain Smith had modestly addressed the assembled settlers, urging them to forget past disagreement, as he was ready to do, and address themselves energetically to the important business of the community.

"You that of your own accord have hazarded your lives and estates in this adventure, having your country's profit and renown at heart," he said with earnestness, "banish from among you cowardice, covetousness, jealousies, and idleness. These be enemies to the raising your honors and fortunes and put in danger your very lives, for if dissension prevail among us, surely we shall become too weak to withstand the Indians. For myself, I ever intend my actions shall be upright and regulated by justice. It hath been and ever shall be my care to give every man his due."

The plain, frank speech moved his hearers, but in the evil times that quickly fell upon them good counsel was forgotten and strife and ill-nature resumed their sway.

The colonists had arrived too late in the year to plant and they soon began to experience a shortage of provisions. The grain which had lain six months in the holds of leaky vessels was wormy and sodden, unfit for horses and scarcely eatable by men. Nevertheless, for weeks after Newport left, a small allowance of this formed the principal diet of the unfortunate settlers. The woods abounded in game, it is true, but they were yet unskilled in hunting and dared not venture far from their palisades, whilst the unaccustomed sounds of axe and hammer had driven every beast and most of the birds from the neighborhood. They must have starved but for

the sturgeon that they secured from the river. On these they dined with so little variation that their stomachs at last rebelled at the very sight of them. One of this miserable company, describing their condition, says with melancholy humor: "Our drink was water; our lodgings castles in the air."

But lack of food was only one of the hardships which befell the poor wretches. There were but few dwellings yet constructed, and being forced to lie upon the low damp ground, malarial fever and typhoid broke out among them and spread with such fearful rapidity that not one of them escaped sickness. Hardly a day passed but one at least of their number found a happy release from his sufferings in death. Fifty in all—just half of them—died between June and September. The unaccustomed heat aided in prostrating them, so that at one time there were scarce ten men able to stand upon their feet. And all this time the Indians kept up a desultory warfare and only refrained from a determined attack upon the settlement for fear of the firearms. Had they assaulted the stockade, instead of contenting themselves with shooting arrows into it from a distance, the colonists could have made no effective defence against them.

Shortly, the whole weight of authority and the entire charge of the safety of the settlement fell upon Captain Smith. He was sick like the rest, but kept his feet by sheer strength of will, knowing that

otherwise they would all fall victims to the savages in short order. Gosnold was under the sod. Wingfield, Martin and Ratcliffe were on the verge of death. Kendall was sick and, moreover, had been deposed from his place in the Council. In fact, all the chief men of the colony were incapacitated, "the rest being in such despair that they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to do anything for their own relief without constraint." In this strait the courage and resolution of one man saved them as happened repeatedly afterward. He nursed the sick, distributed the stores, stood guard day and night, coaxed and threatened the least weak into exerting themselves, cunningly hid their real condition from the Indians, and, by the exercise of every available resource, tided over the terrible months of July and August.

Early in September, Wingfield was deposed from the presidency. His manifest incompetency had long been the occasion of discontent which was fanned to fever heat when the starving settlers discovered that the leader, who was too fine a gentleman to eat from the common kettle, had been diverting the best of the supplies from the public store to his private larder. The climax which brought about his downfall, however, was reached when it transpired that the President had made arrangements to steal away in the pinnace and return to England, leaving the settlement in the lurch. Ratcliffe was

elected to fill his place. He was a man of no greater capacity than his predecessor, but it happened that conditions improved at about this time and the undiscerning colonists were willing to give him credit for the change.

Early fall brings ripening fruit and vegetables in the South. The Indians, who fortunately had no idea of the extremity to which the colony had been reduced, began to carry corn and other truck to the fort, glad to trade for beads, little iron chisels or other trifles. Wild fowl came into the river in large numbers and, with these welcome additions to their hitherto scanty diet, the sick soon began to recover health and strength. Smith, so soon as he could muster a boat's crew, made an excursion up the river and returned with some thirty bushels of corn to famine-stricken Jamestown. Having secured ample supplies for immediate needs, our hero, who was by this time generally recognized as the actual leader of the colony, put as many men as possible to work building houses and succeeded so far as to provide a comfortable dwelling for every one but himself.

Our adventurers, convalescent for the most part, now experienced a Virginia autumn in all its glory. The days were cloudless and cool. The foliage took on magic hues and presented patterns marvellously beautiful as an oriental fabric. The air, stimulating as strong wine, drove the ague from the system and

cleared the brain. The fruits of the field stood ripe and inviting whilst nuts hung in profusion from the boughs of trees amongst which fat squirrels and opossums sported. Turkeys with their numerous broods wandered through the woods whilst partridges and quail abounded in the undergrowth. Where starvation had stared them in the face the colonists now saw plenty on every hand and, with the appetites of men turning their backs upon feverbeds, ate to repletion. With the removal of their sufferings, they dismissed the experience from their minds and gave no heed to the latent lesson in it. Not so Captain Smith, however. He realized the necessity of providing a store of food against the approach of winter, without relying upon the return of Newport with a supply ship.

The Council readily agreed to the proposed expedition in search of provisions, but it was not in their mind to give the command to Captain Smith. Far from being grateful to the man who had saved the settlement in the time of its dire distress and helplessness, they were more than ever jealous of his growing influence with the colonists. None of them was willing to brave the dangers and hardships of the expedition himself nor did they dare, in the face of Smith's popularity, to appoint another to the command. In this difficulty they pretended a desire to be fair to the other gentlemen adventurers by putting a number of their names into a lottery from

which the commander should be drawn. The hope was that by this means some other might be set up as a sort of competitor to Smith. There were those among the gentlemen who penetrated this design and had sufficient sense to circumvent it. George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, and Scrivener, were among our hero's staunch adherents. Percy contrived that he should draw the lot from the hat that contained the names. The first paper that he drew bore upon it the words: "The Honorable George Percy." Without a moment's hesitation he showed it to Scrivener, as though for confirmation, and crumpling it in his hand, cried:

"Captain John Smith draws the command," and the announcement was received with a shout of approval.

"Thou hast foregone an honor and the prospect of more," said Scrivener, as they walked away together.

"Good Master Scrivener," replied the young nobleman, with a quizzical smile, "one needs must have a head to carry honors gracefully and I am fain to confess that I deem this poor caput of mine safer in the keeping of our doughty captain than in mine own."

It was early in November when Smith, taking the barge and seven men, started up the Chickahominy. The warriors were absent from the first village he visited and the women and children fled at the

approach of his party. Here he found the storehouses filled with corn, but there was no one to trade and, as he says, he had neither inclination nor commission to loot, and so he turned his back upon the place and came away empty-handed. Now, if we consider the impression that must have been made upon those Indians by this incident, we must the more keenly regret that so few others were moved by similar principles of wisdom and honesty in their dealings with the savages. In his treatment of the Indian down to the present day the white man appears in a very poor light, and most of the troubles between the two races have been due to the greed and injustice of the latter. John Smith set an example to later colonists which, had they followed it, would have saved them much bloodshed and difficulty.

Proceeding along the narrow river, the expedition arrived at other villages where the conditions better favored their purpose. The Indians seem to have gained some inkling of the impoverished state of the Jamestown store, for at first they tendered but paltry quantities of grain for the trinkets which Smith offered to exchange. But they had to deal with one who was no less shrewd than themselves. The Captain promptly turned on his heel and marched off towards his boat. This independent action brought the redskins crowding after him with all the corn that they could carry and ready to trade on any

terms. In order to allay their suspicions as to his need, Smith declined to accept more than a moderate quantity from any one band, but by visiting many, contrived without difficulty to fill the barge and, as he says, might have loaded the pinnace besides if it had been with him.

We will now leave Captain Smith and his party bringing their boat down the river towards home and see what is going on at Jamestown in the meanwhile. We shall find throughout our story that the master spirit of the colony never leaves the settlement but that some trouble breaks out in his absence. This occasion was no exception to the rule. One day, shortly before the return of the expedition, Ratcliffe, the President, fell into an altercation with the blacksmith, and in the heat of passion struck the man. The blow was returned, as one thinks it should have been, but in those days the distinction between classes was much more marked than in these and the unfortunate artisan was immediately clapped in jail.

To have struck a gentleman was bad enough, but the hot-headed north-country blacksmith had raised his hand against the representative of the sacred majesty of the King and that constituted high treason. A jury of his fellows found him guilty and he was sentenced to be hanged without delay. A gallows was quickly erected and the brawny blacksmith, after receiving the ministrations of Mr. Hunt, was bidden

to mount. But the condemned man craved the usual privilege of making a dying speech, and the request was granted. To the consternation of the assembled colonists he declared that he was in possession of a plot to betray the settlement to the Spaniards, and offered to divulge the details on condition that his life should be spared. This was granted. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how the colonists could have entertained the design to hang almost the most useful man among them.

In order to appreciate the blacksmith's revelation, we should understand that although Spain had some years previously entered into a treaty of peace with England, she remained keenly jealous of the growing power of the latter nation and never ceased to employ underhand methods to check it. Spanish spies were numerous in England and were to be found among all classes, for some of the Catholic nobility were not above allowing their religious zeal to outrun their sense of patriotism. In particular was Spain concerned about the new ardor for American colonization, of which one of the earliest manifestations was the settlement at Jamestown, and it is more than probable that she had sent several of her secret agents out with the expedition from England. However that may be, Captain Kendall, erstwhile member of Council, was the only one accused by the reprieved man. A search of the traitor's quarters disclosed papers that left no doubt as to his guilt.

The searching party had just returned to the Council room with the incriminating documents when Captain Smith landed his party and entered the fort to find the settlement in the greatest state of excitement. He at once joined the Council and was in deliberation with the other members when a man burst in upon them shouting:

"Captain Kendall hath seized the pinnace and is about sailing away in her."

The Councilmen rushed from the chamber without ceremony and made towards the shore. There, sure enough, was the pinnace in mid-stream and Captain Kendall hoisting her sail to catch a stiff breeze which was blowing out of the river. The spectators stood open-mouthed in speechless dismay, or bewailed the escape that they seemed to consider accomplished. That was not the view of Captain Smith. He took in the situation at a glance and as quickly decided upon counteraction. Running back to the fort he had a gun trained on the pinnace in a trice and shouted to its occupant to come ashore or stay and sink and to make his decision instanter. One look at the determined face peering over the touch-hole of the cannon sufficed the spy. He brought the boat ashore and within the hour was shot.

XVI.

CAPTIVE TO THE INDIANS

PEACE AND PLENTY AT THE SETTLEMENT—SMITH SETS OUT TO DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY—HE FALLS INTO AN AMBUSH AND HAS A RUNNING FIGHT WITH TWO HUNDRED WARRIORS—WALKS INTO A SWAMP AND IS FORCED TO SURRENDER—OPECHANCANOUGH THE CHIEF OF THE PAMAUNKES—SMITH IS PUT TO A TEST OF COURAGE—HE FIGURES IN A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION—HAS SUSPICIONS THAT HE IS BEING FATTENED FOR THE TABLE—HE SENDS A TIMELY WARNING TO JAMESTOWN AND DIVERTS A PROJECTED ATTACK BY THE INDIANS—SMITH IS DEALT WITH BY THE MEDICINE MEN—A STRANGE, WILD CEREMONY ENACTED BY HIDEOUSLY PAINTED AND BEDECKED CREATURES.

THE close of the year 1607 found the settlement in good circumstances. The store was well stocked with maize, peas and beans, smoked venison and fish, dried fruits and nuts. Warm coats and coverings had been made from fur and feathers and a large quantity of wood had been cut and stacked for fuel. There did not appear to be any danger of hardship in Jamestown during the ensuing winter, although such a careless and incompetent lot as our settlers were apt to create trouble for themselves out of the most favorable conditions. There were only three persons in authority—Ratcliffe, Martin and Smith.

The first was a man of mean ability and doubtful integrity. Martin, honest and well-meaning, was a constant invalid and incapable of any degree of activity. Smith was by this time recognized by all as the true leader of the colony and the only man in it who could secure obedience and maintain discipline. When he was in Jamestown, order prevailed and work progressed. When he left, the settlers scarcely pretended to heed the orders of the other members of the Council. Indeed, Percy and Scrivener, who were known to be in full accord with Smith, had greater influence with the rank and file than Ratcliffe or Martin. In fact the north-country nobleman and the Londoner played the part of faithful watchdogs during the Captain's absence, and it was arranged that one at least of them should always remain at Jamestown when Smith went abroad.

As we know, inaction was positively abhorrent to our hero and, the settlement being now thoroughly quiet and quite prepared for the winter, he determined on an expedition designed to trace the Chickahominy to its source. Exploration was one of the chief duties of the colonists and Smith, as he tells us, hoped that he might soon discover " some matters of worth to encourage adventurers in England." The Indians along the river had been so friendly during his foraging trip the month before that he felt safe in making the present journey, but his military training and natural prudence would not

permit him to relax his usual precautions. But there was one important feature of Indian tactics with which the American colonists had not become familiar. They had yet to learn how large bodies of redskins would watch a settlement, or track a party on the move, for days and weeks without allowing their presence to be known. Ever since their landing, the settlers had been under the sleepless eye of spies lying hidden in grass or behind trees, and from the moment Captain Smith left Jamestown his progress had been flanked by a body of savages moving stealthily through the woods.

The barge proceeded fifty miles up the river without incident, but presently the stream became too shallow to admit of its going farther. A canoe was secured from a village in the vicinity, with two Indians to paddle it. In this Smith decided to push on to the head of the river, taking with him two of his men. The remainder he left in the barge, instructing them not to go on shore and to keep a sharp lookout until his return. Twenty miles onward the canoe travelled when an obstruction of fallen trees brought the party to a halt. It seemed probable that the source of the stream could be but a few miles beyond and Smith determined to seek it on foot accompanied by one of the Indians. The other and the two Englishmen he left in the canoe, cautioning them to keep their matches burning, and at the first sign of danger to fire an alarm.

THE SETTLERS HAD BEEN UNDER THE SLEEPLESS EYE OF SPIES LYING HIDDEN

Smith had hardly gone a mile through the forest when he was suddenly startled by a shrill war-whoop. He could see no one and he had not been warned of danger by his men as agreed. He concluded, therefore, that they had been surprised and killed with the connivance of the guide. Even as the thought flashed through his mind he grappled with the Indian beside him and wrenched the bow from his grasp. It was done in an instant, and as quickly he bound an arm of the savage to his own with one of his garters. He had not completed the act when an arrow half spent struck him on the thigh and a moment later he discerned two dusky figures drawing their bows upon him. These disappeared at the discharge of his pistol, and he was congratulating himself on having routed them so easily when two hundred warriors, hideous in paint and feathers, rose from the ground in front of him. At their head was Opechancanough, the chief of the Pamaunkes.

The situation would have suggested surrender to the ordinary man. There could be no use in Smith's contending against such numbers and to retreat to the river would be no less futile, since his men in the canoe must have been captured. It was not, however, in our hero's nature to give up until absolutely obliged to do so. He could see no possibility of escape but he proposed to make it as difficult as possible for the savages to capture him. With this thought he placed the guide before him as a shield

and prepared, with a pistol in each hand, to meet an onrush of the warriors. But they had no mind to rush upon those fearful fire-spitting machines and kept off, discharging their arrows from a distance that rendered them harmless. Seeing this, Smith began to retire, keeping his face towards the enemy and holding his human buckler in place. The Indians responded to this movement by cautiously advancing and at the same time they sought to induce the Englishman to lay down his arms, promising to spare his life in case he should do so. Smith positively declined the proposition, insisting that he would retain his weapons but promising not to make further use of them if he should be permitted to depart in peace; otherwise he would use them and kill some of his assailants without delay. The Indians continuing to advance upon him, Smith let go both his pistols at them and took advantage of the hesitation that followed to retreat more rapidly.

Of course this combat was of the most hopeless character and our hero must ultimately have been shot to death had not an accident suddenly put an end to his opposition. Still stepping backward and dragging his captive with him he presently walks into a deep morass and reaches the end of his journey in more than one sense, for it is in this swamp that the Chickahominy rises and he has fulfilled his undertaking to find the head of the river. It was at once clear to the dauntless explorer that he must

yield, and that quickly, for he and his Indian were fast sinking in the icy ooze of the bog. He threw his pistols away in token of surrender and his savage adversaries rushed up and extricated him from his perilous situation.

It was with feelings of curiosity and interest on either side that Captain John Smith, the leader of the colonists, and Opechancanough, the chief of the Pamaunkes, confronted each other. Both men of noble bearing and fearless character, they must have been mutually impressed at the first encounter. The chief's erect and well-knit frame towered above the forms of his attendant warriors and, together with the dignity and intelligence of his countenance, marked him as a superior being. In later years he played an important part in colonial history and met a shameful death by assassination whilst a captive in the hands of the authorities of Virginia.

Smith, whose presence of mind never deserted him, immediately addressed himself to the task of diverting the chieftain's mind from the recent unpleasant circumstances and with that end in view produced his pocket compass and presented it to the savage. The Pamaunke was readily attracted by the mystery of the twinkling needle which lay in sight but beyond touch, and when our hero showed how it pointed persistently to the north, the wonder of the savage increased. Having thus excited the interest of his captors, Smith went on to hold their

attention with a more detailed explanation of the uses of the instrument. He described, in simple language and with the aid of signs, the shape and movement of the earth and the relative positions of sun, moon and stars. This strange astronomical lecture, delivered in the depths of the forest, at length wearied the auditors and they prepared to set out on the return journey, for they had no thought of killing the captive at that time. He was a man of too much importance to be slain off-hand and without learning the pleasure of the great Powhatan in the matter. They did, however, tie him to a tree and make a pretence of drawing their bows upon him but, as the paleface met the threatened death without so much as blinking, the savages derived little satisfaction from the amusement. Before taking the march, Smith was given food and led to a fire, beside which lay the body of Emery, one of the men he had left in the canoe, stuck full of arrows.

The return of Opechancanough to the settlement of the Pamaunkes was in the nature of a triumphal procession. As the band approached a village they gave vent to their piercing war-whoop and entered it chanting their song of victory. In the midst of the procession walked the Chief with Smith's weapons borne before him and the captive, guarded by eight picked warriors, following. A ceremonial dance took place before the party dispersed to their various lodgings for the night. The captive was well

treated and had an excellent opportunity to study the natives and their habits, for Opechancanough carried his prize on a circuit of many villages before finally bringing him to the capital of Powhatan. Nor did the peril of his situation prevent our hero from exercising his usual keen powers of observation, for he has left us a minute account of his strange experiences during these weeks of captive wandering.

Every morning bread and venison were brought to the Englishman in sufficient quantity to have satisfied ten men. His captors never by any chance ate with him and, remembering the reluctance of Eastern peoples to partake of food with those whom they designed to harm, this fact excited his apprehensions. These Indians were not cannibals but he had not that consoling knowledge, and the insistent manner in which they pressed meat upon him raised a disagreeable suspicion that they were fattening him for the table. The thought of death—even with torture—he could endure calmly, but the idea of being eaten afterwards caused him to shudder with horror. We can not help thinking, however, that the sinewy captain might have visited his enemies with a posthumous revenge had they recklessly subjected him to such a fate and themselves to such grave hazard of acute indigestion.

But the captive's concern for the settlement at Jamestown outweighed all other considerations. He

surmised with reason, that having him in their power, the Indians would endeavor to overcome the colonists, whose natural incapacity to take care of themselves would be enhanced by the belief that their leader was dead. He was racking his brain to devise some means of communicating with them, when chance threw an opportunity to him. It seems that in the encounter preceding his surrender to Opechancanough Smith had seriously wounded one of the Indians. He was now called upon to cure his victim and replied that he might be able to do so if in possession of certain medicine which could be obtained from Jamestown. The Chief agreed that two messengers should bear a letter to the settlement, although he could not believe that a few lines scrawled upon paper would convey any meaning, much less elicit the desired response.

The messengers journeyed to the fort with all speed, and as they were not permitted to approach closely, left the note in a conspicuous place and there received the reply. Of course Smith took the opportunity to warn the settlers of the projected attack, and prayed them to be constantly on their guard. He also suggested that some show of strength, as a salvo from the big guns, might have a salutary effect upon the messengers. The latter, after they had received the medicine requested, and turned homewards, were treated to such a thunderous discharge of cannon and musketry that they ran for

miles in terror of their lives and arrived at the village well-nigh scared out of their wits. Their account of this terrible experience decided the Indians not to attempt a descent upon Jamestown and their respect increased for a man who could convey his thoughts and wishes by means of such a mysterious medium as a letter appeared to them to be.

Although the Indians had Smith unarmed and completely in their power, they were not at all satisfied of his inability to harm them, and the question seems to have caused them considerable anxiety. The medicine men of the tribe undertook by incantations and other species of deviltry to ascertain whether the captive's intentions towards them were good or otherwise. Smith was led in the morning to a large house in the centre of which a fire burned. Here he was left alone, and presently to him entered a hideous creature making unearthly noises in his throat to the accompaniment of a rattle, whilst he danced about the astonished Englishman in grotesque antics. This merry-andrew's head was decorated with dangling snake-skins and his body painted in a variety of colors. After a while he was joined by three brother-priests who set up a discordant chorus of shrieks and yells, whirling and skipping about the house the while. They were painted half in black and half in red with great white rings round their eyes. Shortly these were joined by three more medicine men equally fantastic in appearance

and actions. The ceremony was maintained by these seven throughout the day, much to the disgust of Smith, who soon found it tiresome and uninteresting and particularly so as it involved an absolute fast from dawn to sundown. In the evening women placed great mounds of food upon the mats of the house and invited Smith to eat, but the priests refrained from doing so until he had finished.

This performance was repeated on the two successive days, but we are not told what conclusion was reached by all the fuss.

XVII.

POCAHONTAS TO THE RESCUE

After a weary circuit of the Indian villages Smith is brought to Werowocomico—He is received by Powhatan in the "King's House"—The chiefs in council decide to put him to death—He is bound and laid out, preparatory to being killed—Pocahontas intervenes at the critical moment—Powhatan's dilemma and Opechancanough's determination—"The Council has decreed the death of the paleface"—"I, Pocahontas, daughter of our King, claim this man for my brother"—The Indian maiden prevails—Smith is reprieved and formally adopted into the tribe—They wish him to remain with them and lead them against his own people.

One morning, shortly after the episode of the medicine men, Captain Smith learned, to his great relief, that commands had been received for his removal at once to the capital. He had no idea what, if any fate had been determined upon for him, but he was heartily tired of the weary wanderings and suspense of the past weeks and ready to face the worst rather than prolong the uncertainty. Werowocomico, the principal seat of the "Emperor" Powhatan, was short of a day's journey distant, and Opechancanough, with his illustrious prisoner,

reached the town as the early winter night was setting in. The capital of the Werowance consisted of about thirty large wigwams, or "houses," as the earlier writers called them, and a number of smaller ones. These for the nonce were reinforced by the tepees, or tents, of the many Indians who had come in from distant villages for the occasion which was no ordinary one. The large wigwams were made in the form of the rounded tops of the wagons called "prairie schooners," which in the days before railroads were used upon the continent of North America for long-distance travel. These wagon tops were sometimes taken off and placed upon the ground to serve as tents, when the occupants would be lying in a contrivance exactly like the ancient wigwam in shape. The latter was commonly big enough to contain a whole family and sometimes harbored an entire band of fifty or sixty natives. In that case it had two rows of apartments running along the sides and a common hall in the middle. The structure was composed of a framework of boughs covered with the bark of trees or with skins —sometimes a combination of both.

Smith's captors approached the capital in triumphal fashion, chanting their song of victory and flourishing their weapons in exultant pride. The town was prepared to give them the reception usually accorded to victorious warriors returning from battle. Great fires burned at frequent points

illuming the scene with a garish light in which the bedaubed and bedizened savages looked doubly hideous. Chiefs and people were attired in all their fantastic finery and even the children made some show of tawdry ornament. The women had prepared food with even more than ordinary profusion and had laid the mats in anticipation of the prospective feasting. A double line of fully armed and foully painted warriors—"grim courtiers," Smith calls them—formed an avenue to the "King's house" along which the captive passed into the presence of the great Werowance, whilst the spectators "stood wondering at him as he had been a monster."

At the farther end of the wigwam, upon a platform, before which a large fire blazed, reclined the aged but still vigorous chieftain, upon a heap of furs. On either side of him stood the principal chiefs and medicine men of the tribe, whilst the women of his family grouped themselves behind. Two dense walls of warriors lined along the sides of the wigwam leaving a space in the centre which was covered by a mat. Upon this Smith took his stand and calmly surveyed the scene which was not without an element of rude beauty. A loud shout had greeted his entrance. In the profound silence that followed, two women—"the Queen of Appamatuck and another."—came forward with food which they placed before him and signed to him to eat. Our hero's appetite and his curiosity never

failed him under any circumstances. He had a habit of living in the present moment and not concerning himself unduly about the uncertain future. So, in this crisis, when the ordinary man would have been too much preoccupied with the thought of his fate to attend to the needs of his stomach, Smith addressed himself in leisurely fashion to the pile of food and at the same time studied the details of his surroundings with a retentive eye. Meanwhile, the savages stood silent and stock still as statues until he had finished.

When at length our hero rose refreshed and ready to face his fate, Powhatan also stood up and beckoned to him to approach the royal dais. Powhatan was arrayed in his state robe of raccoon skins. A band of pearls encircled his brow and a tuft of eagle's feathers surmounted his head. Smith was impressed by the dignity and forcefulness of the old chief who addressed him in a deep bass voice.

"The paleface has abused the hospitality of Powhatan and requited his kindness with treachery," said the chieftain in slow and solemn tones. "The paleface and his brethren came to Powhatan's country when the summer was young and begged for food and land that they might live. My people would have slain them but I commanded that grain be given to the palefaces and that they be allowed to live in peace in the village which they had made. Was this not enough? Did not Powhatan thus

prove his friendship and good will to the strangers in his land?"

We know that all this was a mixture of falsehood and sophistry. As such Smith recognized it, of course, but, as he did not wish to arouse the chief's anger by contradicting him, he decided to keep silence and an immovable countenance. After a pause, during which he endeavored without success to read the effect of his words in the prisoner's face, Powhatan continued:

"Powhatan's people have given the palefaces abundance of food—venison and fowls and corn. They have furnished them with warm furs. They have shown them the springs of the forest. They have taught them to trap the beasts and to net the fish. And the palefaces, scorning the kindness of Powhatan and his people, turn their fire-machines upon them and slay them. You—their werowance—they send to spy out the land of Powhatan so that they may make war upon his villages in the night time. Now my people cry for your blood. What shall I say to them? How shall I again deny my warriors whose brothers you yourself have slain?"

"The Powhatan mistakes the purpose of myself and my people," replied Smith. "It is our wish and intent to treat our red brothers with justice and friendliness. If we have killed some it hath been in defence of our own lives. Our fire-machines have spoken only when the bow was drawn against us.

It is not in our minds to make war upon the great Powhatan nor yet to rob him of his lands. Whatsoever we ask at his hands we are ready to pay for. If the great Werowance allows the clamor of his warriors for my life to override his own good judgment, so be it. But I would warn Powhatan and his chiefs that my death will be the signal for relentless war against their people, for I am the subject of a mighty king whose rule extends over lands many times greater than those of Powhatan, whose soldiers are as numerous as the stars in the heavens and whose ships sail the seas in every direction. He will surely avenge my death with a bitter vengeance."

Smith had no idea of committing himself to an argument and wisely contented himself with a brief statement of the facts, adding a threat that he hoped might give the savages pause. It was clear from Powhatan's remarks that he was determined to place the prisoner in the wrong, and contradiction could have no good effect. Finding that his captive had nothing more to say, the Werowance sent him to a nearby wigwam with instructions that he should be made comfortable and allowed to rest. Meanwhile, the chiefs went into council over his fate.

Smith's words had made a strong impression upon Powhatan, who was the most sagacious Indian of his tribe. He was altogether averse to putting the prisoner to death because he was forced in his mind to acknowledge the white men as superior beings with

whom it would be dangerous to evoke a war. Doubtless they would soon send another chief to replace Smith and more would be gained by holding him for ransom than by killing him. But Powhatan's wise conclusions were not shared by the other members of the council. With hardly an exception they were in favor of Smith's death by the usual torturous methods. One of the chiefs was a brother of the man who had died as the result of a pistol wound inflicted by Smith in the skirmish preceding his capture. He was implacable in the demand for the usual satisfaction of a life for a life, and was warmly supported by Opechancanough who, to the day of his death at their hands, maintained an unappeasable hatred for the whole race of white men. Now Opechancanough was, after the great Werowance, the most influential chief in the tribe, and rather than incur his displeasure and that of the others, Powhatan yielded against his better judgment. He did this, however, only after having expressed his opinion to the contrary, and the real respect which he felt for Smith led him to stipulate that the captive should not be put to the torture but should be executed by the more humane and speedy means employed by the savages with members of their own tribe.

This conclusion of the council having been reached, Smith was brought again into the king's house and informed of it. He bowed with courage

and dignity to the decision which he felt that it would be futile to protest against and calmly held out his arms to the warriors who came forward to bind him. Whilst these tightly bound his hands to his sides and tied his feet together, others rolled into the centre of the wigwam a large stone. When this had been placed, the prisoner was required to kneel and lay his head upon it. This he did with the serene self-possession that had not been shaken in the least during this trying ordeal. At the same time he silently commended his spirit to his Maker, believing that the next moment would be his last on earth. The executioners stood, one on either side, their clubs poised ready for the signal to dash out his brains.

Powhatan was in the act of raising his hand in the fatal gesture that would have stamped our hero's doom, when a young girl, as graceful as a doe and not less agile, burst through the throng that surrounded the Werowance and sprang to the prisoner's side. Waving back the executioners with the haughty dignity derived from a long line of noble ancestors, she drew her slim and supple figure to its full height and faced the group of chieftains with head erect and flashing eyes.

"Pardon, Powhatan! Pardon, my father!" she cried in a rich voice quivering with emotion. "Pocahontas craves the life of the captive, and claims the right to adopt him as a brother according to the immemorial custom of our tribe."

Powhatan was in a quandary. Pocahontas was his favorite daughter, his pet, and the comfort of his old age. He had never denied her anything, nor ever thought to do so. He had a strong inclination to grant her request, but as he looked round the circle of angry faces and heard the subdued mutterings of his chiefs he hesitated to incur their discontent.

"The Council has decreed the death of the paleface. It can not be, my daughter," he said. But there was an unusual trace of indecision in his voice.

"It *must* be, my father!" cried the girl, with spirit. "Is a princess, and your child, to be denied the right that every woman of our tribe enjoys? Any woman of the Powhatans may redeem a condemned prisoner by adopting him, and I—I, Pocahontas, daughter of our king, claim this man for my brother."

Powhatan was deeply moved by the dignified and earnest plea of the girl and was about to accede to it when Opechancanough leaned forward and whispered in his ear. The words of the Chief of the Pamaunkes, whatever they were, seemed to be decisive, for Powhatan, with a gesture of mingled annoyance and regret, signed to the executioners to perform their task. The eyes of Pocahontas had been anxiously fixed upon her father during this pause in the proceedings and, as she saw his sign of submission to the argument of the Pamaunke, she threw

herself upon the head of Smith and entwined her arms about his neck.

She had nothing further to say, realizing that words would have no effect, but, with the quick wit of a woman, she had advanced an argument which was unanswerable. The executioners dropped their clubs and looked perplexedly towards the Werowance. The assembled warriors gazed expectantly in the same direction. The affair had reached an *impasse*. None there dared lay a hand on the girl save the Powhatan, and he had no thought of doing so. He gazed at her with proud satisfaction for a few moments, whilst a presentiment took possession of his mind that this slip of a girl had unwittingly saved her tribe from a world of possible troubles.

"Let be!" he said with an air of weariness. "The paleface shall be adopted into the tribe to make hatchets for me and beads for his little sister."

With that Smith was unbound and taken to a wigwam where they brought him food and left him to wonder at the marvellous workings of Providence and pass a peaceful night.

The next morning our hero was led to one of the larger houses which was divided in the middle by a partition. Smith was instructed to seat himself and to await events. Presently, from the other side of the screen came the most hideous howls and shrieks he had ever heard, but Smith had got beyond

the point of being disturbed by anything that might occur. For half an hour or more the strange sounds continued, when Powhatan and his chiefs entered, accompanied by Smith's old friends the noisy medicine men. He was informed that the ceremony which had just taken place was that of his adoption into the tribe and Powhatan formally addressed him as "son." From this time Smith was treated with the utmost consideration and those who had been the most eager for his death, with the exception of the implacable Opechancanough who departed to his village in high dudgeon, now vied with each other in efforts to secure his good-will. Powhatan and Smith held many conferences together in which each learned a great deal from the other and grew to regard his erstwhile enemy with feelings of respect and friendship.

The savages had entertained the hope that after the adoption Smith would remain with them and they even thought to induce him to lead them against Jamestown. It is needless to say that he firmly declined to do either. Powhatan being at length convinced of Smith's friendly intentions agrees to his return but, in satisfaction of his own desire as well as to appease the disappointment of his people, he exacts a ransom to consist of two of the largest guns in the fort and the biggest grindstone.

XVIII.

FIRE AND STARVATION

POWHATAN BY EXCESSIVE GREED OVERREACHES HIMSELF—SMITH IS ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THE SETTLEMENT—HE FINDS THE COLONISTS, AS USUAL, DISTURBED BY DISSENSIONS—ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT RATCLIFFE AND OTHERS FROM DESERTING—NEWPORT ARRIVES WITH THE "FIRST SUPPLY"—THE INDIANS CONTINUE TO TREAT SMITH AS A TRIBAL CHIEF—FIRE DESTROYS JAMESTOWN COMPLETELY—NEWPORT AND SMITH VISIT POWHATAN—THE PURPLE BEADS "FIT ONLY FOR THE USE OF KINGS"—THE ASTUTE INDIAN CHIEF MEETS HIS MATCH IN CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH—THE SETTLERS ARE SMITTEN WITH THE GOLD FEVER—CAPTAIN NEWPORT SAILS FOR ENGLAND WITH A WONDERFUL CARGO.

HAD Powhatan been less specific in his demand, or less greedy in his desire, Captain Smith might have found it difficult to agree to his proposal. But, when the Werowance made a point of exacting the "two largest guns and the biggest grindstone" in the fort, Smith had no hesitation in saying that he would permit Powhatan's messengers to carry away the articles mentioned. This point having been settled to their mutual satisfaction, the Chief detailed twelve men to guide and guard our hero on the road to Jamestown which, being but twelve miles from Werowocomico, they reached by easy marches.

The Indian escort was treated with all the kindness Smith could command for them. Each was given a present and they were charged with the delivery of a package to Powhatan, containing a number of the things most highly prized by the savages. When the time for their departure came they asked for the guns and grindstone which they were to carry back to their Chief.

"Certes! They be yours if you can carry them," replied Smith, pointing, with a quizzical smile, at two demi-culverins each weighing more than four tons and a huge grindstone which four men could hardly raise on edge. The baffled savages looked on these ponderous things with dismay and had to admit that they could not be carried to Werowocomico though the whole tribe came after them. Smith was not willing that his visitors should leave without gaining some impression of the power as well as the size of the ordnance and so he loaded one of the guns with small stones and discharged it into the trees where the icicle-laden boughs were thickest. The smoke and racket that followed filled the Indians with terror and they took their leave hurriedly, doubtless glad that the roaring, fire-spitting monster was not to accompany them.

The great majority of the settlers welcomed Captain Smith, whom they had never expected to see again, with genuine joy. Once more he had arrived just in the nick of time, for the affairs of the colony

had been going from bad to worse during his absence and were now on the point of a crisis that, had it not been averted, would have probably effected the ruin of the colony. There had been no improvement in the government. Ratcliffe had become justly unpopular in the presidency and Archer, a pettifogging lawyer and mischief-maker, had been admitted to the Council. Martin, feeble in health and mind, had fallen under the complete domination of the other two and with them and other malcontents had entered into a conspiracy which the return of Captain Smith was just in time to frustrate. He no sooner heard of their plot to sail to England in the pinnace and desert the settlement than he bearded them in the Council room.

"So," he cried, indignation and contempt showing in every tone and gesture. "So! These be the gallant gentlemen who contended among themselves for leadership of our enterprise! By my halidame! A fine pack of leaders—tufftaffaty humorists rather! Ye mind me of one Falstaffe—a cowardly, gluttonous braggart he—I once saw depicted at the Globe playhouse. Not one of you has hazarded his skin beyond musket-shot of the fort but now, having fattened and reposed yourselves through the winter, ye would return to England and brag of your brave deeds and feats of arms. But—and I mistake not—we shall find a different conclusion for your plot. I hold the King's commis-

sion to maintain the flag of England in this country and whilst my arm and brain serve me that will I do in good faith and count all such as oppose the commands of His Most Gracious Majesty, enemies of the realm and traitors to their country. Take heed then how ye proceed in this matter, for I will see to it that the guns are manned day and night by good and true men with instructions to sink the pinnace at the first show of sinister design."

With that Smith clapped his hat upon his head and strode out of the Council room.

If the conspirators had entertained any thought of pursuing their project in the face of Captain Smith's opposition, the ringing shout with which he was greeted by the waiting crowd outside was sufficient to banish it. Word of what was going forward had drawn the settlers to the Council House and much of Smith's harangue, delivered in a voice strong with anger, had penetrated to them. They were almost to a man in sympathy with him, for the cowardly plotters belonged exclusively to the "gentleman" class among the colonists, men who arrogated to themselves superior privileges and rights whilst unwilling to bear even their share of hardship and toil. These poor creatures should not be considered representative of the gentlemen of England, who in those stirring times produced many of the bravest and most self-sacrificing leaders in the chronicles of Christendom.

The settlers had almost begun to despair of Newport's return when one day, in early January, he sailed into the river with a well-laden ship and upwards of one hundred new colonists. His appearance put an end to a pretty scheme which the attorney Archer had concocted to encompass Smith's downfall. Direct from England, with authority superior to that of any man in Jamestown, Newport instituted an inquiry into the government of the colony during his absence and determined that Wingfield and Archer should return with him, to answer to the Company. Scrivener he appointed to the Council and thus assured Smith of one firm ally in that body. Newport had started for America with two vessels. These became separated in mid-ocean and the *Phœnix,* commanded by Captain Francis Nelson, did not arrive until considerably later.

The relations between the Indians and the colonists now became very friendly, owing to the adoption of Smith by the tribe. After his return to Jamestown, Pocahontas and some of the other women of Werowocomico came to the settlement twice or three times a week laden with provisions, these being Smith's share, as a chief, of the tribal stores. On these occasions, men would also bring foodstuff to be disposed of in trade. These supplies were very timely, for the settlement had again approached the verge of starvation when Smith returned after his seven weeks of captivity, and Cap-

tain Newport's arrival did not greatly mend that matter, for the larger part of the edible supplies sent from England were upon the tardy vessel. In the barter with the savages, Smith established a scale of exchange based upon the values set by the Indians themselves upon the wares of the foreigners. This was of course fair enough, but his enemies, more than ever jealous of the great influence he evidently enjoyed with the Indians, sought to undermine it by giving them very much more than they asked for their grain and venison. The result was that in a short while a pound of copper would scarce purchase as much as an ounce had secured under Smith's regulation. The schemers had the satisfaction of seeing Smith fall in the regard of the Indians, who naturally thought that he had been cheating them.

The newcomers were of course a welcome accession to the depleted colony, but they brought misfortune upon it at the outset. They had been little more than a week within the stockade when one of them through carelessness set fire to the house in which he was lodged. The flames spread and in a few short hours all the buildings and even the fortifications were consumed. Nothing could be saved but the clothes upon the men's backs, and the supplies which Newport had landed went with the rest. In this extremity the settlers must have perished of cold and starvation, or fallen under the arrows of the savages, but for the amicable relations which had

been brought about by Captain Smith. As it was, the Indians hastened to bring furs and food to the relief of the miserable white men who were prostrated body and soul by the sudden misfortune. They sat about the ruins of Jamestown, bewailing their lot and praying Captain Newport to carry them home to England. This would have been impossible at the time, even had he a mind to do so, for there was not enough food on the ship to serve such a numerous company as far as the West Indies.

Smith was ashamed at the cowardice of his countrymen and fearful lest their puerile exhibition of weakness should lower them in the estimation of the Indians, many of whom were on hand, for the flames of Jamestown had been plainly visible at Werowocomico. Seconded by Mr. Hunt, Newport, Percy and Scrivener, he went among the whimpering colonists persuading, threatening, cajoling—in short, using any means to make them bestir themselves.

"See yonder dominie, good Master Hunt, how, with exhortation, he hearteneth the afflicted," he cried seeking to shame them by the exhibition of a good example. "Yet no man among us hath suffered so great loss as he. For not only his chattels and clothes have been destroyed but also his books on which he set more store than upon gold or aught else. Yet hath no moaning or complaint issued from him, but he beareth himself bravely and with

composure as becometh a true gentleman and a servant of God."

These efforts at length moved the settlers to action and, with the aid of the sailors and some Indians who were hired to assist, rude structures were hastily raised in sufficient numbers to afford shelter to all. The work of rebuilding Jamestown in a permanent fashion was necessarily deferred.

Smith now proposed that Newport should pay a visit to Powhatan. During his captivity our hero had taken pains to impress the Chief with an idea of Newport's importance and power. Indeed, he had addressed himself to this task with such enthusiasm that the savages conceived of Newport as "Captain Smith's God," and by that title he was known among them. Taking an escort of forty men, Smith, Newport and Scrivener reached Werowocomico without any mishap and received a warm welcome. Powhatan awaited them in the same "long house" which had been the scene of our hero's stirring adventure. It was a state occasion, as Smith's former appearance there had been, and the assemblage presented much the same aspect. But now, in place of scowling faces and angry mutterings, Smith and his companions were met with smiles and cries of friendly greeting. After formal salutations had been exchanged, a great feast was set out in which they all partook. This was followed by dancing, singing, and mimic combats.

Smith's prime object in suggesting this visit of Newport to the Chief of the Powhatans lay in a hope that it might tend to cement the friendly relations existing between the redmen and the settlers. He was not, however, forgetful of the needs of the settlement, always on the verge of starvation, and proposed to take advantage of the opportunity to secure as much food as possible from the ample stores of Werowocomico. He warned Newport to part with his wares on the best terms obtainable and to show but few things at a time and those with a pretence at reluctance. But Newport's eagerness to play the part of "big chief" and Powhatan's shrewdness came near to upsetting Smith's plans. When Newport had presented a very generous gift to the Werowance, intimating that the rest of the goods were to be disposed of in trade, the wily Powhatan decided to circumvent him by an appeal to his pride.

"It is not seemly," he said, "that two great Werowances such as you and I should haggle over the details of trade. Lay out your wares then, that I may see them and what pleases me I will take, paying to you a fair price according to my judgment."

Smith could scarce keep a straight countenance when he heard this *naïve* speech of the old chieftain, but his amusement soon gave way to deep concern as he saw the infatuated Newport spread out his entire stock before Powhatan.

Smith had serious cause for apprehension. The influence of the settlers over the Indians and, indeed, their very lives depended upon the copper, glass, beads and similar trifles which the Indians coveted so greedily. If these became cheapened in their eyes, the colonists would have nothing with which to propitiate them, nor with which to pay for the provisions so constantly needed. And here was the reckless Newport permitting Powhatan to help himself on condition of paying what he pleased for what he should take. The rates of exchange set by Smith had already, as we know, been ruinously enhanced in favor of the Indians, and this transaction was calculated to still more greatly raise them. He did not dare to protest, for fear of arousing Powhatan's anger, but fortunately his quick wit enabled him to save the situation without creating any unpleasantness.

Among the many things displayed for the inspection of the great Werowance, Smith noted some beads of a different tint to any others there. He quietly abstracted the package, taking care that Powhatan should see him do so. When at length the Chief had indicated all the things he wished to retain, he fixed a price on them which, as Smith had anticipated, was not more than one-tenth as much as the Indians had usually paid for such articles. Having settled that business to his entire satisfaction, the greedy Chief turned to Smith and asked to

be shown the package which the latter had put aside. Powhatan suspected that it contained something of unusual value and Smith cunningly confirmed this suspicion by pretending the greatest reluctance to exhibit the articles. Presently, however, he showed them, saying:

"These be as you see different in color from all the other beads. They be purple—the royal color in the countries beyond the seas—and fit only for the use of kings."

Of course Powhatan was consumed with a desire to possess them and equally of course Smith did not readily yield to him. At last the Werowance received the coveted purple beads on the payment of six times as much for them as he had given for all the things secured from Newport. It was immediately decreed that purple beads might only be worn by the Powhatan and his family but Opechancanough was allowed a few as a mark of special favor.

After five days of entertainment and friendly intercourse, the Englishmen returned to the settlement. It was Newport's intention to load up his vessel with cedar and depart for England as soon as possible. Just at this time, however, a trivial accident gave an entirely new and unfortunate turn to the affairs of the colony. One of the settlers discovered some yellow dust shining in the bottom of a stream near the settlement. Immediately, the whole colony

was smitten with the gold-fever. Neglecting all else they gave themselves up to the pursuit of the precious metal. As one of them says: "There was no talk, no hope, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold; such a bruit of gold that one mad fellow, a wag, desired to be buried in the sands lest they should, by their art, make gold of his bones." The outcome of all this was that, after several weeks delay, Newport sailed away with a ship laden with *mica dust.*

XIX.

A TURN IN THE TIDE

CAPTAIN NELSON ARRIVES IN THE PHŒNIX WITH REINFORCEMENTS AND SUPPLIES—POWHATAN BECOMES DISGRUNTLED—SMITH YIELDS TO POCAHONTAS WHAT HE HAD REFUSED TO HER FATHER—SMITH SETS OUT TO EXPLORE CHESAPEAKE BAY—THE EXPEDITION MEETS WITH STORM AND SHIPWRECK—THE PARTY IS LED INTO AN AMBUSH—THEY FIND THE INDIANS EVERYWHERE UNFRIENDLY AND LEARN OF POWHATAN'S TREACHERY—THE SUSQUEHANNOCKS AND THEIR GIANT CHIEF—THEY PROPOSE TO MAKE SMITH THE HEAD OF THE TRIBE—RATCLIFFE IS DEPOSED AND SCRIVENER ASSUMES THE PRESIDENCY—THE COLONY IS PUT IN GOOD CONDITION—NEWPORT RETURNS BENT ON FANCIFUL SCHEMES—THE CORONATION OF POWHATAN.

SMITH, Scrivener and a few other men of balanced minds had escaped the gold-fever. They doubted in the first place whether the stuff was worth anything and realized that, even if it should prove to be gold indeed, the time occupied in the search of it had better have been employed in the urgent affairs of the settlement. They were very glad, therefore, to see Newport at last take his departure, and immediately set men at work rebuilding the town and fortifications and breaking ground preparatory to planting corn. The settlers were thus en-

gaged when, quite unexpectedly, the *Phœnix* arrived with Captain Nelson and one hundred and twenty emigrants. As usual, the reinforcement included two or more gentlemen for every laborer or artisan. Smith's disappointment on this account was, however, offset by the fact that Captain Nelson brought six months' provisions which were sorely needed by the settlers.

Hardly had Newport gone than the colony began to reap the fruit of his unwise traffic with the Indians. Smith had always been careful to prevent the natives from securing any of the European weapons, or even pieces of iron from which they might fashion swords. Newport was less cautious, perhaps because the consequences could entail no hazard to himself. Just before his departure he gave Powhatan twenty cutlasses for as many turkeys, despite the earnest protests of Smith. Powhatan was not long in learning the superiority of these weapons over his own and, thinking to secure more of them, he sent messengers to Smith, asking for swords in exchange for fowls. It is needless to say that the demand was flatly refused, although Smith was loath to displease the chieftain. Powhatan was keenly disappointed, for he had thought that, as a member of the tribe, Smith would be more amenable to his wishes. He was also seriously offended, and sought to gain his point by stealth. Some of his people were sent to the settlement with

instructions to steal whatever they could and, in particular, to purloin as many weapons as possible.

As Indians were frequent visitors to Jamestown and of late had been permitted to go about the settlement freely, it was comparatively easy for Powhatan's emissaries to carry on their pilferings for some time without detection. At length, however, several of them were caught in the act and imprisoned. Fearing that they were about to be put to death they revealed a conspiracy against the colony on the part of Powhatan and his principal chiefs. Thus forewarned of the intended treachery, Smith hastened the work on the defences of the place and kept a vigorous guard day and night. In the meanwhile he held possession of his prisoners much to the uneasiness of the great Werowance. Repeated requests for their release were denied, although the messengers came laden with presents. Opechancanough came in person but had no better success. At length Powhatan sent Pocahontas with expressions of his regret for the untoward actions of his subjects and assurances of his future goodwill. This appeal was effective. Smith yielded, not to the Chief but to the girl who had saved his life.

There had been a great deal of discussion about the freighting of the *Phœnix*. Ratcliffe, Martin, and, in fact, the majority were for loading the vessel with the delusive dust which had formed Newport's

cargo. Smith and Scrivener protested against another shipment of what they strongly suspected to be no more than "glittering dirt." Captain Nelson took the same view of the matter and in the end the *Phœnix* sailed out of the James with an honest lading of good Virginia cedar. This was on June the second, 1608. The same day Smith left the settlement in an open barge of three tons' burden, accompanied by fifteen men. Most of these were newcomers, who were not a little set up on account of an experience they had gained with Newport during his recent visit. That able seaman generally contrived to make himself ridiculous when he transferred the scene of his activities to dry land. He had brought out a large boat in five sections designed to be carried across the mountains in his projected journey to the South Sea. The expedition started with a great flourish of trumpets and after being gone two and a half days returned to Jamestown and abandoned the enterprise. Now those of Smith's force who had been in Newport's company thought that the latter's expedition was a fair sample of exploration. They were eager for adventure and very much feared that Smith, in an open boat committed to the sea, would not journey far enough to satisfy their appetite. The leader heard these doubts expressed and promised himself some amusement at the expense of his eager adventurers.

Smith's determination was to thoroughly explore

Chesapeake Bay. It was no light undertaking. The region was quite unknown to him and peopled by Indian tribes with which he had not yet come in contact. The mere matter of navigation involved grave dangers, for the Bay being wide and open, is subject to almost the full force of wind and tide. But in the face of all these difficulties, and many more that arose with the progress of the exploration, Smith accomplished his purpose and that so effectually that his map of the Bay was the best in existence until recent times, and is still acknowledged to be an excellent one. The work was at that time of course of the utmost importance and, although it took the authorities at home some time to see it, information of the country and inhabitants of Virginia was of much greater value than fanciful stories of gold mines and short cuts to the South Sea.

Our adventurers soon found that exploring with Captain Smith was a very different thing from a picnic expedition with Captain Newport. They encountered rough weather from the outset. Their hands blistered and their backs ached with rowing against a strong wind. The briny waves drenched their clothes and soaked their bread. Their water keg was broached by some accident and before they could replenish it they came so near to being famished that they "would have refused two barrels of gold for one of puddle water." This was their condition when a terrible storm struck them, carry-

ing away their masts and sails. By good fortune, rather than any effort of their own, they contrived to gain the shelter of an uninhabited island where they went ashore.

The men who had been fearful lest Captain Smith should not venture far enough, were now all for returning to Jamestown, but their leader had no mind to turn back. Opposition and difficulty ever increased his determination and nerved him to greater effort.

"Gentlemen," said Smith to the disheartened company, "remember the example of Sir Ralph Lane's company in worse straits, how they begged him to proceed in the discovery of Moratico, saying that they had yet a dog that would sustain them for a while. Then what shame would it be to us to return, having ample provision of a sort, and scarce able to say where we have been, nor yet heard of that we were sent to seek. You can not say but I have shared with you in the worst that is past; and for what is to come, of lodging, diet, or whatsoever, I am content you allot the worst part to me. As to your apprehensions that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters, or be swallowed up in some stormy gust, abandon these childish fears, for worse than is past is not likely to happen, and to return would be as dangerous as to proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for return I will not—if God please—till I have seen

the Massawomekes, found Patawomek, or the head of this bay which you imagine to be endless."

They remained two days upon the island, and when the storm abated resumed their journey with fresh sails fashioned from their shirts.

The exploring party had been out just two weeks when they came across the mouth of the Potomac—or Patawomek, as Smith called it. They sailed thirty miles up the river without sight of human being, when two Indians appeared from nowhere, after their mysterious manner, and offered to serve them as guides. Pretending to take them to a village at the head of a creek, the wily savages neatly led them into an ambuscade. Suddenly the English found themselves in the centre of three or four hundred Indians, "strangely painted, grimed and disguised, shouting, yelling and crying, as so many spirits from hell could not have showed more terrible." Had they discharged their arrows at once, instead of wasting time in capering about, the explorers must have been killed to a man. But these Indians, who had not yet become acquainted with the dreadful "spit-fires" of the strangers, thought that they had them entirely at their mercy and doubtless proposed to reserve them for the torture. Smith ordered his men to fire a volley in the air and the effect of the discharge of fifteen muskets at once was all that could be wished. Many of the savages fled into the forest, others threw themselves prone

upon the ground and all cast aside their weapons in sign of surrender. Smith learned that messengers from Powhatan had instigated these people to attack the expedition and had urged upon them, above all, to secure the white men's weapons. Had they known the terrible nature of those weapons they certainly would not have indulged in any such foolishness and they did not think kindly of their brothers, the Powhatans, for having egged them on to it. Smith established friendly relations with these people who never occasioned further trouble.

In their progress the voyagers found the Indians almost everywhere in arms and ready to attack them, having been prompted thereto by the emissaries from Werowocomico. In most cases, however, the natives were converted to peaceful good-will without bloodshed, the flash and report of the fire-arm proving to be a powerful pacifier. Wherever they went, the explorers heard of the Massawomekes. They seem to have been a particularly warlike tribe, situated near the head of the bay, who were dreaded and hated by all their neighbors. Smith was very anxious to see these people and proceeded up the bay with the intention of visiting their country. But his men were succumbing so fast to the fatigue and exposure that, when at length there were but five left fit for active service, he deemed it wise to defer the exploration of the head of the bay. Before turning homeward, however, he sent a messenger inland to

the country of the Susquehannocks who had the reputation of being a tribe of giants.

After a delay of a few days a deputation of sixty warriors from the Susquehannocks visited the camp of the Englishmen. They were bigger and more warlike than any Indians that the settlers had encountered up to that time, and it was agreeable to Smith to find that they had come prepared to make an alliance with him and, indeed, to adopt him into the tribe as a chief. In token of their good-will they presented him with a bear's skin cloak, such as was only worn by great Werowances, eighteen mantles, a chain of beads weighing six or seven pounds and a number of other gewgaws. Their chief was a man of extraordinary size, even for a Susquehannock. Smith thus describes him:

"The calf of his leg was three-quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limbs so answerable to that proportion that he seemed the goodliest man we had ever beheld. His hair on one side was long, the other shorn close with a ridge over his crown like a cock's comb. His arrows were five quarters of a yard long, headed with flints or splinters of stone in form like a heart, an inch broad and an inch and a half or more long. These he wore at his back in a wolf's skin for his quiver, his bow in the one hand and his club in the other."

These people proposed that Smith should assume the headship of the tribe and lead them in war

against the Massawomekes and other enemies. Had our hero entertained any such ambition as that with which he was charged by Wingfield and his supporters, here was an excellent opportunity to set up a kingdom. The Susquehannocks were not only exceptionally warlike, but also one of the most numerous tribes in that part of America. No doubt, with a man like Smith at their head, they could soon have established sovereignty over hundreds of miles of territory. It is needless to say, however, that the offer was declined as tactfully as possible and the expedition turned homeward.

Smith arrived in Jamestown just as another crisis in the affairs of the colony had been reached. Ratcliffe, the President, had shamefully abused his office for some time past. He had taken for his private use the best things in the public stores, he had beaten several of the settlers, with little or no provocation, and had diverted a number of laborers from useful employment to the task of building him a pleasure-house in the woods. Smith appeared on the scene when the wrath of the colonists had almost risen beyond bounds. Had he not arrived when he did they would probably have taken Ratcliffe's life. As it was, they would hear of nothing short of his deposition and invited Smith to take his place at the head of the government. Smith, however, who was the active instrument in disposing of the obnoxious officer, hardly thought that he could accept the pro-

posal with a good grace and so persuaded them to allow him to substitute Scrivener for himself. So, with this change, the summer passed in peace, and satisfactory progress was made in the rebuilding of the settlement.

The colony had never been in a better condition than now to make good progress. The settlers were well content with the rule of Smith and Scrivener, who always knew just what they wanted to do and how to do it. Work and rations were fairly apportioned. Gentlemen were required to take their turn at labor with the rest. A military company was formed and drilled, and the Indians were kept in check by the practice of diplomacy and a show of force. This happy state of things was completely upset by the return of Newport with instructions from his employers to discover the South Sea, to bring back gold, and to search for the survivors of the lost Roanoke colony. But this was not the sum of Newport's mad mission. He was also charged with the coronation of Powhatan, to whom King James sent a present of a wash-basin and pitcher and an Elizabethan bed with its furnishings. Newport failed to bring the food and other things of which the settlers stood in such constant need, but instead landed seventy Dutchmen and Poles for the purpose of establishing manufactories of "pitch, tar, glass and soap-ashes." By this time, Smith had been regularly elected President. He was thoroughly

disgusted with the foolish instructions of the London company, and when Newport undertook to undo much of the good work that had been accomplished with so great trouble, even going so far as to restore Ratcliffe to the presidency, Smith bluntly gave him his choice of immediately taking himself and his ship off, or of being detained for a year that he might gain the experience that he was sadly in need of. Newport wisely chose the former alternative and sailed away, having, as before, sown the seeds of trouble from which the colonists were to reap a bitter crop before long.

XX.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

SMITH GOES ON A FORAGING EXPEDITION AND ENGAGES IN A CONTEST OF WITS WITH POWHATAN—DOCTOR RUSSELL AND CAPTAIN SMITH GET INTO A TIGHT PLACE—AND GET OUT AGAIN—POWHATAN PLANS TO MURDER HIS ADOPTED SON—POCAHONTAS WARNS THE CAPTAIN OF THE INTENDED TREACHERY—THE FEAST AND THE DISAPPOINTED WAITERS—HOW EIGHT DESIGNING INDIANS AFFORD GOODLY ENTERTAINMENT TO THREE ENGLISHMEN—AND HOW THEY ARE NEATLY LAID BY THE HEELS BY THEIR INTENDED VICTIMS—"THE ENGLISH SLEEP LIKE THE VILLAGE DOG, WITH ONE EYE COCKED"—HOW THE AMBUSHERS WERE AMBUSHED AND THE CAPTORS CAPTURED—"IF THERE BE ONE AMONG YOU BOLD ENOUGH TO ESSAY A SINGLE COMBAT, LET HIM COME OUT!"

WITH the approach of winter the colony of Jamestown found itself in hardly better condition than at the same time in the previous year. It is true that their health was now better but they had many more mouths to feed and rather less chance of obtaining provisions from the Indians. These, as we know, had been unfriendly for some months past, due to Newport's reckless generosity towards them and particularly to his foolish gift of swords, which Smith refused to duplicate. The more experienced among the settlers had protested strongly against

the crowning of Powhatan, fearing that the savage would interpret the ceremony as a measure of propitiation and a sign of dread on the part of the English. And this proved to be the case. It was soon evident that the great Werowance had risen mightily in self-esteem in consequence of the silly coronation and that his respect for the settlers had fallen in proportion. The neighboring bands, acting on his orders, refused to furnish corn on any terms, and messengers sent to Werowocomico returned empty handed, telling of having been treated with a high-handed contempt. After Scrivener and Percy had made futile expeditions, it became clear that, as usual, Smith must attend to the matter in person if the colony was to be saved from starvation.

Smith immediately began preparations for a visit to the capital of Powhatan, whose spies doubtless gave him early information of the fact, for, just at this time, an embassy arrived from the newly-crowned "emperor" demanding workmen to build him an English house to contain the gorgeous bedstead that his brother, the King of England, had sent to him. He also asked for fifty swords, as many muskets, a cock and hen, a large quantity of copper and a bushel of beads. This modest requisition he expected would be filled forthwith, and in return for his compliance he promised to give Captain Smith a shipload of corn, provided he came for it in person. Here was a very palpable trap and

something like a veiled defiance. Smith was as little prone to shirk danger as he was to decline a challenge, and he returned answer that he should presently be at Werowocomico. In the meanwhile he was sending three Germans and two Englishmen to build the projected palace, but, for the rest of the request, he thought that he had better bring the things mentioned by the Chief himself, for he feared that the messengers might hurt themselves with the swords and muskets.

Leaving Scrivener in charge of the settlement, Smith, with forty-six volunteers, embarked in the pinnace and two barges. George Percy commanded one of the latter and Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware, the other. The journey by water was a tolerably long one for open boats, and they broke it by a stay of two or three days at Kecoughten, a village occupying the site of the present town of Hampton. The Chief received them with genuine friendliness and warned Smith that Powhatan contemplated treachery. Here the party "kept Christmas among the savages, where they were never more merry, nor fed on more plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, wild fowl and good bread; nor never had better fires in England than the dry, smoky houses of Kecoughten." The enthusiasm with which the chroniclers among the colonists expatiate upon such simple comforts as these when it happens to be their good fortune to experience them, gives us a very

good idea of the miserable condition that generally prevailed at Jamestown.

When at length the party arrived at Werowocomico, they found the river frozen over to a distance of half a mile from shore. Smith overcame this obstruction by leaving his boats and wading to land with a squad of men. The entire absence of welcome was a sinister indication, but Smith, unabashed, took possession of a deserted wigwam on the bank and sent messengers to Powhatan for provisions. These were forthcoming, and the chieftain agreed to meet the English captain the next morning in a formal pow-wow.

Before noon the following day, Captain Smith and his handful of men went up to the town, putting a bold face on what they all believed to be a very bad matter. Once more the two chiefs met in the famous "king's house." Powhatan received Smith with the utmost coolness, and it was noticeable that he did not address him by his tribal name. When the matter of food supplies came up, he declared that he had so little to spare that he was loath to exchange it for copper which his people could not eat. As a special favor to the English and in consideration of their great need he would stretch a point to let them have thirty bushels in exchange for as many swords, but he was really not at all anxious to make the trade. Indeed, so short was the food supply at Werowocomico that he hoped that the English

would speedily depart for he could ill afford to entertain so many hungry stomachs.

"As to that," replied Smith, "we have come at your invitation, and will delay no longer than is necessary to effect our purpose, which is to secure, at a fair price, so much corn and venison as you can readily spare from the well-filled stores of Werowocomico."

Each had intimated that he was well acquainted with the actual conditions at the headquarters of the other, but Smith was at a loss to determine whether Powhatan had merely guessed at the urgent needs of the colonists, or whether he was really informed of the state of things at Jamestown. As yet he had no suspicion of the truth, which was that the Dutchmen sent to build the Chief's house had betrayed the colony. Tempted by the abundant food and comfortable lodgings at the capital of the Powhatans, they had secretly sold their allegiance to the Chief, intending to remain with the Indians and marry into their tribe.

Powhatan continued the negotiations in the same independent tone, declaring that he would exchange corn for swords and muskets and for nothing else. At length this persistent attitude provoked Smith to a decisive reply.

"Let me speak the Werowance plain as I would that he should speak to me. We will part with our swords and muskets no sooner than we will with our

clothes. Why, indeed, should we do so, when by a use of these same we can readily get all the corn we want and still retain them? We came here as honest and well-meaning men to get provisions and get them we will, if not by fair means then by foul. If blood be shed in this matter, upon your head be it, for I am, and ever have been, willing, in good faith, to uphold the friendship which we plighted to one another."

This language was too plain to be misunderstood and Powhatan proceeded upon another tack. He assured his dear son that his intention in the matter had been misunderstood. There were, it was true, no spare supplies in Werowocomico, but messengers should at once be sent into the surrounding country to collect foodstuff and the English Werowance would in good time be furnished with as much as he desired. Of course this was only a ruse to gain time, and as such Smith recognized it, but he was not himself averse to postponing conclusions, since his boats and men could not join him for some days. He immediately set gangs of Indians to work in breaking up the ice, explaining that he would need the pinnace to load his supplies upon when they arrived. Powhatan was not in the least deceived by this explanation and himself sent to the various chiefs under his dominion for reinforcements. In the meantime, wishing to establish an alibi in connection with the murder of Captain Smith, which

he had planned, he withdrew to a neighboring village.

The next day, there were few Indians in evidence, although several hundreds of them lay concealed within arrow shot. Smith's men were engaged on the bank of the river, whilst he and Doctor Russell were consulting together in a wigwam at some distance. Suddenly they became aware of the approach of scores of silent savages from every direction. They were armed, and a glance was sufficient to perceive that their intentions were evil. Two or three carried torches with which they proposed to fire the wigwam and then brain the white men as they should run out. Russell was for instantly rushing upon the foe, but Smith, who never lost his head in any emergency, checked him.

"Nay," he said, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "Rest we here until they be close upon the house when they durst not shoot their arrows for fear of slaying one the other. Then will we sally against them and fend ourselves from their tomahawks as best we can."

The advice was excellent, for had they exposed themselves otherwise they must have been killed at the first discharge. Each had his pistols with him, and these they quietly primed and with composure awaited the oncoming savages. At length they were within a few yards of the house, and at the word from Smith, Doctor Russell sprang out at his side.

Four Indians fell at the discharge of the pistols which were fired in their very faces. Those in front hastily leaped out of the line of the smoking weapons, making a lane into which the Englishmen dashed, swinging their swords right and left. The sortie was so sudden and unexpected that Smith and his companion were clear through the circle of savages and speeding towards the river before the Indians could recover from their surprise. They might easily have overtaken the Englishmen, being much more fleet of foot, but the appearance of Smith's men, who had been warned by the pistol reports, checked all thought of pursuit.

This episode made it evident that Powhatan had determined upon desperate measures, and it also satisfied Smith that he could no longer look for any immunity on account of his membership in the tribe. The next morning Powhatan, his plot having failed, returned to the town and sent a messenger to Smith with a strip of wampum in token of peace. He was exceedingly sorry that some of his people had rashly taken advantage of his temporary absence on the business of the captain's supplies to attack their brother chief. The culprits, fearing his wrath, had taken to the woods, but on their return they should be severely punished. Tomorrow Powhatan would load the ship of the English Werowance with corn and he hoped that they would part good friends. To all of this Smith contented himself by replying

that he should be ready to receive the corn when it arrived and to pay a fair price for it in any commodity but weapons.

Smith thought it hardly possible that Powhatan would venture another attack now that the pinnace with reinforcements was close at hand, and he might have been taken by surprise but for a timely warning. As he lay in his wigwam late that night, thinking over the many weighty affairs depending upon his disposition, he heard his name called softly as out of the ground. At length he realized that some one was whispering under the edge of the wigwam. Going out cautiously, he found Pocahontas awaiting him. She had come at the risk of her life to warn him, for she declared that if her father learned that she had betrayed his secret, he would kill her with his own hand. In agitated whispers, broken by her tears, she informed her adopted brother that it had been arranged to delay the loading on the following day, so that Smith would be unexpectedly compelled to spend another night on shore. That after dark, a feast would be borne to him by eight men who would wait upon him and the two gentlemen who usually supped with him. That, at a favorable opportunity, the attendant Indians would seize the arms of the Englishmen and give a signal to the band of warriors by whom the wigwam would be surrounded. Having told her story, the Indian maiden vanished silently into the night.

Smith of course laid his plans to circumvent his astute adoptive father, but he made no effort to expedite the loading which was delayed as he had been led to expect, so that night fell before it had been completed. Smith, Doctor Russell and George Percy sat down to supper as usual that night, just as eight unarmed, but stalwart, Indians, who looked little like waiters, came to the wigwam laden with viands which Powhatan begged his dear son and friends to accept. They were pleased to do so, and proceeded to attack the bountiful supply of good things without delay. But, to the dismay of the waiters, the Englishmen did not lay aside their arms. On the contrary, each of them had four pistols in his belt and a fifth cocked and primed by his side upon the ground. Furthermore, they lined themselves with their backs against the side of the wigwam, so that they constantly faced their anxious attendants who had thus no chance to spring upon them unawares. The Indians were plainly nonplussed and disconcerted. The feasters, whilst eating leisurely, enjoyed to the full the discomfiture of their intended captors. Smith vowed that it was the goodliest entertainment he had had since landing in Virginia. When our adventurers had filled their stomachs, they quietly levelled their pistols at the waiters and signed to them to keep silence and to lie down. They then bound each with cord, allowing them sufficient freedom of the legs to hobble.

Pushing two of these before him as a shield, Smith threw back the skin flap and stood in the entrance of the wigwam.

"Warriors of the Powhatans!" he cried, addressing the concealed savages, to whom he knew that the light of the fire at his back made him plainly visible. "Warriors of the Powhatans! The English sleep like the village dog, with one eye cocked, but you think to find us snoring like old women when you steal upon us in the night. We also have learned something of the ambuscade since coming among you. What ho, my men!"

An answering shout ran along in the rear of the line of lurking savages, conveying to them the uncomfortable announcement that they had lain shadowed by a band of English.

"Back to your wigwams, valiants!" continued Smith derisively, "and dream of conquests that ye are not fit to achieve. If there be one among you bold enough to essay a single combat let him come out with his club and I with my bare hands will meet him. No? Then away with you! Your brother assassins will I hold in surety of a peaceful night's slumber." With that he re-entered the wigwam, pulling his bound Indians after him.

The pinnace was loaded without hitch the next morning. Indeed, the Indians, who appeared to be much depressed, had no greater desire than to see the strangers depart. When all was ready, Smith

handed to them a liberal recompense for the provisions they had supplied, although their repeated treacheries would have fully justified him, one would think, in refusing payment. The barges were yet empty and Smith determined to go on to Pamaunke, the seat of his old enemy Opechancanough, and see if he could not induce that chief to complete the supply.

The expedition had no sooner left Werowocomico, than two of the renegade Dutchmen journeyed with all haste to Jamestown. There they purported to deliver a message from the President, and by means of this ruse secured a number of weapons, tools, and other useful articles, besides persuading six of their countrymen to desert the colony and, like themselves, throw in their lot with the Indians.

XXI.

SOME AMBUSCADES

SMITH PAYS A VISIT TO OPECHANCANOUGH AND DECLINES TO WALK INTO A TRAP—"DROP YOUR ARMS ON THE INSTANT OR YOUR CHIEF'S LIFE IS FORFEIT"—SMITH AFFORDS THE PAMAUNKES AN OBJECT LESSON AND READS THEM A LECTURE —A MESSENGER WITH SAD NEWS FROM JAMESTOWN—SMITH LOSES AN OLD FRIEND AND A FAITHFUL ALLY—THE INDIANS SET A TRAP FOR THE WHITE WEROWANCE AND FALL INTO IT THEMSELVES—SMITH LOADS HIS BOATS AND RETURNS TO JAMESTOWN—HE FINDS THE SETTLEMENT IN A CONDITION OF ANARCHY AND THREATENED WITH STARVATION—AND PROMPTLY PROCEEDS TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER—THE COLONISTS ARE GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT "HE THAT WILL NOT WORK SHALL NOT EAT."

AT Pamaunke, Opechancanough resorted to the same species of dalliance and subterfuge that Powhatan had practised so ineffectually. He claimed to have but a few bushels of corn to spare and set the price up so high that Smith laughed in his face. This fencing was carried on for several days, the real object being to permit the return of a number of warriors who happened to be absent from the village, likely enough being part of the reinforcements that Powhatan had summoned from his under-chiefs. When these had arrived, Opechan-

canough promised to have a more satisfactory quantity of supplies for the English captain on the following day. Smith, accompanied by sixteen men, accordingly went up to a large house at the time appointed, prepared to negotiate the exchange. Opechancanough received the party with the appearance of utmost cordiality and declared that he had at great pains collected a large quantity of provisions for his guests. In token of his friendship to Smith he had prepared for him a personal present contained in a heap of baskets stacked up outside the wigwam. The Chief invited his white brother to step out and inspect the gift. Smith went to the door and looked around. His quick eye, sharpened by suspicion, detected a score or more of arrow heads projecting from over the top of a fallen tree at about twenty yards distance. The bows were drawn ready to let fly at him as soon as he appeared in the open.

Smith turned to the treacherous chief and in no uncertain terms taxed him with his perfidy. He asked him if he were not ashamed to stoop to such dirty tricks, so ill-becoming a man and a brave. He professed himself willing to believe that Opechancanough possessed the courage that repute gave him credit for and proposed to afford him an opportunity to prove it. Let them two, suggested Smith, go upon a barren island in the middle of the river and settle their difference whilst yet their people had not

come to blows. Each should take the goods about which they experienced so much difficulty in coming to an understanding and the victor would be entitled to the whole. In this way might they reach a conclusion like honorable gentlemen and avoid much needless trouble. This proposal was not at all to the liking of the Indian, who desired nothing so little as to harm his brother the Werowance of the English, whose groundless suspicions deeply pained him.

"Opechancanough!" replied Smith to these lying protestations, "it is not meet that we should waste time in idle badinage, for whether your words be spoken in jest or mere deceit they do not serve to further my purpose. Your plenty is well beknown to me and a reasonable part of it I must have and am willing to pay you therefor a reasonable compensation. When last I visited Pamaunke you promised to provide me with all the provisions I might ask when I should come again. Now I claim the fulfillment of that promise, nor will I abide any refusal though it be couched in honeyed words. Here are my wares. Take you your choice of them. The rest I will barter with your people on fair terms."

Smith had hardly completed this politic and not unreasonable speech, when Doctor Russell, who had been left with the boats, hastily entered the house, and going to Smith's side warned him that the place

was surrounded by hundreds of armed warriors, who were evidently only awaiting a signal to make an attack. Smith looked at Opechancanough who was evidently disconcerted by Russell's appearance and the whispered conference that followed. There was no doubt whatever in the Captain's mind about the Indian chieftain's evil intentions. To parley farther would be worse than useless. To sally forth in the face of the awaiting bowmen would surely be to lose some of his men. Decisive action was necessary and that without an instant's delay. Smith's mind was quickly made up and his design executed with equal celerity.

On one side of the wigwam were grouped the Englishmen. On the other Opechancanough stood in the midst of forty of his tallest warriors, himself towering above them all. Whilst Smith had carried on his hurried conversation with the doctor, the Pamaunke engaged in excited debate with his braves. Smith watched his formidable adversary like a hawk and at a favorable opportunity bounded into the midst of the surrounding warriors and, before a hand could be raised, had the Chief fast by the scalp-lock and a pistol presented at his breast. Not an Indian dared interfere as Smith dragged his captive to the other side of the house whilst he cried to Percy and West to guard the doors.

"Drop your arms on the instant or your Chief's life is forfeit!" cried Smith to the amazed war-

riors. They obeyed with little hesitation and the Englishmen gathered up their weapons.

Still with his fingers entwined in Opechancanough's hair, Captain Smith drew him out of the house and into the presence of the warriors waiting in ambush. Some of his men carried out the seized weapons and threw them in a heap before the captain and his captive, whilst the disarmed braves were made to form a group behind them. This humiliating spectacle had an instantaneous effect upon the spectators. Overcome with shame and apprehension they bowed their heads in despair and allowed their weapons to drop from their hands.

"Pamaunkes!" said Smith, addressing them in stern tones. "You have gone about to compass my death. What have I done that you should meet my honorable offices with such foul treachery? I promised you my friendship as your Chief promised his to me. In what manner hath he kept that promise? But, despite your presumption, I am willing to overlook that which is passed and take you again into my favor. Now, mark me well! for I speak you in all earnestness! If you repeat your treacheries or shoot but one arrow to the hurt of any of my people, then will I surely visit the Pamaunkes with a bitter vengeance. I am not now powerless, half drowned and frozen, as when you captured me. Yet for your good usage and sparing of me then, am I kindly disposed towards you. In all friendli-

ness I came to barter with you and you undertook to freight my ship. That shall you do, receiving therefor a proper recompense."

The Indians expressed their willingness to abide by these conditions and declared that every soul in the band should be immediately engaged in the task of loading the vessel, leaving the matter of payment to be decided by the English Werowance later.

"So be it!" said Smith. "Your Chief and brethren are free. They may take their weapons and go. But beware! For if again you play me false I shall show no such mercy upon you."

The band now set to work to load the barges with all possible speed, for, like the men of Werowocomico after trying conclusions with our Captain, they were only too anxious to have the English begone. They were just at the point of departure when there arrived a tattered and footsore white man, pinched with hunger and cold. He had reached the extremity of his endurance when he staggered into the camp of his people at Pamaunke. This brave fellow was Master Richard Wyffin, one of the gentlemen adventurers who had arrived with Captain Nelson in the *Phœnix*. After being fed and warmed, he told his story to Smith. It appeared that some two weeks previous Scrivener, the acting President, together with Captain Waldo and Anthony Gosnold, newly appointed members of the Council, and eight men, had left the settlement

on a visit to Hog Island, where the colonists kept some swine that had been imported from the West Indies. A sudden storm overtook the party and capsized their boat. All were drowned and their bodies some days later were recovered by Indians. Wyffin, at the grave hazard of his life, had set out alone to carry the sad tidings to the President. After wandering out of his way for several days, the messenger reached Werowocomico, where he expected to find Smith. Here he would have fallen a prey to the vengeance of Powhatan's warriors had not Pocahontas hidden him and, when opportunity served, set him upon the road to Pamaunke. Smith was much affected by the news of the death of Scrivener, for whom he had a strong regard and whose value to the colony he fully appreciated.

During the loading of the barges Smith had had a heart to heart talk with Opechancanough. That chief, now thoroughly subdued in spirit and persuaded that frankness might better serve his interests than deception, gave the Englishman a fairly truthful account of the actual state of affairs. From this and his own observation, Smith reached the conclusion that the stores of Pamaunke could not well stand the strain of freighting both his barges. He decided, therefore, to be satisfied with one barge load, determining to return to Werowocomico for the second. This he felt quite justified in doing, for it was well known to him that Powhatan's gar-

ners were always overflowing, for the great Werowance exacted a heavy tribute from the minor chiefs of the tribe. Moreover, Smith was willing to punish his adoptive father as the author of all the trouble that had befallen the expedition. Accordingly, after leaving Pamaunke, the boats turned their prows upstream and started back to Werowocomico.

Towards evening the expedition, turning a bend in the river, came suddenly upon a place where a number of people were assembled on the bank, evidently awaiting their coming. They were men and women, quite unarmed, and each bearing a basket of corn. Smith chuckled when he beheld the palpable trap.

"Surely they take us for barn-yard fowls and think that we will run to a handful of grain held out in a sieve. The grain we will take but in no such simple fashion."

He had no doubt that a hundred or more stout bowmen lay hidden behind the innocent looking crowd which greeted him with eager offers to trade. Dissembling his suspicions, Smith declared that the day was too far spent for trading. He would lie-to for the night, he said, and in the morning would come ashore unarmed as they demanded.

When darkness had set in Smith picked twenty-five men and placed them under the commands of Percy and West. These officers were directed to

take the force in one of the barges several miles farther up the river and there to land twenty of them. The remaining five were to bring back the boat that its absence might not excite the suspicions of the savages on the morrow. Percy and West were then to proceed through the forest with their men and dispose them before daylight in the rear of the Indian ambuscade. It was quite dark when the barge, with muffled oars, pulled upstream, but some hours later a clear moon arose, enabling the party to carry out its instructions to the letter.

The next morning, the unarmed Indians were on the bank as before with their baskets of corn, and Smith went ashore as he had promised with a squad of men, all of whom had left their weapons in the pinnace. No sooner had they set foot on land than the would-be traders scattered and fled into the surrounding forest, leaving their baskets upon the ground. At the same instant a band of warriors rose from the cover in which they had lain hidden and drew their bows upon the English.

"Stay your hands, Powhatans, and look to your backs!" cried Smith with extended forefinger.

The warriors glanced behind them to see Percy's men drawn up with levelled muskets. Uttering a howl of dismay, they plunged into the thicket and disappeared. The baskets of corn were carried aboard the barges and the party continued its journey.

They found Werowocomico completely deserted. Powhatan had fled, taking his renegade Dutchmen and emptying his stores. However, thanks to the attempted ambuscade, Smith had now nearly as great a quantity of provisions as his boats could carry and he returned to the fort. The expedition had been absent six weeks. In that time its members had been exposed to much hardship and many dangers of which we have made no mention. They had relieved the settlement, during a period of great stringency, of the keep of forty-six men and now they returned with five hundred bushels of corn and two hundred pounds of meat. Furthermore, not a man was missing from the party. This was, indeed, an achievement to be proud of, but it was not of the kind to impress the proprietors at home. Had Smith come back with empty boats and the loss of some lives, so that he had learned some fanciful rumor of a gold mine in a mythical country, they would have been better pleased with him.

The President found the colony in a bad way. The food supply was almost exhausted and the settlers were within sight of starvation. The councilmen, who should never have all left Jamestown at the same time, had been drowned together. In the absence of all authority, discipline naturally disappeared and disaffection spread. This as we shall see later had developed into treason and conspiracy before the President's arrival. There had been

some attempted desertions and doubtless would have been more but for the contemplation of the fate of Scrivener and his companions. Work of all descriptions had entirely ceased and the men spent their days in loafing and quarrelling.

Smith took the situation in hand with his usual decision and firmness. He determined to check the demoralization at any cost but wisely decided to employ genial measures where they would avail. Calling the settlers together, he gave them a clear understanding of his attitude at the outset. Standing on the steps of the Council House, he addressed them in the following words, his tone and gesture carrying conviction to his hearers.

"Countrymen! The long experience of our late miseries should be sufficient to persuade everyone to correct his errors and determine to play the man. Think not, any of you, that my pains, nor the adventurers' purse, will maintain you in idleness and sloth. I speak not thus to you all, for well I know that divers of you deserve both honor and reward, but the greater part must be more industrious or starve. It hath heretofore been the policy of the Council to treat alike the diligent and the idle, so that a man might work not at all yet was he assured of warm lodging and a full belly—at least as much of these comforts as was enjoyed by them that toiled for the betterment of the colony. Such a condition will not I maintain. You see that power

now resteth wholly in myself. You must obey this now for a law, that he that will not work—except by sickness he is disabled—shall not eat. The labors of thirty or forty industrious men shall not be consumed to maintain a hundred and fifty idle loiterers. That there is disaffection among you I know. I hope that it will cease forthwith, but if not, I warn you that I shall hesitate not to take the life of any man who seeks to sow the seeds of treason in this His Majesty's colony of Virginia. I would wish you, therefore, without contempt of my authority, to study to observe the orders that I here set down, for there are now no more Councillors to protect you and to curb my endeavors. He that offendeth, therefore, shall most assuredly meet due punishment."

XXII.

A CURIOUS COMBAT

THE SETTLEMENT IS REDUCED TO ORDER AND INDUSTRY—THE RENEGADE DUTCHMEN AND THEIR FRIENDS IN THE FORT—SMITH STALKS A TRAITOR THROUGH THE FOREST—CAPTURES HIM AND BRINGS HIM BACK TO BE HANGED—THE CHIEF OF THE PASPAHEGHS ENTERS UPON A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE—HE FINDS SMITH READY TO TRY A CONCLUSION WITH HIM—THE INDIAN GIANT AND THE ENGLISHMAN ENGAGE IN A WRESTLING MATCH—THE BOUT ENDS IN THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE PASPAHEGH—HE CUTS "A SORRY FIGURE SQUIRMING LIKE A TOAD UNDER A HARROW"—HE IS CARRIED CAPTIVE TO THE FORT AND HELD FOR EXCHANGE WITH THE TRAITOROUS DUTCHMEN—BUT SMITH'S HEART IS TOUCHED BY THE APPEAL OF THE WARRIORS AND HE RELEASES THE CHIEF.

THE uncompromising attitude of the President had a good effect upon even the worst members of the colony who, even though they were not moved thereby to honest endeavor, were at least restrained by fear from active interference. There was now in the public store enough provision to carry the settlement, with prudent use, over to the time of harvest. Their minds were therefore relieved of what was usually the most pressing anxiety, and they were free to devote their labors to internal improvement. Smith divided the settlers into

squads of ten or fifteen, to each of which was assigned a particular duty every day. Six hours a day, with the exception of the Sabbath, were given to work. The remaining time was consumed in pastimes which tended to cheer the spirits whilst preserving the health of the men. Smith himself was constantly on duty and seemed to have a hundred pair of eyes, for nothing escaped his notice. Passing from one group of laborers to another, he directed their work, cheered the weak, praised the industrious, reproved the unhandy and punished the shirkers. Under the new regulations, the erection of public buildings and the construction of fortifications progressed rapidly and at the same time the health and temper of the colonists greatly improved.

Smith was of course ere this fully informed of the defection of the three Dutchmen whom he had sent to Powhatan, but he had yet to learn that these renegados had many sympathizers and some active confederates at Jamestown among the seventy foreigners exported by the company. For some time after the institution of the new regulations, it had been apparent that a clever system of thievery was being carried on in the fort. Arms, ammunition and tools disappeared from time to time and no trace of the offenders could be had. The persons entrusted by Smith with the task of detecting the thieves having utterly failed to discover them,

he determined to undertake the matter himself. It was certain that the stolen articles were conveyed out of the fort after dark, and Smith therefore took to spending his nights on watch. At length his vigils were rewarded by the sight of five men scaling the palisades over which they hauled a number of heavy packages. He followed them stealthily. They took the rough road leading from Jamestown to the glass factory, a mile distant, which they reached in about half an hour. As they approached the house, a number of Indians came out to meet them, and among these Smith recognized by his voice a certain Franz, who was painted and bedecked to represent a redskin. Smith lay concealed close at hand during the transfer of the goods and heard the entire conversation of the conspirators. The party from the fort wasted no time in returning, and Smith let them go upon their way without interference. His mind was set on capturing the traitor Franz.

After the Dutchmen had left, the Indians distributed the burden among themselves and set out in the opposite direction. Smith rightly surmised that they would not go far before encamping, and that, knowing that there was no party abroad from the settlement, they would not deem it necessary to maintain a guard when they slept. But he kept well in the rear for fear of alarming them, for the savage is alive to the breaking of a twig or the

rustling of a leaf on a still night. Their camp-fire would guide him to them when they stopped.

The band proceeded along the trail for a few miles and then suddenly struck into the depths of the forest, but soon halted and prepared for the night by building a fire. Round this they sat for a while talking and eating dried venison and bread. One by one they stretched themselves out by the blazing wood until at length all were sunk in deep slumber. Smith had crept near before this and had marked the position of Franz who, being more susceptible to cold than his companions, was wrapped in a long fur. For fully an hour after the last man had lain down Smith waited patiently with his eyes fixed on the fur-robed figure of the Dutchman. At last he thought it safe to advance, and gradually stole forward until he stood over the recumbent form of the traitor. It would have been an easy matter to stab the sleeping man to the heart, but, although he richly deserved such a fate, the thought was repugnant to our hero, who preferred, even at the risk of his own life, to make the other captive.

Had Smith attempted to seize Franz, or in any other way to awaken him suddenly, no doubt the man would have alarmed his companions. Smith, therefore, proceeded with calm deliberation to bring his victim gradually to his senses. Kneeling beside him, with a cocked pistol in one hand, he set to brushing his face lightly with a wisp of grass.

The sleeping man began to breathe more rapidly as the slight irritation excited him, then he turned restlessly several times and at last slowly opened his eyes upon Smith and the threatening pistol. The Captain's eyes, readable in the light of the fire, spoke more eloquently than words could have done. Franz realized that death would follow the first sound he should make. In obedience to the signs of his captor he rose quietly and stepped out of the ring of light into the gloom of the surrounding forest. Smith's hand grasped his hair whilst the pistol was pressed against the nape of his neck. In his character of Indian, Franz had carried no weapons but a bow and arrow and these lay where he had slept, so that he was quite powerless to resist. When they had proceeded cautiously until safely beyond earshot, Smith urged his prisoner forward with all speed and within an hour after his capture had him safely lodged in the jail of the fort.

The proof of this Dutchman's guilt being so absolute, the jury before whom he was tried found him guilty without hesitation and he was hanged forthwith. It would be interesting to know how the Indians accounted for the complete disappearance of the disguised Dutchman who had lain down to sleep with them. They may have supposed that he had wandered from the camp in the night and lost his way. It is quite as likely, however, that they decided that the god of the English angered at his

perfidy had carried him off. Of course it was not long before they learned the truth, but Smith took immediate measures to suppress the illicit dealings that had been carried on between the Indians and the traitors in the fort. A blockhouse was erected at the neck of the peninsula upon which Jamestown stood and neither redman nor white was thereafter permitted to pass it during day or night without giving an account of himself. But the affair of Franz was not the end of the trouble with the foreign settlers, as we shall see.

Shortly after the incident of Franz, the German, or the Dutchman, as the early writers called him, Smith received a message from the Chief of the Paspaheghs, who declared that he was in possession of a number of stolen articles which he desired to return to the white Werowance in person. He proposed that the latter should meet him at a designated place some miles from Jamestown and take over the purloined property. Smith was getting a little tired of these transparent subterfuges, but as they invariably turned to his advantage it seemed to be inadvisable to neglect such an opportunity. Accordingly he went to the appointed place, taking with him a guard of ten men fully armed. There they found the Chief, attended by fifty warriors. He was a man of gigantic stature, being even taller than Opechancanough. Smith wished to come at once to the purpose of the meeting, but the Chief seemed dis-

posed to palaver and consume time. At length he expressed a desire to speak to the Captain privately and apart. To this request Smith acceded and walked aside with the Paspahegh, keeping a sharp lookout the while.

It would seem that this Indian, who had only encountered our hero in his most genial moods, was sufficiently bold and enterprising to venture upon an attempt to dispose of him single handed. The idea may have been suggested to his mind by noticing that Smith, contrary to his custom, was on this occasion armed only with a falchion. No doubt the Paspahegh had a right to rely greatly upon his superior size but had he consulted Opechancanough before entering upon this hazardous undertaking, he might have received some deterrent advice.

The two leaders continued to walk away until they were completely beyond the sight of their followers. Smith had instructed his men not to follow him, feeling confident that as long as he had the Chief within arm's length he could control the situation, and with that idea he kept close by the Paspahegh's side. The Indian seemed to find the proximity unsuited to his plans, for he attempted several times to edge away. These attempts were not lost upon Smith who took care to frustrate them, for the Chief carried a bow and arrows which he could not use with effect except at some distance from his intended victim.

At length the Paspahegh lost patience, or gave up hope of eluding the vigilance of his companion. Suddenly he sprang to one side and turned on Smith with his bow drawn taut and an arrow fitted in it. But before he could loose the shaft our hero was upon him and had grasped him in a wrestler's hold. The Chief dropped his useless weapon and addressed himself to the task of overthrowing his antagonist. He dared not cry for help, for to do so would be to bring the English to the assistance of their leader. Smith, on the other hand, was not inclined to court interference. To " try a conclusion " by single combat was always to his liking, and he thoroughly enjoyed the present situation.

For a while the clasped figures swayed to and fro, the Indian striving by sheer weight to crush his smaller adversary to the ground. Smith, on his part, contented himself at first with the effort necessary to keep his feet, but, when he felt the savage tiring from his great exertions, decided to try offensive tactics. The Indian was no wrestler and, moreover, he had secured but a poor hold. Smith held his antagonist firmly round the waist where he had seized him at the onset and now he suddenly dropped his hold to the savage's knees. With a tight grip and a mighty heave upwards he threw the Paspahegh over his head and turned to fall upon him. But the Indian was agile despite his great size. He had broken his fall with his hands, and, regaining

his feet quickly and without injury, immediately grappled with Smith. It was no eagerness for the combat that prompted the Paspahegh to re-engage with such alacrity but the knowledge that unless he closed at once his opponent might draw his sword and run him through. Smith would rather have continued the duel on equal terms, but the chivalrous instinct that could prefer such a condition to slaying a helpless enemy was entirely beyond the comprehension of the savage.

The struggle was now renewed with vigor. The Indian, moved to frenzy by fear, put forth such strength that for a space of time Smith was powerless to withstand him. Nearby was a stream and towards this the Indian dragged our hero, doubtless with the hope of getting into deep water where his much greater height would have given him an advantage. As they neared the bank, Smith contrived to get his foot between the other's legs and trip him. The Paspahegh loosed his hold and stumbled forward for a pace or two. He quickly recovered and faced about to receive a stinging blow on the chin, and as he reeled under it Smith sprang at his throat and got it in a tight grasp. It was in vain that the Indian struggled to shake off that iron grip. Smith's clutch did not relax until the savage exhausted and breathless sank to the ground.

Smith allowed his fallen foe a few minutes to recover himself somewhat and then, drawing his

IT WAS IN VAIN THAT THE INDIAN STRUGGLED TO SHAKE OFF THAT IRON GRIP

sword and twisting the Indian's scalp-lock about his left hand, he made him rise and march back to the place where their respective followers awaited them. The Paspahegh was over six feet in height and Smith of only medium stature, so that the former had to stoop in order to accommodate himself to his captor's grasp. Thus he cut a very sorry figure when he came within the view of his warriors squirming like a toad under a harrow. Smith now demanded the articles for the recovery of which he had been induced to meet the Indians, and their deceit was proved when they failed to produce them. Much to their relief, the thoroughly cowed warriors were permitted to depart unharmed, but they were obliged to return without their Chief, who was conveyed a prisoner to the fort.

The Paspahegh seems to have been the most manly of the chieftains with whom Smith came in conflict. He accepted his imprisonment with uncomplaining dignity and calmly awaited the fate which he had every reason to believe would be death. Smith, however, had never entertained thought of killing his captive. It was in his mind to hold the chief for exchange with the Dutchmen but, with his usual clemency, he allowed him to depart with a deputation of his tribesmen who shortly appeared at the settlement. These professed repentance and promised good behavior in the future. They declared that their chief had been instigated to treach-

ery by another—meaning Powhatan. That he had always been kindly disposed towards Smith and at the time of his captivity had been one of the few chiefs in favor of sparing his life. Finally they agreed to clear and plant an extra field of corn for the English against the next harvest. Smith yielded, assured them of his future friendship as long as they deserved it and giving to each a present sent them upon their way contented.

XXIII.

A HUMBLED CHIEFTAIN

POWHATAN STIRS HIS DUTCH ALLIES TO RELUCTANT ACTIVITY—THEY CONCOCT A CONSPIRACY TO SEIZE JAMESTOWN AND MASSACRE THE ENGLISH—THE MOVEMENT FAILS AND ALL POWHATAN'S WARRIORS FALL INTO THE HANDS OF SMITH—"IT IS WITHIN MY POWER TO CUT OFF THE POWHATANS ROOT AND BRANCH!"—THE OLD CHIEF IS BOWED IN SHAME AND REPENTANCE—A VERY RIGHTEOUS FATE BEFALLS THE PERFIDIOUS DUTCHMEN—FRIENDLY RELATIONS ARE AGAIN ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS—A GRAND SCHEME OF GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS A BAD INCEPTION—RATCLIFFE, ARCHER AND OTHER MISCHIEF-MAKERS RETURN TO VIRGINIA—SMITH IS SERIOUSLY INJURED AND RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

THE Dutchmen at Werowocomico had been living on the fat of the land. They were installed as honored members of the tribe and granted many unusual privileges. Powhatan was well pleased with their work in the erection of his English house and their success in stealing from the settlement. But he expected much more from these white allies, who came to him boasting that they would show him how to subdue the English and drive them into the sea. The traitors would have been well content to have Powhatan forget those idle promises and

allow them to continue in peace the life of ease and comfort into which they had settled. They were mechanics, quite ignorant of military matters. They could steal muskets but were unable to drill the savages in the use of them and, indeed, through their faulty instructions caused a number of the Indians to be blown up by gunpowder. However, Powhatan was insistent that they should redeem their promises and it became necessary to bestir themselves.

Smith had effectually put a stop to the traffic between the thieves in the fort and their confederates among the Indians, but it would have been quite impossible to prevent communications, since there was constant intercourse between the settlers and the natives of the surrounding country. The Dutchmen, therefore, had no difficulty in laying plans with certain of their countrymen in Jamestown. A scheme was at length conceived that appeared to present some prospect of success and met with the approval of Powhatan. On a certain night the conspirators within the fort were to blow up the arsenal and set fire to the settlement at several points simultaneously. In the confusion that would follow two thousand Indians would rush into the enclosure and massacre the surprised settlers. There was one point about this arrangement that was not quite satisfactory to the plotters. Their contemplated rush might be effectually checked by

a few faithful and determined men in control of the big guns. These were always handled by experienced English gunners and it would be necessary to seduce some of these from their allegiance. With this view, the schemers approached Douse and Mallard, whose posts were at the main entrance. To them they promised rich rewards and high favor with Powhatan on condition of disabling the guns on the night of the attack and deserting to the enemy. The gunners apparently fell in with this proposal and the conspirators congratulated themselves on having their plans arranged beyond the possibility of miscarriage.

On the appointed night two thousand warriors under picked chiefs crept up to within half a mile of the fort and lay in waiting for the signal flames that were to call them to the attack. Hour after hour passed without a sign from Jamestown. The settlement was apparently sunk in peaceful slumber, but, as a matter of fact, every man within the stockade was wide awake and standing silently to his arms ready to repel an attack, whilst the conspirators lay snug and safe in the jail. At the first streak of dawn, the disappointed Indians prepared to return, when they found themselves face to face with a body of musketeers. They were ordered to lay down their arms and did so without delay. Contention would have been useless for they lay between two bodies of the English and were completely cut off.

Captain Percy, in command of the ambuscade, now demanded the surrender of the renegade white men. The Indians were unable to comply with this request for those worthies, realizing that something was wrong, had sneaked off some hours earlier and were on their way to Werowocomico.

The warriors were rounded up and marched into the fort, and Smith immediately selected one of their chiefs to act as a messenger and sent him, under the escort of Master Richard Whyffin and Serjeant Ford, to Powhatan.

"Tell your Werowance," ran Smith's message, "that I have all his warriors penned up as we pen our sheep. It is within my power to cut off the Powhatans root and branch, and if I visit them with their deserts, that will I do. For the present I demand the immediate surrender of the foreign renegados who fled from this place and those that I sent to work at Werowocomico. I make no conditions. What I may do with the warriors of the Powhatans is yet to be determined. Mayhap my temper may cool upon reflection, but at present my heart is filled with wrath against Powhatan and all his tribe. Go! I have spoken!"

The following day the Indian messenger and the two Englishmen returned, but they were unaccompanied by the Dutchmen. From Powhatan the chief brought this message:

"Powhatan is bowed in anguish and his gray

hairs sweep the dust. He prays the great English Werowance to hear these his words for they are spoken in truth and all sincerity from the bottom of his heart. Powhatan pleads for mercy and the friendship of Captain Smith. Never again, so long as Powhatan lives, will he or any of his people raise hand against the English. This is no idle talk, Powhatan swears it by the name of his gods and the god of the strangers and will give ample hostages to insure his good faith. Why should Captain Smith slay the warriors who but obeyed the commands of their Werowance? Would he visit his wrath upon the squaws and children of the Powhatans who sit wailing in their wigwams? If the fields of Werowocomico, of Pamaunke and of Oropaks, yield no harvest in the coming fall, where will the English procure corn to stay their hunger? But if the white Werowance must satisfy his just wrath, then let him come to Werowocomico and sate it upon me. I am here alone and unguarded and will bow my head to the stroke of his sword. Then let him return and release my warriors so that the wailing of my people may not reach my ears in the happy hunting grounds of my fathers.

"As to the renegados, who betrayed me as they had betrayed you, it is not in Powhatan's power to return them to you for they were slain before your messengers arrived in Werowocomico. The hungry curs slunk back to their wigwams in time for the

morning meal. This I gave them in plenty—for it is not our custom to send a man fasting to the spirit-land—but afterwards their brains were dashed out by my orders and their bodies have been seen by the English captains who came with your messenger.

"Powhatan has spoken the last word. Let the English Werowance decide. Powhatan here awaits his death at the hands of Captain Smith, if it will redeem his people, but if his warriors must be doomed, then let Powhatan come and join them in their death so that all may go together to the happy hunting grounds."

It is needless to say that Captain Smith was profoundly touched by the pitiful appeal of the old Chief. He did not doubt his present sincerity, nor had he cause to do so. Powhatan was completely humbled and his words were, as he said, "spoken from the bottom of his heart." So long as Smith remained in the colony the old Werowance maintained his plight and neither he nor his people committed an unfriendly act against the English. The warriors who returned with their arms carried away an impression of the might and justice of Captain Smith that became a tradition in the tribe. For many years after his death the exploits of the White Werowance were related in wigwam and around camp fire. At this time his influence over the Indians of Virginia was supreme and founded upon respect no less than upon fear. His wishes were

promptly complied with and the chiefs frequently consulted him about the affairs of the tribe. The most amicable relations were established between the whites and the natives. The former went about the country freely and without fear of harm. The latter came to the fort with their wares and provisions, glad to trade on a fixed scale which was once again established. The settlers learned how to plant corn in the Indian fashion—a method which is followed in Virginia to this day. The Indians taught them how to net fish and snare animals. Thus the colony progressed in the most useful direction and before Smith left them many of the settlers were as adept in the practices of woodcraft as any Indian.

What might have been the outcome had the affairs of the settlement been left in the hands of the man who showed time and again that he had such an understanding of the situation as none of the other leaders possessed, it is impossible to surmise. Certain it is, however, that in such a case, the later experience of the settlers as well as the Indians would have been a much more happy one. As it was, Smith had no sooner reduced conditions to the favorable state which has been described, than another influx of "gentlemen," vested with authority that they were quite incapable of exercising wisely, tended to undo much of the good which he had accomplished at such great pains.

In the early part of 1609, the London Company

secured a new charter, under which they proposed to exploit Virginia on a scale of grandeur which was in itself a proof of their utter ignorance of the real conditions and needs of the colony. The company, as reorganized, was composed of twenty-one peers and innumerable knights and gentlemen. Officers were appointed with high-sounding titles. Lord Delaware was made Captain-general of Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates, Lieutenant-captain-general; Sir George Somers, Admiral; Captain Newport, Vice-admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, High-marshal; Sir Ferdinando Wainman, General of the Horse. Just think of it! General of the Horse in Virginia! Keeper of the Hogs, or Master of the Poultry, or Superintendent of the Fish Seines, would have been more to the purpose. What a humble and insignificant individual plain "Captain John Smith" must have appeared to these grand gentlemen!

In May, nine vessels with five hundred emigrants were despatched from England, under the command of Gates, Somers and Newport. To each of these a governor's commission was given with the understanding that he who should arrive first should take charge of the colony and supersede Smith. Evidently these gentlemen were not sportsmen, for, rather than take any chance, they decided to go in the same ship. This vessel, the *Sea-Venture,* was parted from the rest of the fleet in a hurricane and wrecked on the Bermudas. The lives of the pros-

pective potentates were saved but they did not reach Virginia until months afterwards and when Smith had left. Meanwhile seven of the original ships arrived at their destination. Amongst the mixed company that they landed were Ratcliffe and Archer who figured large in the contingent of "gentlemen." Most of these were "profligate youth, whose friends were only too well satisfied to give them ample room in remote countries, where they might escape the worse destinies that awaited them at home. Poor gentlemen, bankrupt tradesmen, rakes and libertines, such as were more apt to ruin than to raise a commonwealth." The minds of these, naturally open to evil, had been poisoned by Ratcliffe and Archer against Smith, and they landed in a spirit of antagonism to him.

This "lewd Rout," as one of the contemporary chroniclers terms them, were ripe for mischief and, led on by Ratcliffe and Archer, they plunged into all manner of license and disorder. It was their impression that in the absence of the commissioners the colony was without recognized authority and they might therefore do as they pleased without let or hindrance. They were never more mistaken, however. Smith took the view, rightly without question, that until a commission superseding him arrived, he remained at the head of affairs. He gave these gentry warning that unless they mended their ways he should deal sternly with them. This

had the effect of moving them to plots and stratagems designed to put him out of the way. Forced to extreme measures, Smith seized the ringleaders, including those meanest of mortals, Ratcliffe and Archer, and confined them in prison. Order was speedily restored, and, the better to preserve it, Smith divided the colonists, who were in any event too numerous to live in Jamestown, into several parties which he sent into different quarters of the surrounding country to establish settlements. Despite the friendly attitude of the Indians these newcomers contrived to create trouble with them almost immediately, and more lives were thus needlessly sacrificed in a week than had been lost in Smith's troublous dealings with the Indians in the course of a year.

At this juncture an accident—some think that it was the result of design—put a sudden end to Smith's career in Virginia. One night as he slept his powder bag exploded, severely injuring him. For several weeks he lay in dreadful pain, unable to rise from his couch. When, at length, he was sufficiently recovered to be carried on board ship, he turned over the government to Captain Percy, and in the autumn of 1609 sailed from Virginia, which he was never to see again.

A sorrowing group of his faithful followers watched the vessel until its ensign dropped below the horizon. One of them has said: "Thus we lost

him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride and unworthiness more than dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he had or by any means could get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths."

The literal truth of the last words was soon to be proven.

XXIV.

A DISMAL TALE

WHAT BEFELL JAMESTOWN AFTER CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH LEFT IT—A SCORE OF RIVAL LEADERS CREATE DISORDER AND ENCOURAGE LICENSE—THE INDIANS OVERCOME THE WHITE MEN AND PUT THEM TO FLIGHT—RATCLIFFE FALLS INTO A TRAP AND WITH HIS MEN IS MASSACRED—WINTER FINDS THEM SICK AND STARVING—"NOW WE ALL FELT THE WANT OF CAPTAIN SMITH"—REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE BUT IT IS DETERMINED TO ABANDON THE COLONY—THE APPEARANCE OF LORD DELAWARE FRUSTRATES THE MOVE—JAMESTOWN IS RESTORED AND PROSPERS FOR A SPELL—THE TOBACCO CRAZE AND WHAT IT LED TO—OPECHANCANOUGH DIRECTS A GREAT MASSACRE—THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA IS AT LAST FIRMLY PLANTED.

IT is a dismal tale, the recital of what befell the five hundred colonists of Virginia after the departure of Captain John Smith, but no more striking vindication of his management of affairs could be found than in the rapid wreck of the colony when his guiding hand was removed from the helm. Almost at once a condition of anarchy set in. Percy was honest and not unwise but he lacked the iron will and indomitable energy of Smith, and nothing less was needed to cope with the situation. There were soon, in the words of an eye-witness, "twenty

presidents," each with his particular followers, forming a faction at variance with all the others. Strife and dissension pervaded the settlement. Idleness and waste prevailed. The Indians were treated as though the chief aim of the settlers had been to create their enmity. The more prudent of the older colonists sought to divert their fellows from the destruction upon which they were plainly heading, but without avail. Percy, depressed by anxiety, fell ill of a fever which confined him to his bed, and, with the last vestige of authority removed, the colonists gave themselves up unrestrainedly to riot and feasting.

The fruits of their wicked recklessness were soon visited upon these miserable incompetents. The Indians attacked the various settlements beyond Jamestown and with almost invariable success. Martin, at Nansemond, had been kindly received by the chief of the band of that name. This treatment he requited by suddenly falling upon the village and seizing its contents. The Indians recovering from their surprise assaulted the whites and routed them. Martin fled to Jamestown, having lost many of his men and—crowning shame!—nearly all their arms. Shortly after this episode, Ratcliffe and West went to Werowocomico with two ships, each carrying thirty fully armed men—a greater force than Smith ever took upon an expedition. Powhatan, by this time moved to anger and contempt, practised against the

newcomers the tactics he had so ineffectually tried against Smith. Ratcliffe and his men fell into the Indian's trap with childish readiness and all save one were massacred. West fled and turned his prow towards England where he and his company eventually arrived in safety. Similar occurrences at last produced an astounding condition. The white colonists became actually *afraid* of the Indians, who treated them with well-merited contempt and almost domineered over them. Gradually, the entire stock of arms and ammunition found its way into the hands of the savages.

When things had reached this pass it would have been an easy matter for the Indians to have exterminated the whites. It is probable that they were only deterred from doing so by the prospect of the speedy starvation of the colony. They had consumed their provisions with blind improvidence and had made absolutely no attempt to secure a harvest. The fields had been given up to weeds and the plows allowed to rust. The Indians refused to give a grain for charity and would only trade on the most exorbitant terms. Beads and playthings were a drug in the market. Arms and ammunition were now demanded and readily obtained by the Indians, in whose minds the memory of Smith's reception of similar proposals was fresh. Says one of the ill-fated colonists:

"Now we all felt the want of Captain Smith yea

his greatest maligners could then curse his loss. Now for corn, provisions and contribution from the savages, we had nothing but mortal wounds with clubs and arrows."

The cold of winter found them too weak and fearful to venture beyond the palisades in quest of firewood; besides, there was scarce an axe left in Jamestown. In this extremity, they burned the buildings and even tore down the stockade to feed the fires. They died like flies and presently the survivors were reduced to cannibalism. First an Indian who had been killed in a skirmish was eaten and then the poor wretches gave themselves up without restraint to devouring their fellows.

On the twenty-third day of May, 1610, the party which had been wrecked on the Bermudas sailed into the James in two vessels which they had constructed with infinite labor. Sixty emaciated creatures, little more than skeletons and hardly better than idiots, crawled out to greet the arrivals, whose coming was barely in time to save the lives of this pitiful remnant of the colony which Smith had left at Jamestown. That place was reduced to ruins. Many of the buildings had been torn to pieces and great gaps yawned in the palisades. So dismal was the picture and so fearful the stories of the ragged wretches who represented the prosperous colonists the newcomers had expected to meet, that Somers and Gates determined to return to England

and abandon the settlement. The sixty starving and half demented men were taken on board the ships, which set sail down the river. The exultant savages who stood upon the banks congratulated themselves that once more the white intruder was forced to leave their land. But a strange incident suddenly turned the tide of affairs.

The departing ships no sooner cleared the mouth of the river than they perceived three vessels approaching and flying the flag of England. They proved to be reinforcements under Lord Delaware who had come out as Governor of Virginia. Somers and Gates of course put about and returned to Jamestown. The conditions of affairs quickly changed. Lord Delaware, though not a man of equal force of character and resource with Captain Smith, was nevertheless one of sound judgment and considerable energy. He had an ample supply to tide over a year and, together with Somers's men, who had thrived on the food and climate of the Bermudas, several hundred strong and healthy colonists. He set them to work repairing the fortifications and buildings, tilling the fields, and performing other useful labors. Rule and order were established and strictly maintained. Smith's policy of firm but just dealing with the Indians was resumed and they ceased to give trouble.

Thus, when sickness compelled Lord Delaware to return to England in the following March, he left

Jamestown thoroughly resuscitated and on the high-road to prosperity. On the way home, the retiring governor passed Sir Thomas Dale coming to the colony with three ships and a full year's supplies. If he did not make much progress, Dale at least preserved the advance which had been effected by Delaware until, at the beginning of August, Gates's return as Governor marked the inception of a new era for Virginia.

Gates brought out three large ships, a number of cattle, horses, three hundred men, and so great a quantity of supplies as to put the question of starvation out of mind, for the first time in the history of the colony. Gates was well adapted by character, if not by experience, to rule the American possession. His emigrants were, for the most part, of a sort to benefit the settlement—men of good morals, accustomed to work and adept at various handicrafts. There were now a number of women in the country and family life began to make its appearance. Jamestown soon assumed the appearance of an orderly town, with a public hall, a church, store-house and neat dwellings. Along the river banks farms, plantations and cattle ranches appeared in time.

The rapid spread of the practice of smoking in England brought about the greatest changes in the condition of the colony of Virginia. Tobacco commanded good prices, with a constantly increasing

demand, and soon every other enterprise in the colony was abandoned in favor of the production of the narcotic plant. The settlers went tobacco mad as in earlier days they had given themselves up to the gold frenzy. Nothing else was thought of. Fields were neglected, buildings and fortifications were allowed to fall into decay. It was said in England that the very streets of Jamestown were planted in tobacco. Every man saw in the leaf a prospect of speedy wealth, and readily sacrificed the demands of the present to the pursuit of a golden future. The Company was delighted with the rich cargos that poured into England and promised to fill their coffers to overflowing. Every encouragement was given the colonists to persist in their short-sighted policy. Smith, with true wisdom, warned the proprietors and the public that the result could not be anything but disaster, but he was scouted as a croaker, envious of the good fortune of his successors.

During the four years that the tobacco madness was at its height the former discipline was utterly relaxed. There was little disorder because everyone was busy in the tobacco fields from morning till night. But the defences were entirely neglected and no guard was maintained by day or night. Indeed, there did not appear to be any need for such precaution. The Indians had been friendly for years and many of them lived in the fort and even in the

homes of the settlers. Opechancanough was now the Chief of the tribe, Powhatan being dead. The former was ever the implacable enemy of the whites but had up to this time hidden his true feelings under a cloak of cordiality. Secretly and patiently, meanwhile, the cunning savage was plotting the destruction of all the whites in Virginia, now numbering several thousands of men, women and children, scattered over a wide range of country.

The blow fell suddenly. On the same day the Indians attacked the settlers at different points and found them quite unprepared for resistance. Nearly four hundred were slain, and the massacre would have been much more extensive but for the fact that in many cases natives who had acquired a real regard for their white neighbors warned them in time and in some instances defended them. The tobacco planters now huddled in Jamestown, anxious only for their lives. Hurriedly the place was put in better condition to withstand assault and provisioned against a siege. But Opechancanough was too astute to attack Jamestown and an armed peace ensued.

The tidings of the massacre horrified England. The Company was panic-stricken and at a loss what to do. Smith called upon them with a proposal for the effective defence of the colony, and offered to go out and put it into operation himself. The proprietors hesitated to incur the expense and, in

the meanwhile, their perplexity was relieved by the cancellation of their charter. The colony was attached to the crown and the settlers were left to their own resources. Under these conditions they seem to have fared better than when subject to proprietary interests at home, for from the year of the massacre, 1622, Virginia enjoyed a century and a half of uneventful prosperity.

THE END.

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